St. Olaf College Library

a gift of Lloyd E. Smith

MAD ANTHONY WAYNE

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

https://archive.org/details/madanthonywayne0000anth

Courtesy of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE.
From a portrait by P. F. Rotherwell.

MAD ANTHONY WAYNE

BY

THOMAS BOYD

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
NEW YORK · LONDON
1929

E207
W25 B78

COPYRIGHT, 1929, BY
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

Printed in the United States of America

921
W367b

TO
MARION WILDE
AND
H. DE REMY DIERECKE

03191

Acknowledgment is hereby made to Roger Howson, Librarian of Columbia University, and to the librarians in the MS. divisions of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania and the New York Public Library for courtesies and assistance in connection with the preparation of the book.

MAD ANTHONY WAYNE

MAD ANTHONY WAYNE

CHAPTER I

The still youthful chairman of the committee which, a few months past, had pronounced Chester County's boycott of British merchants sat at table with his family. It was a fine, bright morning of early summer, warm enough to disperse the chill from the thick stone walls without the aid of a fire. The young committee chairman, who was also a member of the Colonial Assembly, smiled with complacency, his bold, habitually intent gray eyes occasionally watching the white door through which one of the negro house-servants would presently come with a hearty, steaming breakfast. Early that morning he had parted the curtains drawn darkly round his high bed and had begun to dress with unusual care. He had smoothly shaved his rounded cheeks and well-developed chin, had freshly powdered his brown hair, combed it back from temples and forehead, and had tied the pigtail with a small dark bow. Wearing a ruffled shirt, silk stockings, coat and waistcoat of wine-shade hue, he was conscious of giving forth an air of elegance which would mark him distinctively when he arrived in Philadelphia. For he had been called from his country home to the city that was becoming the continental capital. High time too, he thought, in a rush of restless energy.

Of the five persons at the breakfast-table that morning he alone was unaffectedly cheerful. His mother sat severely erect, her gaze from beneath the round lace cap preoccupied, disturbed. For nearly six months a chair

of peaceful memory had stood unused against the wall. Now, with Anthony going to Philadelphia, there would be another empty one. Her husband, the squire, had died in November of the year before. Seventy-five he had been, but always active about the plantation and in the welfare of Saint David's Church at Radnor until the last few weeks. She looked at Anthony and wondered who, while he was gone, would oversee the work in the Waynesborough fields and tannery and give the household a feeling of protection in these anxious times. Nobody, unless her son hired a man.

If only his mother knew how soon Anthony would come back she would have been less concerned. But she didn't know. Doctor Franklin had called him to Philadelphia to take a place on the Colonial Committee of Safety. That of itself was nothing to fret about. Doctor Franklin was a prudent man. John Dickinson was level-headed too. He was a member, and so was Robert Morris. But Anthony would never stop at a place on that Safety Committee. Not with General Washington on his way up to Massachusetts to fight the soldiers at Boston. Anthony, his mother knew, was too headlong and full of war to be content with telling others what to do. He'd want to have a scabbard clanking against his own legs. Lately, as when he was a boy at his uncle Gabriel's academy where he turned the students into little ruffians, pretending they were fighting Indians, he had taken to drilling the young men of Chester County, telling them and their fathers to hoard their powder too. No, she could have no reasonable hope that Anthony would behave sensibly, not since blood had been shed in Boston. It was probably born in the Waynes to carry swords when there was a chance to use them. Old Anthony, her husband's father, had been a captain for King

William at the battle of the Boyne; her husband himself had gone off to fight the French and Indians after Braddock's defeat. She looked at Anthony, heartily eating his morning meal, then glanced about the table. Recollecting the two years Isaac Wayne was stationed with his company of Provincials up at Nazareth in Northampton County, she knew that if Anthony went to war it would be hard for Polly and the children.

Polly's slender figure leaned toward her three-year-old son Isaac, erratically waving a silver spoon above his breakfast-bowl. She was unhappy, but tried to hide any betrayal of that feeling, for Anthony of late had taken to rereading his dog-eared Cæsar's "Commentaries" which he had studied in the academy at Philadelphia, had bought a copy of the campaigns of Marshal Saxe, and meanwhile had begun lecturing her on the Spartan duties of a wife and mother whose country was being invaded by a set of British caitiffs. The times demanded sacrifices, he had said; honor and liberty, he made her feel, were more important to him than was Waynesborough, or herself, or Margaretta and Isaac, or all those possessions lumped as one. And now he was going down to Philadelphia, and goodness only knew when he would be back. Like his mother, she doubted that he would be satisfied working on the Committee of Safety. But, unlike Mrs. Wayne, she would have few people to turn to when he was gone. For Anthony's mother had been born and had lived all of her sixty-five years in Chester County, the Iddings, her own family, were still there, she had her friends and her daughters; but Polly had come to Waynesborough shorn of everything but her twenty-two-year-old husband. Up to the time she stood beside him at the altar of Philadelphia Christ Church she had lived with her mother and brother in the provin-

cial capital, her father, Bartholomew Penrose, having died while she was still in childhood. Then she had gone quickly from adolescence to be a bride at seventeen and a mother at twenty. Now Margaretta was six and little Isaac three. With two children to bring up and a large house to help look after, Polly had seen little of Philadelphia or of outside gaiety since the day Anthony had brought her to Waynesborough in an enclosed but springless carriage.

Anthony, she could think, looking back from the maturity of her twenty-six years, had an impetuous and venturesome way that made her uneasy in connection with his journey to Philadelphia. Instead of studying at the academy until he had been graduated, he had packed up his books at eighteen and was off to be a surveyor in the wilds of Westmoreland and Cumberland Counties. And at twenty what did he do but take a boatload of settlers up to Nova Scotia and stay there for more than a year before he returned to Philadelphia. Doctor Franklin had sent him—this same Doctor Franklin who was calling for him now to be a member of that Committee of Safety. And then when at last he had come back, after tramping all over Nova Scotia to find the best land for the company to buy, Doctor Franklin had turned him straight around, sending him off to be the settlers' resident manager, and he would be there still, or in some other wild place if she hadn't married him the next time he returned to Philadelphia. And now he would be gone again, goodness only knew for how long. Well, she would try to be a good and dutiful wife!

Anthony, with no fault to find in Waynesborough, was none the less glad to be going. The summons to sit on the Colonial Committee of Safety was mildly flattering. It was also useful, for by that means he would gain

a footing in the central current of the country's movements instead of remaining in the backwash of Chester County. Not that he had ambitions toward political office. He hadn't. But, like his father and many other of the landowning Whigs, he felt responsibility for the laws and acts of his province and was conscious of its relation to himself. And now the province and the country at large were in need of their men as they never had been before. As the proprietor of the estate of Waynesborough, as a leader of the Chester County Whigs, and as a man desirous of liberty, he would go to Philadelphia and there help put forward the work of defiance toward the British Tories, their infernal taxes, and their still more infernal soldiers, which they had landed at Boston.

Philadelphia, moreover, was an agreeable town. Its society was elegant. And many of the people were his friends, particularly the Whig families among whom his father had taken him during the old gentleman's six years in the Provincial Assembly. Thomas Mifflin and Joe Reed had already gone from Philadelphia as high officers in the Continental service and were with General Washington in front of Boston. Time he too was going; and in his absence the Waynesborough fields and the tannery would continue to support the family in comfort, as they had contrived to do ever since he could remember. At present the land was stocked with twenty-six head of cattle, the largest drove of sheep in Easttown township, and half a dozen horses. The crops were growing, the meadows green; with five servants working for him, there were frequently bundles of hides to be shipped abroad from the tannery. And though that phase of his business had been interrupted by the embargo on English trade and by British ships capturing

the cargoes sent to Jamaica, Waynesborough had always been so comfortably productive that the Spanish-milled dollars paid him by Harper and Dicks, the leather merchants, were not essential to a pleasant life on the farm.

But now the eight-day clock in the hallway was striking a warning hour and Wayne's horse was standing saddled near the door. He said good-by to Polly, to his mother, to little Isaac, affectionately counselled Margaretta not to slouch, then began his twenty-mile ride to Philadelphia.

Leaving his house by the white gate that morning, Anthony Wayne rode southeastward through a country that had only peaceful memories. On either side of the dusty road the snugly fenced-in fields were planted with wheat and oats and Indian corn; in the meadows slow-ambling cattle stretched their necks down for the green pasturage and small droves of sheep wandered close by the occasional stone houses, nibbling over the grass. And if he thought of the Paoli Tavern, which was two miles from his farm, it was because of the innkeeper's casks of rum and porter; if he thought of Valley Forge, four miles north of Waynesborough, it was to visualize the place as a wide hollow in a rugged hill beside the curving Schuylkill, where Isaac Potts had a grist-mill whose wheels were turned by Valley Creek. If he thought of the Brandywine, it was because that stream ran close to Naaman's Creek, where his pretty and engaging cousin Sally Robinson lived. All of that country north, south, and east of him seemed so solidly and serenely peopled that nothing short of a satanic miracle could give it injury. Crossing over the Schuylkill at the Middle Ferry, clattering on the High Street pavement where it began at 8th, Anthony Wayne arrived in Philadelphia.

The town at night seemed almost stealthily quiet, all of

its sober dwellers either beneath their own generously sloping roofs or at the taverns. But in the morning it was astir by daybreak, and at six o'clock, when Anthony took his chair in the Committee of Safety meeting, the streets were already lively with unusual movement. For the Second Continental Congress was still in session at the State-house, on Chestnut between 5th and 6th, and committees and subcommittees, associations and societies, formed mainly from the same set of men, were being so rapidly multiplied that there was scarcely time for members to attend them all.

Next to Congress the Committee of Safety was perhaps the most important body in Philadelphia. It had been organized to decide the moment when Pennsylvanians should be called into active service, and when Wayne arrived he found John Dickinson, Doctor Franklin, the Biddles, Robert Morris, Samuel Morris, Jr., Thomas Wharton, Jr., Benjamin Bartholomew, John Cadwalader, and fifteen others all ready to discuss the fortification of the Delaware. For they had no intention of being shut up like beleaguered Boston, whose port King George's troops had closed until the tea tax should be paid. If British ships sailed up the river with their guns, they would find American ships with guns waiting to meet them. That answer of defiance to the king was furthered not only by Doctor Franklin, who dared to think of independence from the crown, but also by grave, moderate John Dickinson, who was willing for rebellion but not for revolution. And in an access of fervor the members of the Committee of Safety clamorously voted to rig a number of ships for fighting, to mark positions for forts on the Delaware, and to encourage the manufacture of saltpetre in the province by offering twenty pounds for every hundredweight that

should be made. Also the counties of Pennsylvania were called upon to furnish four thousand five hundred good new firelocks with bayonets, and Doctor Franklin, his old eyes gleaming in his wrinkled face, went bustling out to procure the proper model for a pike.

The meetings were ended early each day. But out in the streets Anthony discovered a warlike trend as great as in the committee. Down High Street to Front, across 2d, up Chestnut and Walnut, there were the quick rattle of drums and the shrill whirling of fifes as sons of Whigs and sons of liberal-minded Tories marched in military company. There were even Quaker youths parading soldierwise, and Wayne stopped now and again to watch them critically, almost professionally, his energies stirring for war. That pike, he thought, for which Doctor Franklin was to get a model; there was a good description of one in Marshal Saxe, who suggested that the weapon be of hollowed pine fourteen feet long with an eighteen-inch blade, and that the men who were to carry them should also have cutting-swords and pistols.

Going down from the State-house toward 2d Street, where Wayne's friend Sharp Delany lived, the martial display continued. At his shop on 4th and Chestnut, Plunkett Fleeson was supplying drums and colors. On 3d Street, opposite the Harp and Crown, Wollere Ming had his window full of polished swords with leather scabbards, pistols, holsters, belts, and cartouche boxes. Turning south from Chestnut on 2d Street, Wayne passed Pike's school for dancing in Lodge Alley, where the proprietor was now advertising that he would undertake to teach young Philadelphia gentlemen the art of fencing. Half a square farther Peter Stretch, the clothier, was showing rolls of buff and scarlet broadcloth. And Sharp Delany himself, Wayne found, had been made a mem-

ber of the Committee for the City and Liberties of Philadelphia.

This heady brilliance of sound and color would soon result in war, that was certain; but where it would end nobody knew. The petition of the Second Continental Congress to King George had been ignored. The battle of Charlestown had been fought, and Nicholas Brooks was selling colored prints of the engagement at his shop in Black Horse Alley. Soon the crown would pronounce the American colonies to be in a state of rebellion. But meanwhile Anthony Wayne was satisfied to vote and organize and fight to regain the province's equitable independency as a part of the British Empire. There would be, he thought likely, a short skirmish at most; then the English Tory government would be forced to abandon this latest taxation scheme of theirs.

In the interim it was agreeable to ride the dangerous crest of rebellion. With Sharp Delany, who was a lawyer, he discussed army discipline, having been named one of the subcommittee to write the rules and regulations of the Pennsylvania militia. With his friend Richard Peters, who was secretary of the Military Association for the City and Liberties of Philadelphia, he talked of the business of providing crews for the boats which were being completed down below Dock Street; for that too was a job with which the Committee of Safety had intrusted him. With Doctor Benjamin Rush, surgeon of the fleet, he drank bottles of claret while they meditated mellowly on the campaigns of Marshal Saxe. In the company of Doctor Franklin, Robert Morris, and others he went down the Delaware to mark sites for forts and to sink chevaux-de-frise in the river to protect the harbor. And in the evenings it was pleasant to stop in at the house of Doctor Bond, where he was certain of finding acquaint-

ances who were interested to hear the latest word from the Committee of Safety.

Upon the sofa in front of Doctor Bond's fireplace he often found Miss Hetty Griffiths. Hetty was bright, she could accompany him with amusing talk, she cultivated a few literary allusions, and spoke of her heart as an impertinent little throbber. Together they lightly weighed the merits of the latest work of Laurence Sterne, which James Humphreys had issued by subscription from his shop at Front Street and Black Horse Alley. Sometimes his country cousin, Miss Sally Robinson, was also at Doctor Bond's; and Dick Peters too was there, a bland young man of thirty with a high forehead and sharp clear eyes, which often glowed with adoration for Miss Sally. After the death of Dick's father, the Reverend Richard Peters, who had saved a fortune, they would probably be married, Anthony thought.

Those summer and autumn days in Philadelphia must have made war appear as a providential boon to man. The guns were far away, the casualties small around Boston, yet near enough and large enough to remind the Committee of Safety that there was danger in defiance if it failed. Even many of the Tories and Quakers were aligned with the Whigs in protesting infringement of what they felt to be their rights, while everybody, for the time, seemed to be marching in the long pageantry of a unified purpose. And by October 2 the wharf at the foot of Dock Street was clustered with the *Hancock,* the *Bull Dog,* the *Washington,* the *Franklin,* the *Ranger,* the *Dickinson,* the *Warren,* the *Burke,* the *Camden,* and the *Experiment*—ships which Anthony Wayne had manned and for which he and Captain Tench Francis had provided guns.

Wayne's conduct, his friends had begun to observe,

was spirited. He not only kept average attendance at the six o'clock Committee of Safety meetings, raised crews and equipment for the ships and worked as executive in the council, but also was raising a regiment in Chester County to be ready for Continental service. With Francis Johnston and Persifor Fraser, young squires like himself, he rode about the countryside and appointed meetings for drills. Sometimes he addressed gatherings of uncertain farmers, telling them indignantly that the British were making a footstool of their sister colony, Massachusetts; that while the tea-party had not been carried out by the better sort of Bostonians, nevertheless no self-respecting Pennsylvanian could permit the New England port to be closed by King George. The whole difficulty, he said, was caused by England, who was trying her last and hardest to tax Americans. And his advice to the country at large was the same as that offered in each issue of the *Pennsylvania Journal and Weekly Advertiser:* By uniting, the colonies would stand, by dividing they would fall.

But it was not his words, it was his actions that marked the path he was soon to follow. He had a figure that men admired, a severe impatience in snapping out commands on a drill-field, a reckless light in his brazen eyes, all of which had begun to attract ardent young Irishmen, Germans, Welshmen, and Englishmen, who, from any one of a variety of causes, were eager to carry a musket for Pennsylvania—or perhaps for the united colonies.

For by early December the Second Continental Congress had requested the Committee of Safety to raise and equip four battalions to join the Continental line under General Washington. Richard Montgomery and Benedict Arnold, it was known in Philadelphia, were marching a small army through the Canadian snows toward

Quebec. King George had long since proclaimed the Americans to be in a state of rebellion. Boston was still withstanding the siege, and Congress was growing impatient for the town to be attacked and the British driven from the port.

Meanwhile Anthony Wayne rode in and out of Philadelphia, from committee meetings to battalion drills. On New Year's day, 1776, he was back at Waynesborough again, but waiting for Francis Johnston, Persie Fraser, Thomas Hartley, Joseph Wood, and the rest of the officers of the volunteer battalion to come on military business. And two days later he had returned to Philadelphia, where the Committee of Safety had been empowered that morning by Congress to appoint the colonels who were to lead the Pennsylvania troops northward—either to General Washington at Boston or to General Montgomery in Canada.

With Doctor Franklin in the chair and all the members present, the nominations were begun. For the first of the four battalions the names of Anthony Wayne and Robert Magaw were offered; on the ballot Wayne was given twenty-three votes to Magaw's twenty. For the next John Shee received the appointment. Then Arthur Saint Clair, who had served the king as a soldier and who had come from western Pennsylvania, where he had once commanded a fort, was named for the third and Robert Magaw was shifted to take charge of the fourth.

And now war at last was on its roundabout route to Waynesborough and the pleasant, rolling fields of Chester County. Yet so ardent was Anthony Wayne's desire and so glorious did his fighting colonelcy appear that he was scarcely awake to a single consequence. That he might be hanged as a rebel, that his family might go in want, that he might lose the best of his blood on half a

dozen battle-fields were conjectures for a later day. And when his wife gave him a hasty note from Squire Bartholomew, who suggested that as Anthony was going away, perhaps never to return, would he please settle at once for the bull he had bought, Wayne wondered why Polly looked so tragic.

CHAPTER II

Toward midday of June 8, 1776, the open land west of Three Rivers village in the province of Quebec lay under a shifting mass of red-streaked smoke. Dark as a rain-cloud, it came from the powder of slow-rattling muskets and small brass cannon of some thousands of British regulars, their close ranks shielded by an earthwork thrown up before a low cluster of colorless houses. Flanking the long ridge of fresh dirt, half a dozen English transports rode at anchor on the surface of the pale Saint Lawrence and dumped the shells of their booming howitzers into the dark confusion. The men on deck and those behind the earthwork were now firing at a common object which moved erratically near the edge of the green forest in which the clearing ended. Compared to themselves their target was ridiculously small—a mere platoon of American soldiers. But the leader of the few—Colonel Anthony Wayne, of Waynesborough—despite the negligible size of his command, continued to deploy them challengingly against the bulk of the British army in Canada.

By all that was sensible and normal Colonel Wayne and his three ragged squads should have stood in mortal fear and consternation. Not only were they facing an enemy of hopelessly superior force, the wood behind them was filled with their own retreating men; they were soaked to the waist in mud and water; they were a thousand miles from home and soon they too would have to run for their lives. Moreover, it was the first time Colonel Wayne or his Pennsylvanians had been under any

kind of fire. He should have winced as he fought there, should have been white around the lips and speechless.

And perhaps he was. But somewhere inside him, beneath the superficial twitching of his muscles and his well-controlled fear, he was bubbling with delight. For he had a mine of energy which his indignation had set to blazing, and at last he had confronted the enemy in the field.

Already the day had ended miserably for the attacking party to which Colonel Wayne belonged. But this failure, which finished the long and futile Canadian expedition, had been a certainty for months. During the winter and spring, while Wayne attended Committee of Safety meetings in Philadelphia, Benedict Arnold, with dead Montgomery's men, had kept Quebec besieged. But that had been possible only because the Saint Lawrence was frozen. When the ice thawed tall-masted ships with many British troops aboard would come sailing into the bay and control the river from its mouth to Montreal. Yet Congress had continued to direct men to Canada. In April General Wooster had been sent to supersede Arnold before Quebec. After Wooster came General John Thomas. And by May two more generals, William Thompson and John Sullivan, with Wayne's and Saint Clair's regiments among the Continental volunteers under them, were on their way northward from Albany to join the army on the Saint Lawrence.

Thompson had come first, bringing Arthur Saint Clair with him. He found the Americans at the village of Sorel, where General Thomas had taken them after retreating from Quebec. For early in May several British ships had landed soldiers at the river citadel, forcing Thomas to retire. There were other enemy transports on the Saint Lawrence, but nobody at Sorel knew their

whereabouts or number. Thomas himself and many of his men were sick and feverish with smallpox. Though Arnold was laying febrile siege to Montreal, slight hope appeared of a successful movement anywhere in Canada.

Thompson had brought reinforcements. General Sullivan, his superior, would soon be there with six battalions more, but with British transports sailing the Saint Lawrence the river had the potential menace of a flood. Yet when word was brought to Thompson that less than eight hundred British regulars had encamped several miles down-stream at the village of Three Rivers, it was Arthur Saint Clair's suggestion that Thompson give him about six hundred men with which to make a surprise attack and capture them.

That was on the morning of June 2, six days before Anthony Wayne stood under the lead and iron deluge at Three Rivers. Without verifying the report General Thompson allowed Saint Clair to set out with the number of men he had asked for. But a few hours after Saint Clair had gone General Sullivan, the ranking officer, arrived. Approving Thompson's enterprise, he felt that six hundred men was not a safe number for the attack on Three Rivers. There should be twice that number and Thompson should command them, overtake Saint Clair, and assume charge of the expedition. But he was not, according to Sullivan's orders, to attack Three Rivers unless he was certain he could carry it, for failure would mean the break-up of the whole Canadian undertaking.

While Sullivan sat down to wait in his most hopeful mood, Thompson hurried the tired battalions into bateaux bound down the broad river. They were for the most part Pennsylvania volunteers under the immediate command of Colonel Anthony Wayne and Colonel William

Irvine. On their heads were round felt hats, from their shoulders hung long, loose hunting-jackets, and in their hands were muskets which had been issued to them less than a month before. Colonel Wayne, in one of the wide-bottomed boats, sat with his cutting-sword between his knees and wished his own men looked more like soldiers. Their eyes were clear and many were of admirable brawn; he had taught them to shave each morning, also to grease and powder their hair—but those ungainly hunting-shirts and insufficient hats! The contrast between their dress and his own was too marked to be comfortable: he wore a three-cornered hat with a bright cockade which one of the daughters of General Schuyler had made him, a tailored coat of blue broadcloth with white facings, smooth white breeches, and polished leather boots. But at that his men were smarter than those of Colonel Maxwell's Jersey battalion, and some day perhaps Congress would clothe them in really decent uniforms.

The boatmen poled on down the river. Though the distance to Three Rivers was less than fifty miles and the bateaux were moving with the current, it was not until June 6 that Thompson overtook Arthur Saint Clair. They joined at Nicolete, where that night and the next day passed while the officers talked and the soldiers looked to the priming of their muskets. Before another sun went down General Thompson had determined to cross to the north bank, land his boats, and after a quick march halt at the edge of Three Rivers village and attack at dawn. His Canadian guides had assured him that his men could march into position for the surprise before the lifting night disclosed them.

They crossed the Saint Lawrence in the dark and landed nine miles above Three Rivers. Led by natives in

whom their faith was all too fatuous, they began their march in four columns, which strung out farther and farther as the men pushed along the narrow paths in the midst of great trees and thick underbrush. The trails twisted senselessly and interminably. After two hours they were still on the march through the forest. The officers grew anxious. The men began to mutter. Overhead, obscured by the densely gathered leaves, the dead black sky was fading gray.

When the head of the leading column broke out from among the trees daylight was broad enough to show them the face of the Saint Lawrence. It was still close to their right flank, but instead of the hoped-for sight of Three Rivers village they saw a clutter of armed British transports lying near the bank. Colonel Saint Clair, who was then in the lead, shouted Halt! A runner ran down the column and General Thompson came hurrying up.

It was a confusing moment for General Thompson. He had been ordered not to attack without good prospect of success, which now, he must have seen, was impossible. Yet if he turned back without a blow, turned back on sight of the enemy after having marched five hundred miles to Canada—it was too objectionable to contemplate. He had one thousand four hundred and fifty Americans with him, and most of them were eager to fire a musket. That, then, was the answer.

North of where General Thompson stood a strip of forest stretched parallel with the river. If he could march his troops into it before the transports discovered him, he could swing through the trees toward the right and come in upon Three Rivers from the rear. The forest looked so safe and friendly.

General Thompson passed the order and the columns

headed for the cover of the wood. Whichever battalion entered first, it was Colonel Wayne's that soon was in the lead. For now that the time and place had been agreed on, he was eager for the actual engagement. His head up, his shoulders squared under his blue broadcloth, he stalked energetically at the head of the two hundred and two Pennsylvanians who had been recruited from Chester County. On his left came Maxwell's battalion of four hundred and eighty-three men from New Jersey, while at his right came Colonels Saint Clair and Irvine with the rest of the Pennsylvanians, each at the head of a column and all moving briskly.

But that swift pace which would have brought all four columns quickly to the open fields in front of Three Rivers was unexpectedly changed. The men began to drag their legs and flounder. For the earth beneath the green moss and coarse grass made a black, watery swamp. The first squads went into it and marched more slowly. The others followed, irritable at the delay. A little farther and the columns were sinking to their knees. And whether they plunged to right or left, it was swamp-land they encountered.

Four wretched hours later the head of Wayne's column floundered out, the men soaked to the waists and cursing. Three Rivers lay in sight at last, but the sun was high, and in front of the village, protected by earthworks, stood a large British force under General Fraser, while down the bluff to the right were seen more enemy ships. And as Wayne's men jostled out of the wood and began to form ranks, a British column set out on a steady advance upon them. Simultaneously the howitzers boomed from shipboard and a whistling went through the air like flying chains.

Like most of his men, Colonel Wayne was for the first time in battle. But from the earliest breath of twisting smoke he must have known it was his native air. And in his bold, light-gray eyes there was an almost good-natured scorn for the whirring, screeching shells from the howitzers and for the scarlet-coated column marching evenly toward him. He turned quickly and shouted an order. One of his little companies sheared off from the main body and went forward at a lusty run, their bayonets slanting down. As they hurried ahead, the rest formed rapidly into a battalion front, which moved to their support.

When Wayne's men halted, the scarlet column was within close range. Both had held their fire, but now Wayne, Francis Johnston, Hartley, and the under-officers went drubbing the volunteers into a battalion arc that enveloped the head of the British force. Then the firelocks made a pale ragged flash and crackled loudly. The British detachment paused, wheeled about in its tracks, and trotted back toward the main body. But the feeling of hot lead on their unprotected backs was overpowering; in a panic they broke ranks and ran.

Wayne pushed his men into column formation again. But as they gathered they were struck by a heavy fire from the right where the enemy, with cannon, muskets, and howitzers, were massed behind the earthwork. Wayne disregarded that, for his instinct was always to attack, and he could stare defeat directly in the face without ever knowing what he was looking at. Furthermore, Colonel Maxwell and his New Jersey battalion were straggling out of the swampy forest on his left, while from the right appeared the columns of Saint Clair and Irvine under the command of General Thompson. Surveying the British earthwork for a moment Wayne

bawled: "Have at them!" His strapping figure led the way, and his men, who had been trained by him and had his enthusiasm, trailed after him with loaded muskets.

Unfortunately, Wayne and his column went alone. For on his left Colonel Maxwell (by whose side he was to fight again and again) had been stopped by a volley of musketry from the earthworks, and along the river-bluff to his right the men of General Thompson's division were dodging confusedly under the lead and iron that rained from the village and the starboard side of the transports. And the centre, with both its flanks thus dragging, was brought to a standstill within rifle range of Three Rivers.

Nobody spoke the word retreat—it would have been wasted effort. With Thompson's and Maxwell's columns mixed up in backward skirmishing, the centre simply rolled away from the fire. They were weary, bedraggled, and three times outnumbered. And down at the bluff more British troops had landed to cut off General Thompson and part of his withdrawing troops, and Lieutenant-Colonel Billy Allen, whose father was a noted Philadelphia Tory, was trying to lead Saint Clair's column away from capture.

With the British landing in rear of them, it became at once the object of the Americans to get clear of the post which they had come to attack. Already the enemy were rising from behind their breastworks, and it was apparent that there would be a race for the boats from which the Americans had disembarked nine miles up the river in the dark.

Colonel Wayne's battalion drifted back toward the swampy wood. Moving in fair order, they became the point on which loose elements from Maxwell's left and Thompson's right converged. On this account Wayne

found his own force more than doubled. Even more were added to it as they neared the fringe of the forest, for the one battalion which Thompson had left in reserve now appeared, ready to take their share of the battle. Wayne halted and joined them all together for a rally.

And here the one necessary movement of the muddled and repulsed attack was made. The whole of Thompson's expedition had gone down, and many of them were being beaten. General Thompson himself had been surrounded and captured by British troops who had landed behind him; everywhere his men were being driven. Their highest hope was now to leave Three Rivers as free men, not as prisoners. But even that was doubtful until Wayne turned.

Fearless as a sensitive mortal in an uncertain world might be, Wayne swung the reserves, the drifters, and his own battalion around until they again faced Three Rivers and the scarlet-spotted field. His men in their round hats and belted hunting-shirts commenced firing with their slow-working muskets, their bullets attracting British interest to themselves, relieving some of the stress from the harried flanks so that they might be enabled to withdraw.

The enemy came on, stopped, came doggedly on again. Wayne watched them impatiently. But on his left Maxwell's men were safely sinking back into the wood, and on his right the bulk of General Thompson's division, led by Billy Allen, had pushed through the cordon of British from the ships and were racing up the river. And as for the men who were fighting the delaying action, Colonel Wayne was detaching squad after squad of them, sending them through the security of the swampy wood while he stood in the way of their pursuit.

If Wayne thought of himself as he stood there before

the oncoming British, it was not in terms of danger and defeat but of ambition well fulfilled. Completely the man of action, the spirit of war had captured him in early youth. With a vigor and endurance that fitted him for combat, he had a fine, healthy scorn for the British soldiers. He was transparently vain, and as clearly honest; and though General Fraser had not been driven to defeat, Wayne felt it was good work to have at them with the bayonet and the cutting-sword, and to be last to leave the field when their jackets were too many and too bright beneath the drifting film of smoke. It was not until his force was down to twenty privates and six officers, to whom the enemy were close enough to fire their muskets effectively,—it was not till then that he ran for the safety of the wood into which the others had disappeared.

Ahead of him Americans were strung out for more than a mile through the marshy forest. There was a rusty stain on his white breeches, for he had been struck in the right leg by a musket-ball, but he stalked swiftly as the ground would permit, hurrying the bedraggled troops along. For the British had followed into the wood, and though they were not to continue far by land, the fact that they were coming behind him sharpened the anxiety with which the men pushed toward their distant boats. The Saint Lawrence was yet to be crossed before they would be free of danger.

Through the swamp, over fields and into forests again, the straggling expedition hurried over the nine miles which lay between Three Rivers and the landing where their bateaux had been left under heavy guard. But the boats were not there. When Wayne arrived, the disordered men were gathering where their craft had been, peering up and down the river or looking dull-eyed at one another as they faced a night on a cheerless bank and

muttered over the surprise into which they had walked that morning. General Thompson, it soon was known, had been surrounded and was a British prisoner. So was Colonel William Irvine. About two hundred men were missing from the columns that had advanced on the right. And nearly fifty men of New Jersey and Pennsylvania had been left dead between the swamp and the village. And Arthur Saint Clair, the old soldier who had fought for the king, was missing. A snag in his foot, somebody said. The men stirred moodily and wished they were back home.

But Colonel Wayne came up with challenging briskness. And the men began to form into ranks. With the boats gone the only way of rejoining General Sullivan at Sorel was by marching the forty-odd-mile distance and then shouting across the water until bateaux from the Continental camp were sent after them. Meanwhile some of the British transports would probably be sailing up toward Montreal. Weary, confused, some of the men wounded, they marched westward through the late afternoon.

Three days later Wayne brought his eleven hundred men to the ground of the north bank opposite Sorel. A signal was hallooed across the water, was caught by the camp-guard patrolling the low, gray village. The bateaux were there, having been taken from the neighborhood of Three Rivers to save them from being captured by a British transport. Now they were sent across the river, and the weary, famished men embarked.

When Wayne's first boatload was ferried over to Sorel, General Sullivan sat in his tent. He had a letter half written on the table before him and was waiting for some definite word from Three Rivers before finishing it. Addressed to General Washington and begun at one

o'clock on June 8, Sullivan had intended it to bear happy news to the distant commander-in-chief. The lines were before him that General Thompson had "made his attack at daylight, for at that time a very heavy cannonading began, which lasted with some intervals to twelve o'clock. It is now near one P. M.; the firing has ceased, except some irregular firing with cannon, at a considerable distance of time one from the other. At eight o'clock a very heavy firing of small-arms was heard even here, at a distance of forty-five miles. I am almost certain that victory has declared in our favor, as the irregular firing of the cannon for such a length of time after the small-arms ceased, shows that our men are in possession of the ground."

Though almost certain of his deductions, General Sullivan had held the letter open until he could send a verified message. With Thompson successful at Three Rivers, he thought, he himself would move with the whole army, clearing the British ships from the Saint Lawrence and marching on to the capture of Quebec. He had hoped to be given command of the American forces in Canada and to carry on a long campaign in which he would make up for the half-failures of the expedition which had been in that country under Benedict Arnold since December.

But Wayne's first hungry boatload to be taken across the river to Sorel brought the mortifying reverse of all that General Sullivan had hoped for and expected. Not only had the attack been a failure, not only were General Thompson and Colonel Irvine under British guard, but worst of all was the intelligence that he would have to count the enemy along the Saint Lawrence in thousands where he had counted them in hundreds. To go on with the letter was painfully humiliating, but at last he bowed

his head and lifted his quill pen. That "little tincture of vanity" which General Washington had espied in him had turned to gall.

Now it was clear that Canada would have to be evacuated, that the long journey of the Pennsylvanians to New York, then to Albany, and then up shallow rivers to the Saint Lawrence had been of no account. Of the two thousand five hundred and thirty-three men, sick and well, officers, non-coms., and privates under Sullivan, nearly all were disheartened. On their way northward they had been hilarious, had gambled at nights in their billets, had got good-naturedly drunk, and had often fought among themselves. But since then they had seen something of war and they were not eager to face it again.

Wayne had returned with the men to Sorel on June 11. For three days they lay resting. And during each of those days one or more British transports sailed up the Saint Lawrence on the way to Montreal. On board or marching along the north bank beside the boats was the majority of the thirteen thousand British regulars which England had sent to Canada. Commanded by Sir Guy Carleton, Lieutenant-General John Burgoyne, and a host of lesser general officers, it was a dispiriting sight to the crippled Americans. Arnold, they knew, would have to hurry from Montreal and General Sullivan would have to order the retreat at once.

Sullivan broke camp and headed his leading columns southward toward Lake Champlain. Already Lieutenant-General John Burgoyne had landed and was following him. With a torch in rear to fire the stores and bridges, Sullivan moved down to Chamblee, where John Thomas had been taken to die of the smallpox. His soldiers straggled out into an each-man-for-himself mob.

At every house or cabin along the way men slumped away from the slowly moving column and went inside, where they sat in a coma of bewildered rest. When Sullivan made ready to move from Chamblee to Saint Johns, his disorganized lines extended behind him for several miles.

A slow, dripping rain began the day Sullivan marched from Chamblee. Before he left he had news of Arnold, whose aide rode hurriedly into the town, explaining that his chief's retreat was being cut off by a British detachment and that he wanted a few hundred additional men with which to fight his way clear. The aide was Captain James Wilkinson, a youth who spoke with giddy, rhetorical warmth. Sullivan gave him an order on the rearguard for five hundred men to be supplied by Baron de Woedtke.

Wilkinson turned northward along the beaten road. He passed shambling groups of men who walked with no officer to direct them, knots of officers who had no men under them. Baron de Woedtke, who was probably drunk in some cabin, was not to be found. But with his order from General Sullivan, Wilkinson went on.

Some distance through the forest north of Chamblee, Wilkinson met an officer who seemed more alert than most of those he had passed. It was Lieutenant-Colonel Billy Allen, second in command of Saint Clair's regiment. They stopped, and Wilkinson told him of Arnold's predicament and of the need for five hundred men.

Billy Allen shook his head. There was not half that number to be seen on the road. He didn't believe, he answered, that a detachment could be made. But even if that many could be formed out of the broken ranks, they would be of little help, for the army, he explained, had become conquered by its fears. And yet— Allen was si-

lent a moment. Then he said: "Colonel Wayne is in the rear, and if any one can do it, he is the man."

Wilkinson rode on, asking for Colonel Wayne, whom he found a mile or so nearer the end of the straggling American column. In a uniform of blue and white, with a ruffled stock and a cocked felt hat, the colonel was stalking along the muddy road as if he owned it and dared any one to deny the fact.

Wilkinson, a flighty youth of not yet twenty, but old enough to be recklessly ambitious, made Colonel Wayne a high-pitched, almost hysterical address and then smugly waited for the answer. General Arnold was at Longueil and would soon be surrounded. It was terrible. Men must be sent. The fate of the country, the honor of America, Captain Wilkinson's personal honor, all depended on it.

Wayne took the order. He talked with Wilkinson. So Arnold was in a scrape and needed five hundred men? And General Sullivan had sent Wilkinson to De Woedtke after them? Arnold, it seemed certain from what he had heard of him, would fight and make good use of the detachment against the British redcoats. Therefore he should have them. That Burgoyne was moving up from the rear, that the American army was leaving Canada perhaps never to return, and that the troops were demoralized was true; but that was of secondary interest to Colonel Wayne. The British had not yet put down the rebellion; he doubted that they would be able ever so to do. Meanwhile Arnold needed help, and so long as there were five hundred stragglers on the road Wayne would see that he got it.

Walking with Wilkinson until they came to a wooden bridge across a stream, Wayne stopped. From there Wilkinson watched him halt the disheartened soldiers.

It was a simple matter, and in less than an hour the detachment was completely formed and sloshing over the muddy road westward toward Longueil.

But Wayne's next encounter with the British was not to be so near as the village of Longueil, for Arnold had marched out of danger and was on his way to join General Sullivan. And Wayne, following down toward Lake Champlain, had glimpsed the army of Sir Guy Carleton and Burgoyne for the last time.

CHAPTER III

To Anthony Wayne, in that summer of 1776, there were many worse places than the battle-field. And one of them was the post of Ticonderoga, which was near the southwest end of Lake Champlain. That locality, he felt, was the last part of the world that God had made, and from its appearance he believed he had some reason to think that the Divine hand had finished it in the dark. It was never intended that mortals should live there, for the people who had put forth an effort to stay had for the most part perished by pestilence or the sword. And there was so great a number of shin and thigh bones left by Abercrombie's men that the soldiers of the garrison found they filled their needs as tent-pins, so many skulls lying uncovered that it seemed as if Ticonderoga must really be the ancient Golgotha merely renamed. The barracks were old, Lake Champlain was dismal, and the high, rocky hills were desolate barriers to the active, interesting world outside.

Surrounded by the stony, forest wilderness Wayne fumed, wishing that Sir Guy Carleton and General John Burgoyne had followed the Continental army down the lake from Saint Johns to Isle aux Noix, from there to Crown Point and Ticonderoga, instead of remaining in Canada. How much better an engagement would have been than this stretch of dulness. How much more agreeable the days of his northward journey had been than these! On his way up to Canada from Philadelphia there was so much that had been entertaining. From New York he had gone hunting on a Long Island estate.

At Albany he had been invited to stop with the Schuylers and the Livingstons. General Schuyler, with his gray, pointed beard and waggish eyes, had been very genial and paternal. And his daughters were fine, sweet, accomplished, and very handsome. He had, he thought fatuously, made an impression on the girls which might have been bettered were it not for his marriage to Polly. But as it would never do for a wedded man to win the affections of an innocent good girl, he had studiously avoided temptation.

Also there had been a difference among the men before he came to Ticonderoga. Theretofore the Pennsylvania battalions had been together, and all of the officers —or at least most of them—knew all of the others and their families. But now the men were being split up and three thousand New Englanders were said to be coming. And among the higher officers there went on an unpleasant bickering. Just as General William Thompson had been replaced by General John Sullivan, so recently had Sullivan been superseded by Major-General Horatio Gates, a man with a vulpine face, whom Congress had sent to take charge of the American army in Canada. And at present General Gates and General Schuyler were at odds, for when Gates joined his army it was no longer in Canada, but at Crown Point in northern New York; nevertheless, Gates had read his instructions to mean that he was to have military control over all that territory, which naturally irritated General Schuyler, who was himself in command of the Northern Department.

Meanwhile the hot July wore slowly on. Francis Johnson was sick and in the hospital at Fort George, where half the garrison had been taken with dysentery and smallpox. Arthur Saint Clair, who had had service for the king in common with General Gates, was being fa-

vored for his experience with military routine; he made a judicial-looking figure sitting as presiding officer of courts martial, and though he had done nothing at Three Rivers except to run a snag through his foot, General Gates, it was said, had earnestly recommended to Congress that he be made a brigadier.

And General Gates, it appeared, was a man of importance, according to Congress. For quite recently Wayne had received a letter from his friend Doctor Benjamin Rush, who suggested that, between themselves, any little attention that Anthony showed the new commandant would greatly facilitate his own promotion from colonel to brigadier. But to that well-meaning advice Wayne wrote back frankly that his advancement would have to take care of itself. He had not gone into the war to achieve high rank—that was too little to deserve the risk of his being hanged in case the rebellion failed, but as for honor to himself and success at arms, that was another matter.

And while Horatio Gates was commandant, while Saint Clair sat on courts martial and young Captain James Wilkinson deserted Arnold for the more obviously favored Saint Clair, it was Anthony Wayne's principal ambition to have the smartest regiment in the Continental service. His men, he ordered, should nominate a barber for each company for the purpose of shaving the soldiers and dressing their hair; there would be punishment for every soldier who came on parade with a long beard, slovenly dressed or dirty, and their colonel hoped that the officers would think it their duty to see that their men always appeared washed, shaved, their hair plaited and powdered, and their arms in good order. And there were drills, manœuvres, more discipline, and hard work cutting logs and rolling boulders to make Ticonderoga im-

pregnable to the British army when it marched down from Canada.

Meanwhile the Liberty Bell from the top of the Statehouse in Philadelphia had pealed out the ratification of America's Declaration of Independence, and the sound had penetrated even into the tangled forests and tall hills about Fort Ticonderoga. And at Sunday services on the morning of July 28 Arthur Saint Clair piously arose before the soldiers and with a long, unfolded paper in his hand began to read, "When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another . . ." and ended the revolutionary creed with his own burry prayer: "God save the free and independent States of America!"

Wayne smiled grimly, more than pleased. Most of the soldiers were cheering. There was a heady spirit in that declaration and exultant, individualistic words in the text. They stirred the proud emotion that warmed Wayne's blood. That all men are created equal and are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights he also held to be self-evident truths; idealistically, only those of increasing merit rose up from the dead level to command. And he for his part would accept honors in no other way. For days he went about thinking of the rights of Pennsylvania, the rights of America, the rights of mankind. No more king. No more taxes sent across the ocean. A free and independent people. It might mean a long war, but it would be worth it, and at last, since the country had asserted its independence, it was the British who were the rebels, which in his mind they would remain until they had recognized the American Government. For it was the only government there was. Yet he was sorry that Lieutenant-Colonel Billy Allen had re-

signed; but he could understand without censuring him that Allen, whose father was a Tory, had a right not to be a revolutionist if he chose.

More weeks passed. Up at the far end of the lake Sir Guy Carleton was building and arming boats and issuing orders which Wayne felt were bombastical, insolent, and empty. He sent Polly a present and informed her that there would probably be action in the fall. But the garrison was prepared for the event and death or glory would attend it. And, he added with pleasant melancholy which must have sickened his wife with fright, he hoped yet to pass many an agreeable hour with her, but if the fate of war should order it otherwise, she should remember that he fell in the support of the rights of his friends—and the rights of mankind.

Late September came and the soldiers labored to be ready for the expected British. The garrison having been reinforced and most of the sick sent down to Fort George, the work of strengthening the fort went on and, what was more important then, General Arnold had got ready three schooners, two sloops, three galleys, and eight gondolas, carrying in all seventy guns, many of them eighteen-pounders. For Sir Guy Carleton, it was rightly believed, wanted to make an inland naval war of the attack, and Arnold, always in search of an independent command, was more than willing to accommodate him.

With two enemy ships to every one American and a force which Sir Guy Carleton hoped would drive its way down past Crown Point, Ticonderoga, and the wilderness to Albany, the British sailed to combat toward the middle of October, and on the 11th struck the waiting Arnold, who for two days fought them with great skill and the fury of a madman. But in the end he was back in

Ticonderoga with shattered hulls and a breathless crew, while Carleton came limping forward along the lake.

Now that Arnold had returned and Sir Guy Carleton's soldiers still came on, the efforts to strengthen Ticonderoga became yet more zealous. The fort would have to fall before the British could pass to Albany; it was to the interests of Horatio Gates that he should not pass, therefore he was eager to complete the defense. But like a surly man whose temper defeats the very aim he's striving for, Gates put aside the best advice and left the fort open at its most pregnable point.

For Ticonderoga was surmounted on the west by Mount Defiance, a steep, rocky height of six hundred feet; from its summit twenty-five guns and five hundred men would be able to dominate the principal fort, the surrounding hills, the near-by stretches of Lake Champlain and Lake George. That was what Colonel John Trumbull, Anthony Wayne, and Benedict Arnold believed would happen when the British came: Sir Guy Carleton would turn the American left wing, cross the north tip of Lake George, drag a battery up to the top of Mount Defiance, and have Ticonderoga with its expensive and laborious fortifications under his control. But General Gates snorted, "Ridiculous!" and his entourage echoed him. The works of Ticonderoga, they maintained, were not within range of Mount Defiance.

But Trumbull proved the contrary. Sighting a twelve-pounder from the Mount Independence works and loading it with a double charge of shot, he showed that Mount Defiance was within range by the fact that the gun threw the shell half-way to the crest of it.

Still Gates was unconvinced. What if a gun on top of Mount Defiance *would* throw its shot into Ticonderoga, the officers who stood by the commandant cawed de-

risively; what did that prove? Nothing! For nobody, least of all when burdened by a heavy cannon, would be able to climb the steep side to the crest.

Then Trumbull, Wayne, and Arnold, borrowing the commandant's barge, crossed over and landed where Mount Defiance was most rocky and perpendicular. Making the boat fast, they began to climb. The ascent was difficult, but in a little while they had reached the top and stood looking down upon the outlet of Lake George. From where they stood they could gaze out upon all the outlying country, Ticonderoga, and Mount Independence. And that it would be a simple matter to build a carriage road and haul cannon up the side of Mount Defiance was obvious to all.

They reported accordingly to General Gates. But even then he ignored their discovery. Mount Defiance towered bare and menacing as before. And meanwhile Sir Guy Carleton was coming down along Lake Champlain and considering his plan to break through to Albany.

Fortunately for the garrison the cold, snowy days were closing in. When Sir Guy had conceived his project he had expected to be in front of Ticonderoga by early fall. But his undertaking had been greater than he had imagined; it was now nearly November, and when he came to reconnoitre this fort, which he would have to take, he recollected the furious resistance of Arnold off Valcour Island, he felt the dread of the long, cold march through the New York forest, he saw the stubborn countenance of the enemy, and decided to turn back to Canada to await a more seasonable month.

Thus winter gave a temporary security to the otherwise vulnerable Ticonderoga. For now no army could be expected to come in force until after the spring thaw. And when General Gates discovered that the British had

withdrawn to Canada he was free to weaken the garrison of seven regiments and lead them southward where they would be of greater use to himself and the Continental cause. Soon the drums were beating for the march; the men lined up with several days' cooked rations in their haversacks, water in their canteens, and muskets sloping awkwardly over their thinly covered shoulders. With young Wilkinson, a brigade-major attached to Arthur Saint Clair, who had been made a brigadier, Horatio Gates set out for the southward in search of an independent command.

And Colonel Wayne was to be left alone. For General Arnold had also gone—to see his family, he believed, but actually to fight the British in the skirmishing at Ridgefield—and on the night of November 18 the guard-mount report of the Ticonderoga garrison was taken to its new commandant, Colonel Anthony Wayne.

But to be given responsibility for the safety of the fort was less of a movement toward promotion than away from it. True, it was the one stronghold which guarded the northern states from invasion by the British in Canada, there were upward of twenty-five hundred rank and file in the garrison, and General Schuyler had written from Albany that he had the fullest confidence in Wayne's vigilance, attention, and foresight to guard against surprise. But actually the field in which distinction could be won was far to the south with the main army. And if the British were to appear before Ticonderoga—which was a bare possibility—the fort would fall, for Wayne hadn't the men to repel an army.

Even on the deceptive muster-rolls of the garrison the number of men was too small for the safety of the post. And less than half of those were active and fit for duty. For General Gates had left the sick behind him, and

Wayne was to go through the winter with only about eleven hundred men with which to guard the stronghold and strengthen its defense. That was bad enough, but even if they had all been well, there was not within two hundred miles an enemy against which he could lead them. It was, he felt, a damned poor way to fight a war. Nor could he have helped reflecting how close Arthur Saint Clair and young Wilkinson had been to General Gates, and how Saint Clair had marched from the fort with the stars of a brigadier on his sloping shoulders.

And Ticonderoga had become more desolate than ever before. The snow lay unmelting on the ground where the soldiers drilled, fell frosty from the trees as the wood-cutting parties hacked at the trunks to make logs for walls and fuel for their smoky fires. The North wind came shrilly down Lake Champlain and great drifts humped up whitely in the forest paths. God, Wayne must have concluded, had not only made this ancient Golgotha in the dark but had forgotten where he put it.

Not merely was there bitter weather in the isolated hills. The soldiers shivered for want of proper overcoats and jackets. The commissary brought up bad beef and slender rations. Restless, irritated by discipline, there was also sectional jealousy between the Pennsylvanians and the volunteers from New England. Sam Greatwood and Adam Killer, tried for getting drunk and abusing an officer, were sentenced to receive ten lashes. James McCasty was tried for striking and abusing Joseph Nidets. John Bushby deserted and was overtaken. Thomas Cavan was tried for disobedience of orders, deserting to the enemy, and, returning to destroy the magazines of the garrison, was given a hundred lashes. Mathias McCord and John McKinney were also taken as runaways. With regard to the rations, Major

Persifor Frazer (whose name was later to be invoked by an old squire riding up to General Washington at the Brandywine to tell him he was being flanked by General Howe) "examined 34 Quarters of Beef in the Commissary Stores at this Place" and found it to have been "butchered in the most scandalous Manner, tainted and unfit for Use," which Colonel Wayne ordered to be burned or buried at once. The garrison had to live on peas while they lasted and sometimes two bushels of turnips to every hundred men.

Desertions slackened in December but discipline was worse than ever, for the enlistment period of virtually the whole garrison would expire by the beginning of the new year. And the neglect of officers and non-coms. was so great that on guard duty their sentries' muskets were stolen from their hands, and on parade the men were permitted to appear "with unpowder'd Hair, long Beards, dirty Shirts and rusty Arms." Even the camp women became recalcitrant and mutinied at the wash-tubs.

All this the commandant observed with considerable pain, but without dismay. Scandalous and unsoldierly behavior was to be punished with the utmost severity and any woman belonging to the regiment who refused to wash for the men should be immediately drummed out of the garrison: those women, he indignantly made it clear, were not being fed and housed that they might distress the men and make them unfit for duty, but to keep them clean and decent.

Other difficulties, though, were not so easily taken care of by the issuing of orders. There remained the fact that by the new year the various regiments would have come to the end of their enlistments and that for all the letters he had written General Schuyler and the New England governors for relieving troops there were no troops

coming. And meanwhile it was cold. As early evening dropped over the hills and forests on December 14 Lake Champlain froze from one side to the other, the shivering sentries had to be changed every hour, yet nearly froze despite the warming rum sent out by the commissary. Wayne, after making his tour of inspection, felt so congealed that, as he rakishly wrote to Sharp Delany, "after turning before the fire for three hours by Shrewsbury Clock I was not half thawed until I put one Bottle of wine under my Sword Belt at Dinner—I have been toasting you all but can't toast myself—for by the time that one side is warm the other is froze; however I'll still keep to the Internal Application."

But the scene was dismal despite that lively note. Scant supplies came up from Albany and the men were frequently hungry. Feverish patients in the makeshift hospital received the same rations as the hardier ones who walked sentry post or worked in the snowy forest cutting trees; all ate flour and bad beef. Earlier in the month Wayne had informed the Pennsylvania Committee of Safety that there were neither beds nor bedding for the invalids and no medicine in the stores. "The dead and dying lying mingled together in our hospital, or rather house of carnage, is no uncommon sight," he had told them, adding that "these are objects truly worthy of your notice."

Wayne was not to find worse hardships until he went to Valley Forge. But in spite of them and in spite of the immaturity of many of the garrison—many of whom were boys of twelve and fifteen years—he was able to continue fortifying the Ticonderoga works. And though he had neither the necessary men to begin work on Mount Defiance, where it was needed most of all, nor even a part of the guns required to protect it, he maintained the

hope that before he was called away from this ancient Golgotha he would have made the general stronghold much securer and more habitable than it had been when General Gates had turned it over to him.

Keeping the surrounding wilderness threaded with a succession of scouts, the guards and sentries alert about the fort, Wayne used the rest of his regiments to build octagons and walls on Mount Independence and to complete the abatis around Fort Ticonderoga proper. And this he accomplished with men who, in addition to being ragged, chilled, and half-famished, were many of them free to leave by the orders under which they had enlisted.

Much of the garrison had a right to their discharge, yet it was his duty, Wayne felt, to keep them until they were properly relieved. But men and officers alike saw no profit in discipline. And as for the sense of union which the Declaration of Independence had fostered it was frequently overriden by sectional jealousy. Among the rank and file a private from Pennsylvania, who considered himself a Southerner, would shout contemptuously at a private from Massachusetts, "Hi-yah, no-'count Yankee!" and the Yankee would answer with equal contempt: "Hi-yah, lousy Buckskin."

And this feeling also inspired many of the regimental officers. On Christmas eve there was a riot because of it. For some weeks Lieutenant-Colonel Craig, of the Pennsylvanians, had watched the benign and elderly Colonel Whitcomb, of Massachusetts, permit his son to cobble shoes at a work-bench in the colonel's room, which apparently was a very degrading business. If the son had done his cobbling elsewhere all might have been well, but to be allowed to do his menial hammering in his colonel's room was carrying democracy a little too far.

It called for reprehensive measures; and the spirited Lieutenant-Colonel Craig, after several glasses of wine, rushed into the colonel's room, smashed the work-bench, turned on Whitcomb and began swinging his fists. Fortunately for the perplexed old man there were defenders in his Yankee regiment; he was pushed aside by Massachusetts yeomen, the quarrel became general, and did not end until the Pennsylvanians had taken up their muskets, with which several of the New Englanders were wounded.

The pride of Wayne's Pennsylvanians was evidently overwhelming. For though they had fiery resentment toward any too democratic show there was scarcely a man among them who had a full seat to his breeches. Colonel Wayne had complained again and again to the Pennsylvania Committee of Safety that they lacked nearly everything with which a soldier should be provided. Many of their firelocks were without bayonets; but worse than this, during December and January on frozen Lake Champlain platoon after platoon of men shivered for want of shoes, stockings, shirts, and even coats. And as for their commandant, his smart blue-and-white regimentals were so ragged and stained with dirt that they would soon have to be discarded.

Yet it was that pride and Wayne's stubborn sense of discipline that kept Ticonderoga garrisoned. For by January 3 of the new year the term of service of every man there had expired. Wayne had continued writing for fresh troops, General Schuyler had forwarded his requests to Congress, but no men came and there was scant prospect of their coming. But by the solitary inducement that if they remained with him a little longer an order might come for him to march them down to join General Washington where he was fighting the British

in the Jerseys—by that one appeal made late in December they agreed to stay.

But it was an uneasy situation. There was no enemy near enough to draw the garrison's sense of resentment. They knew themselves to be cut off from actual warfare, which was then being fought down along the Delaware. Nothing could distract for long the brooding intensity with which they contrasted the warm, familiar cabins of their families in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania with their cold, hard beds at Ticonderoga, where the frigid winds cut like a tireless scythe over Lake Champlain. Working under the forest's icy branches. Bad beef and flour to eat; even if Colonel Wayne had ordered that dumplings be made in the beef soup it was still poor beef and flour. Shoes that were beyond repair! Insufficient blankets and no mattresses except old straw! Socks without heels, breeches worn through at the seat, even their coats in rags! And by rights they should be at home, sitting by their cabin fires, which cast a so much warmer flame than the pale light of the Revolution. They had served their year and now their time was up. Their list of grievances was long and irrefutable. Let that fighting-cock of a Colonel Wayne deny them if he could!

But Colonel Wayne had no thought of denying their contentions. All their wrongs he would willingly admit. These wrongs were as maddening to him as to them. But so long as a war was being fought and he was in command at Ticonderoga he meant to see that the men remained on duty until other troops came to defend the fort. Meanwhile he kept them quiet and at work, but watched the southward trail for a message that might take him down into the Jerseys with General Washington. A recent express had brought alarming word that

the British were marching rapidly in the direction of Philadelphia. Since then he had heard no more. Perhaps even now Sir William Howe and the Hessians were ravaging Chester County—perhaps Polly might have to take the children away from Waynesborough into the back country. There was bitterness in having to wait so idly under so much anxiety.

And yet if Polly had to leave Easttown she would find hospitality wherever she went. And while the British rebels might be successful for a time, while they might take and destroy the towns near the water, they would never be able to subjugate free-born Americans. For America was growing and could survive great losses, whereas one defeat to the English, he thought, would ruin their attempt forever.

Through January and half of February Wayne had the satisfaction of seeing his Pennsylvania regiment standing firm. And when the disturbance came, for it was bound to be, it was made by Captain Neilson's company of riflemen, men who had been at Ticonderoga only since November 15. Though their enlistment also had expired, Wayne had continued to hold them week after week. But when the sunrise gun boomed on the morning of February 20 they came out of their quarters in full equipment, determined to break through the camp guard and go home.

Wayne saw them forming in column. That was enough, for he was not the kind of man who needed to reflect in order to know what to do. Buckling on his pistol-belt he stalked forward and confronted them. "Just what," he asked sharply, "is the cause of such conduct?"

But the men were already on the march and their answer was a shout that their time had passed and to hell with Fort Ticonderoga.

Wayne stepped indignantly in front of them, bawled out for them to halt, and demanded that they choose a spokesman at once.

Incautiously a sergeant stepped out; and that was the downfall of the mutiny. For he began to explain, but was suddenly silent when he felt the colonel's enormous pistol at his breast and saw the colonel's eyes staring with fantastic brilliance into his. The sergeant dropped to his knees and now his words were a pleading for his life.

Wayne shouted peremptorily over the sergeant's head: "Ground arms!" And while their musket-butts clattered slowly to the frozen earth the soldiers stood and listened to their commandant's wrathful opinion of such outrageous conduct. And before he had finished Captain Neilson's company had decided it was better to remain in the garrison—all but Jonah Holiday, who still was bent on going home. Jonah Holiday was not so easily coerced as the sergeant had been; he not only exhibited what Colonel Wayne considered insolence, but also tried to justify his conduct, whereupon his colonel, with a boiling temper, clouted him with his fist and knocked him down.

Then insubordination jumped several ranks higher. While Jonah Holiday was being marched to the guard-house and the company disbanded Captain Coe, to whose organization Holiday belonged, appeared before Colonel Wayne to complain because a soldier of his had been struck and confined and to assert, Wayne angrily heard him say: "Every soldier has a right to deliver his sentiments on every occasion without being punished for speaking them!" After which the unmilitary captain immediately followed Holiday to the guard-house as an abettor of mutiny.

Though he had broken up the mutineers Colonel Wayne was dissatisfied and fuming and would continue

so to be as long as he remained behind the walls of Ticonderoga. A few weeks earlier he had written Polly that he had fifteen hundred hardy veterans left who would push hard for victory and revenge and that they were second to none in courage, for he had seen them tried. But now he sent hurried word to General Schuyler that the garrison was very weak and he begged for a few good troops. He would, he had concluded, rather risk his life and reputation and the fate of America on two hundred good soldiers than on all those now on the ground.

That Wayne could link the fate of America so closely to his own life and reputation was perhaps one of his foibles, which General Washington was later to find slightly distressing. Washington regarded the war as if it were his own private campaign; that was likewise Anthony Wayne's attitude toward it. Both men had clasped the struggle so tightly to themselves they felt that if it were lost they too would be lost, and both had visions of being hanged in consequence; but never once did either fully despair of winning. But what was natural and expected in a commander-in-chief whose shoulders held the responsibility of the country and whose rôle was paternal even toward his general officers—what was natural in Washington was a little unseemly in the colonel of a thousand-odd soldiers in the northern wilderness.

Now it was nearly March and he was still at Ticonderoga. A year it would be in July. How long he would have to remain he could not tell, for all of the work he had done to prepare General Schuyler for recommending his journey to General Washington had been undone by the mutiny. Fretting to join in the action in New Jersey, he had begun in January to besiege Schuyler with descriptions of the worth and valor of his troops. As

he had written to Polly, so he repeated that he had seen them proved, and he knew, he went on, that they were not far behind any regulars in point of discipline. "Such troops, actuated by Principle and fired with just resentment, must be an acceptable and *perhaps seasonable* Reinforcement to Gen'l Washington at this critical juncture." And if General Schuyler felt the truth of this reasoning and enabled the colonel to march quickly to join the main Continental army, Colonel Wayne would "answer for it that his men would not turn aside from Danger when the safety and Honor of their country require them to face it."

In the meantime, he felt, days spent at Ticonderoga were days wasted. Full of scorn and bluster, he sat through the cold nights and wished most ardently for the opportunity of meeting those British sons of war and rapine face to face and man to man. Here it was eight months since that great document, the Declaration of Independence, had been made public, yet the enemy was still in the field and had a hard grip on the offensive. That declaration, he reasoned with his original flair, had proved America's authority to be self-governing; in not accepting that authority the British themselves had become the rebels. Rebels, sons of war and rapine, he hoped the day was not far off when the Americans would be able to beat them in the field.

But so long as he remained behind the walls of Ticonderoga he could not feel that his country was fighting with much prospect of immediate success. Though General Washington had captured three Hessian regiments at Trenton on Christmas, though he had fought the enemy at Princeton and on the road to Brunswick in January, Wayne felt that the army spent too much time in digging in to repel the enemy; and he stormed to his

political friends in Philadelphia: "Are our people so used to stand behind works that they dare not face the foe in the field?" He believed not, for he added with a rhetorical fanfare, "that—that is the rock we have split on."

For if the British were to be beaten they must be attacked. And, while he was powerless to move, he nevertheless could not withhold his fiery counsel. To Dick Peters, who by that time was secretary of the Board of War and the husband of the virtuous, the fair, and accomplished Sally Robinson, he advised to give most of his attention to the art of manœuvring if he had any regard for the liberty of his country or the honor of America.

Now it was nearly time for the spring thaw. But the dulness and isolation at Fort Ticonderoga continued. He heard from Sally, a long letter in which she told him that her marriage to Dick would make no difference in her feeling for him, for she could love her husband and esteem her friend, which she did, most sincerely. He heard from Colonel Wood, who had got back to Philadelphia. Wood wrote that his girl or countersign didn't please him much. She was clever, but then, Wood suggested familiarly, men like himself and friend Anthony enjoyed to be in love, so it was no matter so long as they had sweethearts, for it was a pretty amusement and did very well for a leisure hour. He had a letter or more from Hetty Griffiths, who recalled to him the pleasant evenings at Doctor Bond's and gave him the gossip of the town. Doubtless Polly also wrote to him. And the children were well and had not been forced to abandon Waynesborough. Early in March came another message, an order from the Continental Congress promoting him to the rank of brigadier-general. It was good, but, damn it, what he wanted most of all were marching orders to go

south and join General Washington at Morristown. Carlton and Burgoyne might be on their way down from Canada. And if they came they would find him with less than a thousand and none of them trained to soldiery. Well, if they attacked him he would die there; then at least his memory would be rescued from contempt. For he would never be able to endure the taunts and insults he would be subjected to as a prisoner with so motley a garrison. On March 2 the garrison had consisted of a thousand men and boys, eight hundred and fifty of whom were New York militia, the regulars having been marched away. And for him to have commanded these new men and not to have had a sense of humor would have been almost maddening. If Major Ryan, parading the guard, ordered silence, they all began to gabble Dutch. When ordered to rest their firelocks they lay them on the ground with butts and muzzles intermixed. When ordered to march they would make off at full speed for their respective huts, with Major Ryan pursuing, shouting, and flogging at them. And not a man among them could remember the countersign.

CHAPTER IV

In May, 1777, Sir William Howe was filling his sails to capture Philadelphia; Lieutenant-General John Burgoyne was marching an army down from Canada toward Fort Ticonderoga; Lieutenant-Colonel Saint Leger had a plan to drive up the Hudson and the Mohawk Valley—in short, nearly half of the American States were about to be overrun by British soldiers; but in the camp of General Washington on the green hill of Morristown Brigadier-General Anthony Wayne belligerently gave it as his opinion that it was the enemy who would be forced into making breastworks and the Americans who would do the attacking.

Wayne had been on the tented sloping meadows of Morristown for about a month: General Washington had at last called him from Fort Ticonderoga to take command of the Pennsylvania line, seventeen hundred men in frayed brown hunting-shirts who, though badly in need of training and bayonets, made his curved chest swell out still further when he faced them on parade. He was thankful to be there, nine months of standing behind a bleak wall which no redcoat had ever tried to scale had been enough. But now he was at Morristown and attached to the main army under General Washington, which meant that he would soon have the chance to meet the enemy, "the Sons of War and Rapine" as he contemptuously snorted at them, "face to face and man to man."

Also the bewigged and big-boned commander-in-chief had welcomed him pleasantly; he had been made to feel

that his opinion was of value, and though he had been convinced of that fact for many years it was gratifying to have his word asked for in conjunction with those of Nathanael Greene, Henry Knox, McDougall, and George Clinton. Those four men he had recently accompanied on a tour of inspection of Fort Montgomery and other strongholds along the Hudson; their joint recommendation that a heavy iron chain and other obstructions to British ships should be flung across the river had been accepted.

Wayne discovered, too, that his moment of gallantry at Three Rivers was known among the men in Morristown, already founding his reputation as an audacious fighter. And his strapping, upright figure made his feats sound plausible; doubtless the main camp had likewise heard how he broke up the February mutiny at Ticonderoga by the use of his fists and his threatening pistols. Certain it is that the "sovereign contempt" in which he held the British was known at Washington's headquarters, and his interest in "elegant dress" as a military necessity was becoming a byword. But the officers who met him there were disappointed on that latter score: Wayne's famous blue-and-white regimentals had worn beyond repair, and when he arrived at Morristown he was dressed in a red coat so dingy of color it looked as if it had been dipped in rusty water, while at his throat and around his neck was a faded black cravat. His three-cornered felt hat was battered and the cockade which one of the Miss Schuylers had made for him was dull with tarnish.

However he might be dressed, Wayne's eyes had never been brighter or steadier. For he was exactly where he wanted to be and engaged in precisely what he wanted to do. It did not matter to him then that Arthur Saint

Clair had become a major-general and was going up to Ticonderoga while he was but a new brigadier. It did not matter that Saint Clair had done nothing to warrant his promotion or that in obtaining it he had, as one of the two major-generals allowed Pennsylvania by Congress, effectually prevented Wayne from receiving a like appointment. Such misfortunes, if they were that, were always happening; the violent and courageous Arnold also remained a brigadier, slighted while Thomas Mifflin, Lord Stirling, Saint Clair, and Adam Stephen—all his juniors in service—were raised above him. Philip Schuyler was in danger of losing his command through an intrigue by Gates and some New England congressmen. Still other cases were worse than Wayne's; but even if there had been none he would have been content to hold command of the Irish, Scotch, Welsh, and Germans of the brawny Pennsylvania line.

His friends, too, were remembering him from Philadelphia and Chester County, Abraham Robinson sent him two pounds of good tea. Doctor Benjamin Rush informed him that if it were a sin to covet honor he was sure his friend Anthony was the most offending man alive. Hetty Griffiths wrote him that a soft tear had stolen down Sally's cheek when she read the lugubrious conclusion of Anthony's last letter, and a little later there was word from Sally herself, accompanying a jar of pickled oysters, which were a rarity even in Philadelphia. And though Polly was worried about the coming harvest and the scarcity of men, he was certain that some of the neighbors, Squire Bartholomew or one of the Davis family would have goodness enough to give her their help and advice. He hoped, at any rate, she didn't have the harvest reaped on shares, for hay and grain would be at a prodigious price by winter.

Now thirty-two years old, with an agreeable wife and a healthy son and daughter, Anthony Wayne was at the period of life when most men think increasingly of tangible things, growing dull and heavy in the care of their estates and their provision for the future. But he still was buoyant and impressible enough to feel exultant at little honors which gave no material rewards; and when at the last of May the main army marched from Morristown to Middlebrook Wayne was jubilant because his Excellency posted him nearest to the enemy, who then were camped at Brunswick, ten miles distant on the Raritan.

Holding the most travelled road that ran between the two encampments, General Wayne stirred the Pennsylvania line with daily manœuvres throughout the month of June. In their long brown tunics, motley hats and breeches, they wheeled and skirmished over the rolling fields, formed fours, and made their manual of arms less ragged as they prepared for the battle in which Wayne hoped General Washington would soon engage Sir William Howe. Their movements, he could see, were improving, but their disreputable clothing remained the same. Compared to General Smallwood's Marylanders, in their well-cut buff-and-scarlet, they were nearly a sight for Wayne's chagrin.

But perhaps if he couldn't improve their dress he could increase the effectiveness of their firearms. Most of the men then carried long squirrel rifles which were excellent in the hands of marksmen facing an equal force, but useless if the enemy rushed close to them after the first volley had been fired. For the rifles had not been made for bayonets to be fitted on them. And a bayonet to Wayne was a blade of great worth. Not that it was a particularly mortal weapon; Wayne was already aware

that combatants seldom got close enough to each other actually to use it. Nevertheless, the moral effect of a line that charged with sharp, glistening steel was often overpowering; he had witnessed that in the skirmishing before Three Rivers against General Fraser's regulars. And now he wrote the Board of War at Philadelphia that his Excellency desired that General Wayne's present stock of rifles be exchanged for good muskets and bayonets, for "Experience" having "taught us that rifles are not fit for the field, a few only will be retained in each regiment and those placed in the hands of Real marksmen."

During those days of late May and early June General Wayne watched from his outposts the strange movements which Sir William Howe was making about Brunswick. Both armies were constantly expecting to attack, but while General Washington held himself in and doggedly waited for a favorable opening, Sir William manœuvred, offering false weaknesses by which he tried to lure the American commander into making a lunge that would put him off his balance. In and out of Brunswick Howe feinted, leaving smudges of smoke from burning houses on the horizon by which he hoped to increase the exasperation of Washington's men. But the main body opposite him held to their secure position and more than repaid him by parties of skirmishers sent out upon his flanks.

It was a particularly anxious time and Wayne had never been busier or more elated with the prospect of attack. At last he was with an army strong enough to make the hope of victory reasonable and supple enough to cut in and hack at the enemy's right and left, then draw back to safety, leaving them furiously harassed. In one of his skirmishes with five hundred men he encoun-

tered the British General Grant, who apparently was scornful as himself but not so warm for action. Wayne offered him battle six times, but though Grant formed his men to make a stand they always broke before Wayne got near them. All they did was to fire a few volleys, which he refused to return—for a long-distance fusillade was a caitiff business. Grant, however, who had boasted that he would march through America at the head of five thousand men, had his coat much dirtied, his horse's head taken off, and himself badly bruised for having the presumption at the head of seven hundred British troops to face five hundred Pennsylvanians.

That June was a month of forays and skirmishes which Wayne hoped would lead to the constantly expected battle with Sir William Howe, but by the 1st of July the Jersey hills and lowlands had suddenly become quiet. For Sir William had marched his army up to Staten Island and to America's perplexity was loading his men aboard transports. Yet it soon became clear that the movement could have but two reasonable aims: Sir William intended either to push up the Hudson and fight his way to Lieutenant-General Burgoyne—who had now arrived with his army before Ticonderoga—or else it was his purpose to sail downward and capture Philadelphia by surprise. But though the former movement would have saved Burgoyne and have broken up New England, it was not that but the foolish investment of Philadelphia that Sir William planned. For the gestures he made from Staten Island obviously showed him to be facing in the direction of the central capital; and Washington held his army ready to block him when he came.

Meanwhile the Continental army remained alert. And there was such constant work for the officers that Wayne found himself unable to give time for the briefest jour-

ney to his home, which he had not seen for sixteen months and which now was less than a hundred miles from him. But while he wanted to see Polly and the children, Margaretta especially, he was not dissatisfied to remain in camp with General Washington and burly, pink-faced Nathanael Greene. He felt that he had in so short a time gained the confidence of the reserved and cautious commander-in-chief, he knew the men of the Pennsylvania line were beginning to swear by him; and this in days before momentous fighting was full requital for any discomforts there might be.

Soon he was still nearer to Paoli, but could not see his own threshold. It was in August and he had been sent by General Washington to prepare the Pennsylvania militia to be of use with the main army. Sir William Howe at last was sailing; his transports had just been sighted off the Delaware Capes, which was proof enough that the British were on their way to Philadelphia. Now Washington would be compelled to bar Howe's path or let the enemy take the capital unmolested. As Wayne left, the commander-in-chief moved his long columns; skirting Pennsylvania, they marched down through Philadelphia and looked for favorable ground on which to stop the British when they came up from Delaware Bay.

Wayne, too, was riding beyond Philadelphia, organizing the militia in the southern part of the State. The British, he heard, were on the point of landing down in Delaware, but he wanted to see Polly before they came. It had been a long time since they had been together, but he couldn't spare the hours for the journey to Paoli. For he was the only general officer in the division and had taken over the work of both Saint Clair and Benjamin Lincoln. Besides, he had very recently tried to

draw General Washington's attention to a plan of his own for meeting the British transports when they landed, and he was earnestly waiting for an answer. Riding into the Blue Bell Tavern on August 26, he sent Polly a hurried message to meet him down at Naaman's Creek and to bring the children. . . . Another night now and he would see her, for she would certainly come.

He passed the day near the Blue Bell, sometimes thinking of Polly and sometimes of the plan he had forwarded to General Washington, which was for a simple and direct action that had in it the element of surprise: what he had suggested was that the commander-in-chief should select about three thousand of his best troops and when Howe, thinking that the Americans dare not leave their lines, marched northward through Delaware that this detachment should make a regular and vigorous assault on their right or left flank without waiting to be attacked by the British.

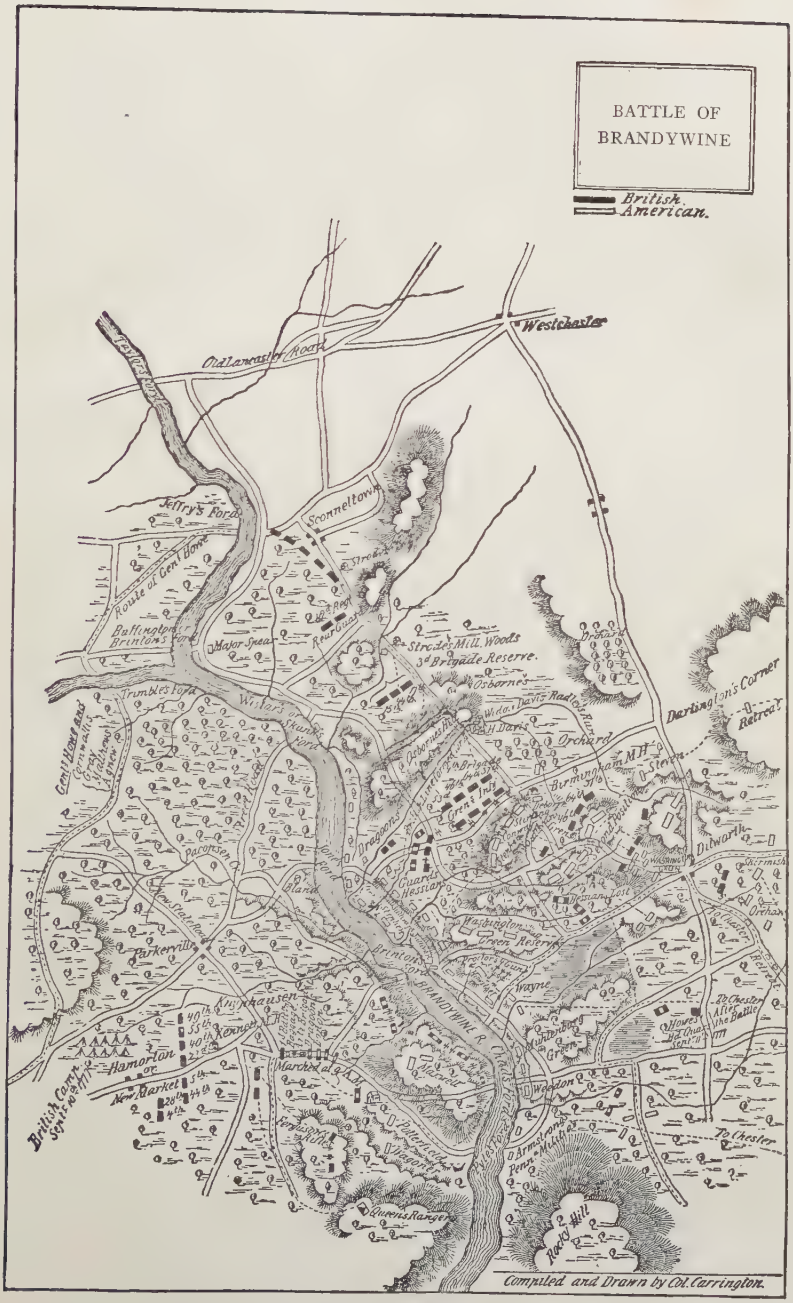
But he was not to see Polly then. Before the day was over an excited express came to the Blue Bell with orders from General Washington to come to camp at Wilmington at once, for the British had landed down the river. And sending a counter-message to Paoli, Wayne rode hurriedly down along the Delaware, over the Brandywine, and into Wilmington, where he continued to persevere with his scheme for the attack. It was not too late. And again he wrote General Washington the details of his plan whereby Sir William Howe might be turned back from Philadelphia. He was convinced, he said, that if just three thousand chosen Americans were set upon the enemy's flank it would not only prevent the main body of Howe's army from advancing, it would also leave the British with no alternative but that of retreat. And, he added, should General Wayne be happy

enough to meet General Washington in opinion, then General Wayne wished to be of the number assigned to this business.

That Howe's advancing force was nearly a third larger than Washington's was merely a trifling nuisance to Anthony Wayne. With determined men and the element of surprise more than evening up the numbers, the plan was further strengthened in Wayne's mind because it was an offensive movement against the enemy. Convinced that they could be beaten only in the field, he could almost visualize them now, just off the transports and still rolling on their sea-legs, unexpectedly confronted as they marched toward Philadelphia by the spirited Pennsylvania line which would strike them with a force and courage that would throw them back to Delaware Bay.

But however well Wayne's suggestion might have succeeded, it was not used by General Washington. Commanding an inferior force, soon to be beaten by a better tactician, Washington was willing to meet the advancing British with a tireless, defensive campaign, fighting with dull hope. And from Red Clay Creek, where he camped in Delaware, he fell back on September 9 to the north bank of the Brandywine to await the oncoming fifteen thousand of Sir William Howe. Here he would have to fight or let the enemy march unmolested into the capital of the country.

On the night Washington backed across the Brandywine the British moved up within seven miles of the stream and the sultry dawn that followed showed the Americans marching into battle position along the north bank. The creek, though low in its bed from the summer drought, would for some time check the enemy's advance except at several points where it was easily forded. Of these fords the one that was shallowest had


BATTLE OF
BRANDYWINE
British.
American.
Westchester
Old Lancaster Road
Jeffry's Ford
Sconnelton's
Route of Gen. Howe
Battington's
Brinton's
Major Spear
Red Coats
Stroud's Mill Woods
3d Brigade Reserve
Osborne's
Trimbles Ford
Wilkins
Skunk Hill
Gen. Howe's Head Quarters
Darlington's Corner
Retreat
Birmingham M.H.
Dilworth
Parkerville
Hamorton
Kennet
Anspach
Queens Rangers
Compiled and Drawn by Col. Carrington.

been named Chadd's; it was the crossing for the road which ran directly from Sir William Howe's camp to Philadelphia; and there it was that General Wayne was stationed with the Pennsylvania line.

Wayne was thus the centre of Washington's rather lengthy front. From where he stood the position of the army was as follows: on a rise to his right rear the guns of his brigade under Colonel Chambers and those of Proctor's artillery thrust their long iron noses toward the enemy; farther along up-stream lay the right flank of New Englanders under swarthy General Sullivan, who had been given two fairly safe fords to guard. To Wayne's left were the Pennsylvania militia under old General Armstrong, who was called the hero of Kittanning from his days in the Indian wars. Armstrong's situation, because of the deepening of the river and the increased height of the banks, was the least precarious in the whole line. In rear of Wayne, on a rise beyond his artillery, were two brigades under General Nathanael Greene whom Washington was holding ready to march to the support of any part of the front that threatened to break when the British came. And in front and to the right of Wayne was General Maxwell with a small force of New Jersey light infantry who were expected to do little more than fire the alarm into the face of Sir William Howe's leading columns.

That was the American position on the morning of September 10. A day and a night passed and they waited in their tracks. But on the next morning the tranquil air above the road to Chadd's Ford was gray with a tremendous haze of ascending dust. The British were on their march to Philadelphia, less than thirty miles north of the Brandywine, but what disposition Sir William Howe had made of his troops could not be discerned on

account of the clusters of leafy trees among which the main road to Chadd's Ford wound. But that the British were coming was certain and all along the north bank of the Brandywine bewildered soldiers were gripping their muskets and staring toward an unseen enemy. And back of the lines, from a farmhouse far to Wayne's left rear aides and orderlies were beginning to ride with messages and requests for news to bring back to General Washington.

A little later the commander-in-chief, riding down the hill from Nathanael Greene's division, walked his horse slowly before the front ranks and evoked a ragged shout of resolution. The men remembered what he had told them a few days earlier—that they must keep the British from Philadelphia, that their liberty depended on it; that they had checked the redcoats in the past; now they must stop them again. . . . Far up in front, some miles across the Brandywine, they could hear the irregular sputtering of muzzle-loaders. By that they knew General Maxwell had engaged the leading column of the approaching force.

General Wayne, now in a bright blue coat with red lining which a Philadelphia tailor had made for him and in a pair of creaseless lambskin breeches which Abraham Robinson had forwarded, drew eagerly near the edge of the creek and stared over the rolling ground. At first he could see only what looked like an aimless gesturing of tiny figures. They ran forward, roundabout and back in front of a long, heavy column that was ever coming nearer. Maxwell, as had been expected, was firing and retreating, firing and retreating, making the British advance a slow one. Smoke from the muskets was beginning to penetrate and darken the long dust cloud. Soon, Wayne knew, his turn would come; he looked up and

down the rows of stiff, white faces of the men of the Pennsylvania line.

Now Maxwell's men seemed to be growing larger. Having finished what they had been told to do, they came pounding up the road toward the Brandywine, hastened by heavy volleys from enemy marksmen. Wayne's Pennsylvanians opened up to let them through as they splashed into the shallow ford. The line closed again and every face was intent upon the enemy.

The British were behaving strangely. Queen's Rangers and Anspachers, booted Hessians and helmeted dragoons, they had halted on a rise before the Brandywine instead of rolling directly forward to the attack. Small detachments of them were going out to right and left as if to sniff at the American flanks. Along the road their artillerymen were wheeling cannon into place in the fields on either side. From this considerable distance they began a moderately warm bombardment.

Wayne's and Proctor's artillery answered from their intrenched hill behind the Pennsylvania line. To the waiting soldiers and officers by the Brandwine this lengthy cannonading seemed to prove that the British were afraid to make a direct attack. Those shrilly, rolling cannon-balls of theirs burst with alarming fury, but would never gain them Philadelphia. That was obvious.

It was with ostensible hesitation that, a little after ten o'clock, the cannonade continuing, a large detachment of the enemy moved down the road with fixed bayonets toward Chadd's Ford. Marching within musket range of the creek, they were stopped and scattered by the fire of the Pennsylvania line. While they were reforming some distance away another body of the British came down and tried to stab its way across the ford. They failed to pass over.

The action became a series of vivid skirmishes about Chadd's Ford with cannon-balls continually rumbling overhead. Under a sun that was high and boiling over those attacking and those attacked came close enough together to see into each other's eyes. Now and again Wayne's grimly infuriated soldiers, breaking through shot and bayonet, pitched the British back to their main body, but when they recrossed the low, roiled water the enemy reformed and marched stubbornly on again toward the ford.

Though the British appeared determined to cross where Wayne held the Brandywine it was suspicious and peculiar that they attacked not in a main body but in detachments. With an army nearly a third greater than Washington's, Sir William Howe might have been expected to send thousands to smash Wayne's brazen resistance at the ford. But instead of that only hundreds came to force the passage; and thus for nearly three hours the bulk of Washington's army and what was supposedly the greater part of Sir William Howe's stood with grounded arms while all the fighting was borne by a couple of thousand men who skirmished industriously back and forth over a narrow strip of shallow water!

While Wayne and Maxwell held Chadd's Ford in this odd circumstance General Washington was a mile to the left in the farmhouse of Benjamin Ring. He had passed much of the morning in reconnoitring his lines. He had made no discoveries. His left flank lay snugly by the Delaware, his right rested in the air, but stretching far enough to guard all fords, he thought. It was now noon, or nearly, and the cannonading over Chadd's kept up its violence. All he knew of the battle was that Wayne was holding the shallowest pass and that the rest of the front was quiet. But then, a little before midday, came

news that made him want to curse. A messenger from Major-General Sullivan was at the door with a note in which Washington read that Sir William Howe and Lord Cornwallis had been discovered quietly leading a long column around Sullivan's right flank, having crossed the forks of the Brandywine farther west. Lieutenant-Colonel James Ross had seen them while on scouting duty at eleven o'clock and had at once warned Sullivan that Howe and Cornwallis would soon be upon his back. If the report was true he was in a trap that only the quickest action could get him out of.

It was not yet too late—the chance for a successful counter-stroke was excellent. Sending off Colonel Theodoric Bland with a party of horsemen to ride down past Sullivan's right and verify the report, Washington meanwhile ordered Wayne to cross the ford and attack, the right wing under Sullivan and the left under Armstrong swinging in to his support. For—again—if the report were true the cannonading and skirmishing about Chadd's Ford must be coming from General Knyphausen who, with less than half the British army, was making no more than an elaborate feint which would enable the main body to march around in rear of the American lines. And if Knyphausen were there with less than half of fifteen thousand men he could be broken, kicked out of the way; then Washington could gather his whole army and strike Howe and Cornwallis after they had made the turn.

Wayne received the order to attack and jubilantly and rapidly formed his ranks into column. Infuriated by three hours of bitter skirmishing, his men were eager to go; the leading soldiers were already splashing over the red shale bottom of the muddy ford when an order came for General Wayne to halt at once and fall back to his

former position. For in the meantime General Washington had received a later message through Sullivan who informed him that a Major Spicer of the militia had just come from far down beyond the right wing and had seen no enemy at all.

Now all along the line the troops stood restless and confused. And back of the Pennsylvanians near Weedon's and Muhlenberg's brigades of Nathanael Greene's division General Washington sat in his saddle, perplexedly listening to Squire Thomas Cheney who was soaked with sweat, coated with dust and whose horse's flanks and shoulders were frothed with a fine white lather. Squire Cheney had just ridden up and was gasping out a complete reversal of what Sullivan's last note respecting the enemy had contained. The British, said the squire, were in a huge column north of the Brandywine and swinging east toward Washington's army.

The commander-in-chief shook his head impatiently. He had heard that story before and there was no truth in it. Hadn't Sullivan just forwarded word that it was a false alarm!

Cheney shouted and his face grew red. He had seen the British with his own eyes. Soon they might be trampling his fields. And meanwhile Washington sat disbelieving. "You're mistaken, general; my life on't, but you're mistaken. Ask Anthony Wayne or Persie Frazer if I'm a man to be believed. Put me under guard till you find my story is true!"

While the exasperated squire stood there another horseman drove swiftly over the fields and up the slope to Washington. He came from the right with the intelligence from Sullivan that Colonel Bland had caught sight of the enemy two miles behind Sullivan's right flank and that they were bending around toward the centre.

In this new peril, which it was now too late to counteract, Wayne was still to hold the ford against Knyphausen's superior force. The word came directly from General Washington who had at last ordered Sullivan to swing around and face the stunning columns of Howe and Cornwallis. Greene was to remain on the heights with his reserve division alert.

It was about two o'clock when Wayne received this final word from Washington. And now again he was in the position in which he had been at Three Rivers when he had delayed the advance of the British throughout a long afternoon. All hope of a successful attack on his part was gone, had been taken away in the confusion of orders which had come from his commander-in-chief. His right flank, with Sullivan gone, would be without protection. He could have no reasonable hope for reinforcements, since Nathanael Greene would have to march the one reserve division to the aid of Sullivan against Howe and Cornwallis.

Almost at once, as the last order came to hold Chadd's Ford, the skirmishing ended and Knyphausen's soldiers came forward with lumbering determination. The falsely furious cannonade lapsed into a comparative lull above which the clatter of musketry rushed in conquering waves of sound. Wayne's ranks closed up, the men of the Pennsylvania line standing with their shoulders touching, their flintlocks flashing and drumming in each other's ears. It was about two o'clock, when Knyphausen abandoned his feint and earnestly tried to ford the Brandywine; the sun continued its slow descent and still he was on the south bank and unable to reach the water.

Meanwhile Nathanael Greene had been watching Wayne's contest from the heights in rear where he stood with his reserve division. And it had been his intention,

unless contrary orders came, to attack Knyphausen through the Pennsylvania line. But before his men had stepped a pace toward Chadd's Ford an express galloped from Washington calling Greene to march immediately to Sullivan's support. For Sullivan, who should have been prepared for Howe and Cornwallis by midday at latest, had been late and awkward in swinging his brigades to the west and lost both wings when the British marched upon him.

Greene's troops were fresh. Facing them about from south to northwest he sent his column on the double over five miles of broken ground, sprinted past the Dillworth crossroads and took his stand along the thoroughfare that led to Philadelphia where he arrived in time to save much of Sullivan's crumpled division and to check the movements of Cornwallis for the day.

But while Greene's extraordinary march saved the army from breaking up and held Cornwallis west of the Philadelphia road, his withdrawal from the heights behind the Pennsylvania line left Wayne alone at the ford. There he now had to fight not only Knyphausen but also detachments of the enemy which had swung down upon his rear from the wood behind his exposed right flank.

It was past six o'clock and Wayne had been engaged since morning when he discovered that if he remained longer near Chadd's Ford he would be surrounded. Detachments of British were already moving down over the fields and through the clumps of trees at his right and rear. But calm in this predicament, he kept his men together and drew them slowly toward the heights in a circuitous path by which he hoped to avoid the flanking enemy. He fired as he went, repulsing Knyphausen's men streaming across the ford and ordering Chambers to bring off the artillery at a gallop.

For a wonder the guns were saved. The enemy were within thirty yards of them when Colonel James Chambers of the 1st Pennsylvania reached the mound on which they had been stationed. The big howitzer was there unattended, for its crew had run. But Chambers, with less than a hundred men and with the British fire whistling past his ears, sweatily but triumphantly dragged the battery guns down the road and up to the next height. There Wayne had momentarily halted the Pennsylvania line in battle formation, but according to Chambers's recollection the enemy did not choose to follow.

CHAPTER V

Leaving Knyphausen's regiments lying on their arms, General Wayne led his tired soldiers back across Naaman's Creek where not long ago he had hoped to meet Polly and twelve miles north to Chester. His mind, as usual, was without thought of defeat; encamped with the main army outside Chester for the night, riding with his men through half-deserted Philadelphia and the great long street of Germantown the next day, Wayne was already engrossed with plans by which Sir William Howe might be fallen upon and destroyed.

Foolish as this strange disregard of the obvious might seem, Wayne's spirit strengthened his men's sense of gallantry and they felt: hadn't they given hell to Knyphausen, his British and Hessians at Chadd's Ford; had been outnumbered too, yes and almost surrounded after Sullivan gave way, but they had fought their way out and they were sure they would do even better next time. That confidence, which was also shared by Greene's division, made the men ready to meet the British whenever they were to be found.

Sir William Howe was not yet ready, it seemed, to enter Philadelphia. Time was cheap and he was moving sluggishly in a generally northward direction instead of northeast which would have taken him to the capital. And Washington, having lost less than a thousand men at the Brandywine, his stores and artillery still unharmed, was willing to meet him again on the open ground. Marching up the east bank of the Schuylkill to Conshohocken, he set out on the Lancaster road which

ran westward; the British being then in that vicinity, he had the hope of striking their left flank with the bulk of his army.

Led by the Pennsylvania line, Washington's army marched for two slow days over the Lancaster road. Then on September 16, which was cloudy, Wayne in the advance sighted the scarlet-jacketed columns near the Warren Tavern toward which the Americans were moving. So close to Waynesborough as that, the war had come! His eyes widened indignantly. He shouted an order. The damned British rebels!

Out went his skirmishers, men who knew the land over which they were advancing. The enemy column—it was under Lord Cornwallis—wheeled meticulously into battle position. Wayne leaned forward in his saddle and took the hilt of his cutting-sword: his men were firing and the sound was good to his ears. It meant, he thought, that he had Cornwallis firmly engaged. There would be no calling him back this day once he had got the Pennsylvania line well started; he would cut straight into those rebel ranks with the bayonet.

But meanwhile the sky grew darker. For a moment the lanky figures of the Pennsylvanians, the bright solidity of the British, the running stone walls and low rail fences, the trees and the square brick tavern all leaped into a sudden dazzling clarity, then as quickly became an indistinguishable blot. For a driving east wind came heavy with rain and under the drench of water both Americans and British stood with useless muskets in their hands.

Wayne cursed. His skirmishers came in of their own accord and sought out shelter under the dripping, swaying boughs of trees and under the sheds that were near the road. Gradually the two belligerents drew farther

away from each other, their officers lamenting the stores of ammunition which the continuing downpour had spoiled.

The night that followed was no different from the day, not to the American army at least who moved over miry roads under the drenching rain. Many were without blankets, about a thousand had no shoes, only a few had bayonets to their muskets and nearly all the powder had become wet and smudged. But Wayne, with an account in his eager hands to settle with the British, went no farther with the army than the first day's march.

Going as far with Washington as Warwick Furnace on French Creek, where the magazines were kept, Wayne was given a share of muskets and dry powder and detached from the main army for the purpose of circling around Sir William Howe and lying in wait to cut off his supplies which would have to be brought up from the Delaware which lay south. It was the night of September 17 and the division Wayne marched back through the mud contained less than fifteen hundred men and hauled four field pieces.

Riding beside his column through the dark, Wayne thought of what could be done to make the British uncomfortable. Smallwood, with his scarlet-and-buff Marylanders, was to be left on the Lancaster road around the familiar White Horse Tavern. General Maxwell would be going down to the south and east. Smallwood could be expected to join him in mildly harrying Sir William Howe, attacking his rear and perhaps cutting off his baggage-train. And there might be some way in which Smallwood, himself, and Maxwell could make some concerted attack. However, he had plenty of men to cover his instructions at the moment and Smallwood's eighteen hundred made about three thousand,

which was a number that tempted Wayne toward brilliant exploits.

Moreover, Wayne was in his home country. He knew the roads, the clumps of wood, the stone fences, the people in the solid houses looking down the valleys. Polly, his mother and the children were only a couple of miles away in the old stone house at Waynesborough. The British were camped not far from it now; booted Hessians were tramping over the land, thickly muttering "Plunder, plunder!" How he hankered to drive in among them with the steely Pennsylvania line and scatter them with his bayonets.

That night, while General Washington was posting the main army so as to guard the Schuylkill and the entrance to Philadelphia, Wayne took a roundabout path which eluded the British. And on the 18th before dawn he went into the security of a wood which lay between the Warren Tavern—where he had faced the British on the day of the downpour—and the Paoli Tavern, which was about half an hour's walk from his own house. Sir William Howe, he knew, lay four miles northeast of the wood in which he lay hiding.

The 18th passed and Wayne's tempestuous head had never been more hot. Scouts sent out had shown him the exact position of the enemy. They had remained under the shelter which they had occupied during the recent storm and were, he thought, contemptibly supine. From his concealment he heard their drums sounding an early reveille; at once he fell his division into formation and marched them in column toward the British left. Smallwood had not yet joined him, it was true, but the Marylander's commander was not far away. And down to the southeast he knew that Maxwell was hovering about the enemy with his New Jersey light infantry.

In disregard of Washington's prudent plans his mind began to leap and soar with his pet idea, which was a surprise attack. Sir William Howe, it came to him, was surrounded, could be at any rate.

In the early dawn of September 19 Wayne led the Pennsylvania line within half a mile of the British encampment, but he saw regretfully that the enemy's thousands were grouped so closely that it would be impossible to strike any separate part of them.

Looking back regretfully, he withdrew. Those stupid British, he felt positive, were not aware that there were any Americans within ten miles of them. What an opportunity it would be if he could persuade his commander-in-chief to co-operate with him for a change, drive down upon the British from the north, send Maxwell in from the east while he and Smallwood cut into them from the west! And unmindful of that important contrast that he was a thirty-two-year-old brigadier and that General Washington was a dignified, harassed officer four ranks above him who had given him orders to be obeyed, he sat down at seven o'clock that morning in the forest and wrote the commander-in-chief: "There never was nor never will be a finer opportunity of giving the enemy a fatal blow than the present. For God's sake push on as fast as possible."

While an express rode hurriedly off toward the Lancaster road with the note to Washington, General Wayne watched Sir William Howe's sentries excitedly and with belligerence. If the enemy moved, he was determined, he would attack them even if he had to do it alone.

Ten o'clock of that morning came. The supine rascals were very quiet and compact. They had the effrontery to be washing their underclothes and boiling water in their iron kettles in preparation for their midday meal.

But as they did not move and as no help came from Smallwood, Wayne was obliged to draw from the fascinating sight and encamp at a distance great enough for his fires to be unseen by the enemy when night fell.

The night of the 19th passed and still Sir William remained tight in his camp. But on the next day a farmer from the neighborhood came into the wood and up to General Wayne's tent with the information that the British were to break camp before the next sun rose and march for the Schuylkill. That was definite word that Wayne could make use of. Sending Colonel Chambers to the White Horse Tavern to ask General Smallwood to join him with his eighteen hundred Marylanders, Wayne lined up all of his men and made ready furiously to assail Sir William Howe as he was in the midst of leaving his camp.

Excepting those who had qualified for the sick-list, the soldiers of the Pennsylvania line slept on their muskets that night. Wayne, in his tent, was jubilant and alert. Smallwood, he knew, was not far distant and should be on his way to join him. About his own encampment were pickets and patrols watching the roads and paths. Wayne sat talking to Colonel Richard Humpton, his second in command. Outside, in a clearing among the trees, a row of fires on which the men had cooked their suppers were burning dully. It was quiet, but a little after nine o'clock the stillness of the camp was lifted by the sound of a challenging sentry. The noise was soon explained by a guard who brought in one of Anthony Wayne's neighbors who had heard a rumor that was, if true, important. The neighbor explained that he had heard from a man who had heard from a farm boy that one of Cornwallis's Britishers had said they not only knew that General Wayne was in that

woods but that they were going to surprise him before the night had passed. Howe and Cornwallis had known of Wayne's position for two days, because a Tory sympathizer had told them where Wayne was hiding.

The neighbor left camp. Though the report had come very roundabout, General Wayne called the guard to strengthen the pickets and send out a mounted patrol. He went back smiling into his tent, for General Smallwood and his men were expected any minute and with his force thus augmented he would be able to astound the British painfully.

Meanwhile the rank and file continued sleeping. It was enough, Wayne thought, for the general and the sentries to stay awake; the men would be better in the morning attack if they were not aroused till just before time to fall into ranks. The peaceful, quiet night went on, the long rows of fires, with their pails and brass kettles, glowing warmly in the darkness. Smallwood would be along shortly now.

There was a shout from the outposts, a thin scream of terror from a picket with a bayonet in his entrails. Major-General Sir Charles Grey had come bringing Hessians and British light infantrymen who charged through the darkness with cutlass and bayonet. Wayne ran out to his horse and climbed into the saddle. He began to shout orders. Colonel Humpton was to march the men directly to the northeast in subplatoons to meet the tardy Smallwood. Wayne himself rode to the right flank where he gathered Colonel Chambers's 1st Pennsylvania and the light infantry to cover the retreat.

In the confusion Humpton was slow to move. Busying himself with getting off his artillery, it was not till Wayne sent him a third imperative order that he marched his troops—and then he led his column between the

camp-fires and the British where their figures loomed plainly as in daylight. The night was bursting with sound. On the right flank the 1st Pennsylvania fired a volley at ten yards from their target, then fell back and reloaded for another. The British halted, but already their bayonets had done enough to give their commander the name of No-flint Grey. Their swords and bayonets had gone mortally into sixty-three Americans; they had wounded forty and had captured several platoons. Most of the Pennsylvania line went running up the road completely routed; and Smallwood's militia, which had only begun to move from the pleasant White Horse Tavern with its casks and bottles of wine, were so frightened of their blood and lamentations that they too wheeled quickly to the rear.

Anthony Wayne rode mortified and alone. Only the day before he had been so self-confident, had been so sure of surprising Sir William Howe. Those notes he had written to General Washington: "There never was nor never will be a finer opportunity of giving the enemy a fatal blow. . . . For God's sake push on as fast as possible." And again: "We only want you in our rear to complete Mr. Howe's business." How humiliating it was to remember them now. For his men themselves had been surprised and cut up by mercenaries who were later to boast that they stuck them like so many pigs, one after another, until the blood ran from the touch-holes of the Hessians' muskets. And General Washington, whose confidence he had had and had been grateful for would now lose faith in him. All this he had done while Washington was striving to hold the British from the capital of the country, into which they now would come. And also, somewhere along the ragged dispirited line that moved through the darkness to the Lancaster road was

Colonel Richard Humpton, zealously trying to shift his part of the blunder to Anthony Wayne's more capable shoulders.

Anthony Wayne, it was said in the American camp at Potts Grove, Pa., in the latter days of September, 1777, was a criminally negligent officer. With his foolish confidence in himself and in his men he had gone to surprise Sir William Howe and while waiting to attack him had let Major-General Grey sneak into his camp, bayonet his men to death, take hordes of prisoners and put the rest in a running panic. Also, he had badly managed his retreat. Maybe now, though, he would lose some of his bumptiousness and show a proper respect for British regulars whose leather pouches were full of shot and whose muskets all had bayonets. Major Sam Hay, who had been a general's aide at Ticonderoga, wrote to William Irvine that he thought Wayne's pride was somewhat taken down. And Colonel Richard Humpton, Wayne's second in command, was especially severe toward his superior for this show of incompetence. Even General Washington frowned.

Meanwhile the Continental Congress had fled to the back counties and the British had occupied Philadelphia. The country at large was doubtful and alarmed. And out at Waynesborough Polly was frightened and discouraged. For after Sir Charles Grey had attacked her husband in that fateful clump of wood the British soldiers had come bursting into her house, shouting that they wanted to capture the general. When she and the elder Mrs. Wayne came down to see them they had been polite enough, but afterward they had taken away two of the servants, Robert and James, and Polly had lain awake throughout the rest of the night, fearing that Anthony had been killed or taken prisoner—both of which, she

was informed by gossip the next morning, were true. And even if her husband was still alive and safe the British were in Philadelphia and they would probably burn up her mother's house and her brother's house and destroy everything they owned. In times like that, she felt, a woman might be permitted a few complaints at least!

But no! From the main camp at Potts Grove her husband, though irritated by the loud criticism of his military conduct, took pains to brighten her dulled hopes. He had thought, he scolded her, that she had a mind far above being depressed at a little unfavorable circumstance, which was all the British occupation of Philadelphia amounted to. Besides, they would be forced to leave it, probably with shame and disgrace, before the close of winter. For the army was gathering health and spirits, was far stronger than it had been at the Brandywine; reinforcements were arriving daily and there was a tendency to draw nearer the enemy. Nevertheless, it might be wise—but merely as an act of prudence—for Polly to remove his books and valuable writings some distance from the house. But that was merely caution, for the army in the north under Gates had been victorious and now it was Washington's turn to win.

But before another battle came to hand he would have to ask for a court martial so as to stop the criticism of his military character. General Washington had been told some nonsense about a picket of Wayne's having been carried off that night—but it was notorious that the picket had not been carried off at all, he explained to the commander-in-chief, informing him that "between the time that Brigade-Major Nichols told me it was missing and his return from Colonel Butler a light horseman who I instantly sent to the place where it was planted re-

turned and told me that he had seen it and all was well. When Major Nichols came back with Colonel Butler's answer I did tell him with some degree of anger to go to hell—for having made a mistake." That was that; and would his Excellency please see that the court-martial board was soon assembled!

That General Wayne should be given the privilege of being heard at trial General Washington promised, but it would be difficult to spare the necessary officers now, for there were good prospects of further action against Sir William Howe who had encamped most of his army at Germantown, having sent only Lord Cornwallis into Philadelphia. And with an army which, including the militia, was about eleven thousand strong, the commander-in-chief was ready to march to Skippack Creek from whence he would be only fourteen miles from Sir William's soldiers. From there an attack on Germantown might be considered, for Howe had somewhat divided his men and should not be more vulnerable to defeat than before. By intercepting two letters sent out from Germantown Washington had learned that the British commander had detached several regiments for service below Philadelphia to clear out the Americans along the Delaware. With Cornwallis four miles away and these several regiments considerably farther, Howe's weakened army might be routed. It was, at any rate, an unconscious invitation to attack, a chance for victory which the southern army and the Hessian-ridden people of Pennsylvania and New Jersey needed.

Gathering his equipment, General Wayne rode with the army down to Skippack Creek. It would have been better, he must have felt, if the court martial were to come first and the battle afterward, but a fight was not to be scorned merely on that account. And when he ar-

rived and the tents were spread for the army he waited impatiently for the council of war which General Washington was expected to call.

It was September 30 when the army encamped at Skippack Creek and the general officers were asked into Washington's quarters soon afterward. There were fourteen of them most of whom from the outset were doubtful that Germantown should be attacked. There was stout Nathanael Greene, who had developed his muscles as a blacksmith before he came to war; Lord Stirling, a drinking man of more than fifty, who insisted on his right to the title of Earl of Sterling; Adam Stephen, who was soon to be suspected of being drunk at the wrong moment; old John Armstrong of Kittanning; fat, good-natured Henry Knox, with bulging eyes and a voice that roared; McDougall; Conway, the Irishman who was then intriguing against Washington; Nash of the North Carolinians, soon to die; Charles Scott, Smallwood, Maxwell, Porter, and Anthony Wayne.

To engage the enemy at Germantown—should it be risked? The commander-in-chief wanted the votes of his generals for or against it.

Nathanael Greene spoke. The attack, he thought, was unadvisable. Lord Stirling agreed with his colleague General Greene. So did Adam Stephen and old John Armstrong. The brigadiers were thoughtful. Then Conway, McDougall, Knox, Nash and Maxwell, they too, they said, felt that an engagement would be unwise.

Then General Wayne arose. He was, he said distinctly, of a contrary opinion. And joining Wayne Charles Scott, Smallwood and Porter all argued for plans that would lead the army against Sir William Howe.

If there was a sigh in Washington he must have breathed it then. Greene, who was his standby, Knox,

who was his valued friend, and eight other general officers had spoken against making the attack on Germantown. Wayne, who was full of foibles that the commander-in-chief disapproved; Charles Scott, who had done little to distinguish himself; Smallwood, in charge of unruly militia; and Porter were the small minority that said fight. It was all the more irritating that Washington's opinion was the same as Wayne's. For after the Brandywine another effort had to be made. The credit of the country needed it. Congress was criticising him and far to the north Horatio Gates had grown into a shooting-star that dazzled the solons from New England . . . Germantown had to be attacked; it was the 1st of October and soon there would be snow. The next opportunity might not be so good as the one at hand. Attack it was to be and doubtless Wayne was jubilant.

Plans for the battle were begun at once. From the vicinity in which the Americans were encamped four roads tapered gradually southward to Germantown. And it was the final disposition for the soldiers to be divided so that there would be a column moving down each of the roads, which converged near the midst of Sir William Howe's main body. General Armstrong, with the militia, was to follow the Ridge road, which ran at the right along the Schuylkill, but bent in toward the left just below the village. Sullivan and Wayne were to drive straight down the main or Skippack road through the middle of Germantown. Nathanael Greene, with the brigades of Stephen and McDougall, was to advance along the Limekiln road which turned inward from the gradual left and crossed the main road—down which Wayne and Sullivan would be coming—at the village market-house. And Smallwood and Foreman were to take the Old York road, which ran at the extreme left and joined the main road

BATTLE OF
GERMANTOWN
American
British Original Position.
British Advance.
1000 Yards.
To Shoemaker's Mills.
To Burrowstown
To Merion Mtg.
To Barren Hill
To Chestnut Hill
To Philadelphia
To Bustleton
To Point no Point
To Frankford
To Old York Road
To Old Lane Road
To Germantown
To Abington
To Willow Grove
To Jenkintown
To Stenton
To Logan's House
To Chew House
To Mount Airy
To Rising Sun
To Nicetown
To Philadelphia
Schuylkill River
Wissahickon Creek
Frankford Creek
Gen. Howe's Hd Qrs
Compiled and Drawn by Col Carrington

a mile or so below Germantown. By this plan General Washington would have, he hoped, men striking the British front, both their flanks, while still others were swinging around upon their rear.

For the village of Germantown, about four miles north of Philadelphia, was built on one long, wide street that had a single crossing. The low stone houses fronted either side of the main thoroughfare and at the back doors lay fields and meadows dotted with a few outbuildings. At the intersection—which was the westward running angle of the Limekiln road—the market-house stood at one corner and the German Reformed Lutheran Church at another. Germantown was a peaceful, thrifty village in pleasantly rolling country; a few of the Philadelphians, notably Chief Justice Chew, had built their summer homes there. But now on the meadows behind the houses were planted the tents of soldiers and pieces of artillery and in the buildings still other Britishers were billeted. Opposite the pseudoclassic mansion of Justice Chew, which stood at the left of the main road where it entered the village from the north, the 40th British Infantry Regiment under Colonel Musgrave was encamped. Then down by the Limekiln intersection General Knyphausen was stationed with Hessians and two brigades of regular infantry. To Knyphausen's left, on the other side of the main road, were General Grant's Light Infantry, Queen's Rangers and the Guards.

With Sir William Howe's army thus divided by the main road—the single street on which the village had been laid out—Greene's division marching down the Limekiln road from the left would strike the British wing under General Grant. Smallwood, coming down the Old York road, would try to hurry in below and to the left of the enemy. Armstrong would attempt the same kind of

manœuvre down the Ridge road to the right where Knyphausen stood with his brigades. And meanwhile Wayne and Sullivan would be pushing down the main road which was lined and flanked by British battalions of infantry and artillery extending two miles north from their centre. The action, if successful, would turn Grant's divisions wheeling confusedly against Knyphausen's with the result that the whole British army would be stampeded westward, facing surrender or the water of the Schuykill.

The order of battle decided upon, Wayne was pleased and hopeful. The sick-list of the army was small; the men appeared anxious to fight again. And the camp at Skippack Creek was slowly breaking up as parties of the Continentals shouldered their equipment and began marching east and west toward the positions from which they would begin to make the attack. By sundown of October 3 all of the troops had formed in columns and were on their way by this fan-shaped route to Germantown.

A night march of fourteen miles, with the left wing under Greene and the right under Armstrong gradually converging, lay between the Americans and British. Under Sullivan and Wayne the centre tramped straight ahead over the uneven road that stretched through the darkness to Germantown and, going farther, to Philadelphia. Riding beside the Pennsylvania line, Wayne felt how much stronger the army was now than it had been at the battle of the Brandywine. If Armstrong marched rapidly enough down the Ridge road by the Schuylkill from the right, if Smallwood could gain the rear and left, if Greene appeared at the crossroads by the German Reformed Church and the market-house in time —there were so many uncertainties which Wayne was eager to see proved. Around him the men of the main

column plodded forward; some winced as their unshod feet were cut by ruts or as they set their unprotected heels on stones. Behind him the wheels of the artillery creaked; gunners and hostlers softly cursed—and far ahead General Knyphausen, whom the Pennsylvanians had opposed at the Brandywine and Sir Edward Grey who had bayoneted Wayne from the Paoli wood in the dark two weeks before lay sleeping.

When dawn came the main column was struggling through the trees in front of Chestnut Hill, while far to the left and far to the right Greene and Armstrong were on the march. Coming into the open, Wayne's men and Sullivan's walked into a morning that was dark and uncomfortably moist from a thick fog which hung about the slope and obscured the valley. They paused while a few squads under Captain Allen McLane hurried forward to kill or capture the enemy outposts. Anxious time passed slowly. As they waited a musket spat a whining shot from the direction in which McLane had gone to hush the British sentries. Momentarily a drum began a flurried rolling sound. It was the British alarm.

The attacking regiments on Chestnut Hill streamed down into the fog and up toward Mount Airy. Through the murk a brace of six-pounders from the picket-guard roared at them. They pushed on with a little group of barely discernible redcoats racing in front of them. Soldiers at the head of the advancing column found General Wayne beside them as the top of Mount Airy was reached.

For a moment the sun's rays slipped through and set the fog below to shimmering. Down the south slope of Mount Airy a British infantry battalion could be seen scurrying into battle formation. Wayne shouted, riding below, to meet them. Again a mass of soggy clouds lay

in front of the sun and over the earth was semidarkness.

As Wayne's column came down to lower ground the British battalion trembled, scattered but came back to form again under the haranguing voice of an officer. Their muskets went up to their shoulders, the firelocks snapped and the muzzles flared into the fog. But the Pennsylvania line overwhelmed them and they broke again.

A party of grenadiers appeared, incorporated their fleeing comrades and made a stand. Wayne's men ran them down, shouting and lunging threateningly at them with their bayonets. The day was beginning well despite the fog. On the right of the main road Sullivan and Conway were breaking down resistance.

Shouldering Sullivan's left, Wayne went ahead swiftly lumbering. His men, remembering how they had been driven from the Paoli wood by No-flint Grey who had quietly bayoneted sixty-three of their number, were frankly out for blood. They went forward yelling, "Have at the bloodhounds!" Redcoats screamed with their hands above their heads. American officers pleaded vainly with their men, "Enough! Enough!"

The Pennsylvania line jogged fiercely on, leaving the fields behind them strewn with empty standing tents, scattered baggage-rolls, unmanned artillery, the wounded and the dead. Three-quarters of a mile from where they had struck the British light infantry they came within sight of the first house of Germantown, the great stone mansion of Chief Justice Chew surrounded by trees, shrubs and pale sculptured figures. The house stood about a hundred yards to the east of the main road on the opposite side of which Colonel Musgrave had drawn up his 40th British Infantry. Musgrave broke as Wayne appeared; with six companies of his men he sprinted across the road and fled into the house.

Wayne passed him by and pounded forward close to the backs of the retreating British. There were plenty of men in rear of his column to take care of the guarded building, a few hundred at most were needed to make it harmless. His object was not to be halted, but to go forward until he struck the main British line at the Limekiln intersection by the market-house and church where Nathanael Greene could be expected to appear from the left. Now the Pennsylvania line was pushing down the main road with the British retreating before the bayonets. Beyond the house in which Colonel Musgrave was fortifying himself the village of Germantown was a string of low, stone houses and squat stone walls which squared them in. Extending unbroken for a mile and a quarter on either side, they were then interrupted by the Limekiln road running in from the left, the market-house and church standing at the corners. That was where Knyphausen on one side and Grant on the other would be drawn up with the main body of the enemy; that was where Stephen and McDougall of Wayne's division were to cut in from the left. Wayne drove the Pennsylvania line straight on.

Over to the right Sullivan and Conway, strengthened by the North Carolinians under Nash, were also sweeping forward. Knyphausen's division was close in front of them, flung out across the road, but indistinguishable through the fog at a distance greater than thirty yards. Their musketry ripped into Sullivan's men before they could be seen. That did not stop him from driving across the road and making the enemy give way.

With Sullivan's support on their right Wayne's men stampeded toward the crossroads. Somewhere in the overcast field Sir William Howe was standing. He had ridden up from his quarters south of the intersection and was bellowing with scorn, "For shame, light infantry; I

never saw you retreat before!" And as his men continued to be driven back he began to fear a general rout; the Americans were actually winning and in such case it was better to fall over to the village of Chester rather than wait to be cut up.

But Wayne's dash was thinning out. Knox's brigade with the artillery, which should have been close behind him, was not there; many of Wayne's own men had inexplicably disappeared and the bulk of the British had not yet been encountered.

Already disaster was looming through the fog. A mile on the main road behind Wayne Henry Knox, marching with the support troops, had stopped. Approaching Chew's stone mansion he had been attracted by shot streaming from the windows of the second floor. And though the advance had passed it and gone on, General Knox, instead of detailing a few hundred men to surround the house, called on his entire brigade to halt and take it before moving farther. While many of the officers, knowing that the main column needed all its men forward and needed them at once for the attack, pleaded with him not to stop the whole brigade, Knox's great voice and ponderous figure overruled them all.

Close to Wayne's rear at the time, the brigade halted on the left of the road about the ornamented grounds of the stone mansion. Platoons of Wayne's column, the head of which was then driving the retreating British through the long street of Germantown, fell back and joined General Knox, finding it safer there than forward. As the mass of men gathered closer about the building and the muskets of Musgrave's six companies blazed from the upper windows through the fog, Knox sent up young Lieutenant Smith of Virginia with a note for Colonel Musgrave to surrender.

Musgrave, however, preferred to fight. Smith was shot down before he had got within hailing distance of the house. Then General Knox roared for his cannon: a few pieces of artillery were brought up and sighted. But the thick stone walls resisted the force of the shells completely. Now the cannon were still again and the ranks stood motionless as several men ran ahead to fire Musgrave from behind his barricade. Creeping close to the walls they tried with flint and dribbled powder to burn the cellar, but before they could strike a spark they were killed by British muskets spitting lead through a grated window.

Half an hour passed before Henry Knox decided that Musgrave was not worth the notice of a brigade. Leaving a regiment in the park to guard the six isolated companies, he at last led his men forward again. But by that time General Wayne was at the other end of Germantown and driving his weakened column into the heaviest section of the British defense.

The Pennsylvania line pushed stubbornly under the murk and stinging cannon smoke among General Grant's division, which was slowly backing away. On Wayne's right Sullivan was forcing Knyphausen; a little ahead and on Wayne's left was the Limekiln road over which the brigades of Nathanael Greene were expected. With Stephen's and Muhlenberg's brigades Greene would butt into General Grant's right flank and roll him over against the ranks of Knyphausen's on the other side of the crossroads.

Victory now seemed even surer. For Sullivan and Wayne had penetrated the British centre, there was musketry to the left from the direction of the Limekiln road and Sir William Howe was agitatedly riding about the British lines, feeling defeat so near that he had or-

dered two thousand of Knyphausen's to retreat across the Schuylkill. General Washington, on his mare near Sullivan's front ranks, was thinking that success had come.

General Wayne, near the head of the Pennsylvania line, was positive the British were beaten. His left hand dripping and his left boot oozing blood where he had been struck by splinters from a shell, he held his cutting-sword and rode along with his men who had strewn the enemy infantry to right and left for nearly two miles and were still surging eagerly over them. What did it matter that Armstrong had not yet appeared from the Ridge road to the right, that Adam Stephen, with Greene's right wing, had not appeared! The fight was going well without them.

Then it was that a harassed shout sounded from the rear of Wayne's column and, where least expected, musketry sputtered through the blanketing fog. The British, the feeling swept rapidly up Wayne's line, had somehow got round behind them and were firing into their backs. Platoon after platoon began to melt away in consternation. The officers bawled commands. It could not be the enemy, that was certain. They stormed and pleaded. The panic grew, spreading down the road. Wayne tried to call the men back into formation and continue the attack, but they stood motionless and dazed or slipped away into the heavy mist. They had marched all night and had fought all morning; with their rear about to be driven they were ready to quit.

The firing which turned Wayne's column came not from the British but from the brigade under General Stephen. Enthusiastic but confused, he had been drawn away from the Limekiln road where he should have marched with Greene by the noise of Colonel Musgrave's resistance at Chew's mansion, had left his proper course and meandered westward, coming at last upon General

Wayne's division which his men mistook for the British army. And by the time they discovered they were attacking Pennsylvanians instead of Hessians and Lobsterbacks the confusion had lengthened to Sullivan's command which, now concluding that they had insufficient ammunition to drive the British farther, also began to retreat.

Three hours after the main column had driven the British outposts down the south slope of Mount Airy they had turned in panic and were racing away from the ground which they had so recently captured. Part of the British camp was in flames, the killed and wounded lay in hundreds and many of the regiments had broken ranks. Yet the Continentals who had made this havoc were now the pursued. For Sir Charles Grey had formed a part of the left flank and was sending his men to the counter-attack while Lord Cornwallis, having set out with his cavalry from Philadelphia when he first heard the firing at Germantown, reached the ground in time to help push the Americans back.

Wayne felt the bitterness of the retreat. He was certain that his men, as he afterward said, were running "away from the arms of victory open to receive us." But he was not discouraged. The battle would not be ended until the wounded had been withdrawn and the British were out of sight. Meanwhile Nathaniel Greene and he had the same task which had fallen to them at the Brandywine: they must hold Grey and Cornwallis to slow progress as their artillery, their wounded and their disorganized men drew off to safety.

Nathanael Greene backed along the Limekiln road, firing heavily at every rod and the main thoroughfare north from Germantown was left to the care of Wayne. Behind him the residue of the army lumbered along in its

retreat, passing the upright tents from which the British had been driven and to which they would soon be returning. In front of him came the enemy column, but he held them from him as he passed the fateful stone mansion, Mount Airy and Chestnut Hill. Then at White Marsh Church he halted to gather the stragglers into military units and to check the exasperating British pursuit. Ordering several pieces of artillery to be wheeled into position on the slope of a low hill, he guarded them with the dragoons of Colonel Theodoric Bland and infantry detachment. And while the main body under General Washington rolled northward on its way toward Perkiomen Creek where they were to encamp Wayne withstood the advance of about two thousand foot-troops and cavalrymen until they finally were induced to retire back over the ridge and give up further pursuit.

Upon the whole, he thought a little later after the cannon scratches had been dressed, it was a glorious day. That he was wounded and that the army was back where it had started was of little consequence. But it was important that the men were still in high spirits and he was certain that in the next action the British would receive a total defeat. As for the failure of the battle he refused to recognize it any more than to observe that the attack of Henry Knox on the mansion of Chief Justice Chew was considerably like Don Quixote's battles with the windmills in Spain.

Though General Wayne still hoped to see the British soldiers routed out of America before cold weather, most of the officers in the Continental camp would have been content with even a partial victory. General Washington had moved his headquarters down to White Marsh, fourteen miles north of Philadelphia, near where Wayne had stationed his cannon after Germantown; Sir William

Howe was in undisputed possession of the capital; Congress had taken itself to York, Pa.; Admiral Howe was in Delaware Bay clearing the channel to the sea —there was scant hope in the future and less from the past. For it was difficult to conceive of Brandywine and Germantown in the light of success. As for that affair at Paoli for which Anthony Wayne had yet to be tried it was, some of the officers continued to say, a prize example of rashness and incompetence.

But General Wayne was not worried about the court martial. The charge was that he had had timely notice of the enemy's intention to attack him and notwithstanding that intelligence had neglected to make a disposition until it was too late to annoy the enemy or make a retreat without the utmost danger and confusion. It was an indictment that he believed could easily be disproved. What bothered him was the approach of winter, for he had no liking for manœuvres through the snow, especially with the men so flimsily clothed. To have to encamp outside the town while the British swaggered insolently into the familiar taverns, the Black Horse, the White Horse, the Harp and Crown, the City, billeted with his friends and acquaintances and generally ran the town was an exasperating thought. It was up to the commander-in-chief to leave off calling so many councils and act the part of the general again.

But as the weeks of October dragged along General Washington continued to be undecided. The camp was quiet except for drilling soldiers. And though Nathanael Greene had crossed into New Jersey to annoy Cornwallis most of the officers at headquarters were free enough from pressing duty to make a court-martial board for General Wayne. With Sullivan as president they began on October 25 to hear evidence regarding their col-

league's alleged failure to make proper disposition of his troops on the night of September 20.

For three days the court listened to testimony regarding the affair, then on the fourth Wayne took up his own defense with Colonel Humpton, his former second-in-command as his prosecutor. After the expiration of five weeks, during which the tongue of slander had not been idle, he was glad, he told them quickly, to bring his case before the court. The charge was that he had failed to make a disposition after having been warned that he was to be attacked. As if he hadn't ordered two new pickets! As if his men hadn't been lying on their arms with their cartridge-boxes under their coats! In the eyes of gentlemen and officers he trusted that he stood justified for the part he had taken that night. With the fullest and clearest advice that the enemy would march that morning for the Schuylkill, having himself reconnoitred a road leading immediately along the right flank of the British, he had had his men ready to move as soon as General Smallwood arrived. And they were to have gone not *from* but *to* the enemy. For which purpose he had sent Colonel Chambers to guide Smallwood into his rear, who with his division had been expected every hour from two o'clock that afternoon until the moment of the attack. What line could he have followed but the one he trod? What more could have been done on the occasion than was done? The artillery, ammunition and so forth were covered and saved by a body of troops who were rallied and remained on the ground more than an hour after that gentleman, Colonel Humpton, the prosecutor, had effected his escape from *danger,* although perhaps not without *confusion.* Well, he held it needless to say any more or take up the time of the court on the occasion. Meanwhile he rested his honor and character in the hands of gentlemen who,

when deciding on his honor, would not forget their own.

The court was thoughtful, debating a moment. Then it decided itself to be "unanimously of opinion that General Wayne is not guilty of the charge exhibited against him, but that he, on the night of the 20th September ultimo, did everything that could be expected from an active, brave and vigilant officer, under the orders which he then had. The court do acquit him with the highest honor."

The commander-in-chief approved the sentence. On the day the trial began he had sent Wayne a note asking his judgment as to whether, in their present strength and circumstances, it would be prudent to attempt a general attack to dislodge the British from Philadelphia, if so, and in case of failure, where should the retreat be made, and as to what general disposition should be made until cold weather forced the Continentals from the field. But since then the Howes were assaulting the forts on the Delaware. Horatio Gates would not return the troops which Washington had sent him to fight Burgoyne, in fact was ignoring the commander-in-chief completely. Pennsylvania, "the most opulent and populous of all the states," would raise "but twelve hundred militia in the field, at a time when the enemy" were "endeavoring to make themselves completely masters of, and to fix their quarters in, her capital." And the war board was to be increased from three to five members, the majority of whom then detested Washington. Horatio Gates himself was to be president of it.

But for all this misfortune Anthony Wayne had a remedy. It was his customary one for every army ill and could be expressed in one word: attack! For more than a month now he had remained fairly silent about

his quarters at White Marsh, but he had been hoping to take part in an engagement. There had been several opportunities, one that had seemed particularly to demand action. For Fort Mifflin and Fort Mercer just below Philadelphia were being besieged by Sir William Howe; if they fell the Delaware would be open to the sea and Sir William's brother, the admiral, would then be able to supply the town with provisions throughout the winter.

That Fort Mifflin would fall unless the siege was raised from outside was likely. Sir William Howe had hauled a number of large batteries to Province Island, which was within five hundred yards of the fort. To drive the British away from Province Island before they began their heavy firing was Washington's hope and Wayne's desire, but whenever the subject was mentioned among the general officers at headquarters new difficulties were always raised sufficient to prevent any measures being take for that purpose. Finally his Excellency ordered some of his trusted officers to reconnoitre the vicinity of Province Island and to report on the advisability of attacking Howe. After they returned a council was held at which the practicability as well as the immediate necessity of raising the siege was urged. As at Germantown the bulk of the generals were against the proposed attack; also as at Germantown Washington was with Wayne's minority in favor of action. They had a plan by which the army was to pass the Schuylkill and take post near the middle ferry while Wayne's division with the lately arrived Morgan's corps crossed to Province Island, stormed the enemy's lines, spiked their cannon and destroyed their redoubts.

But meanwhile Sir William opened his heavy guns and British ships below on the Delaware began pushing upon Fort Mifflin. From November 10 there was nearly a

week of smoke and smashing on the river with howitzers roaring and boats set aflame. Wayne waited, expecting to move to the attack. But on the night before the operation was to be made the Delaware grew ominously silent. Colonel Thayer and Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury, the chief officers of the fort, had been forced to evacuate the works, leaving the fort to enemy hands.

Wayne felt furious and for a moment thought it might have been better if Horatio Gates were in charge as commander-in-chief. But soon after hope of raising the siege of Fort Mifflin disappeared it came again from another quarter. For Sir William Howe had sent so many men with Cornwallis in New Jersey that his own army in Philadelphia must necessarily be weak and it was possible that a successful attack could be made upon the town. Washington's force was growing from reinforcements from the north and middle State militia. On account of which, it seemed reasonable to Wayne, a sudden daylight assault could be carried out on different points upon the capital.

While the late November winds shook the canvas tents in which the soldiers were encamped at White Marsh, Wayne and Lord Stirling, the latter having, since Germantown, come to a firmer belief in American arms, sat over plans by which the army was to take Philadelphia. Both were agreed that the town should be assailed from three sides, the main body moving down on it from the north and Nathanael Greene's regulars and James Potter's militia closing in from the east and west. Then Wayne began in writing to prepare the mind of his Excellency for the operation.

Washington was attentive but not convinced. On the afternoon of November 24 he rode out of White Marsh southward and began reconnoitring the British lines.

All about them lay desolation. On the outskirts of the compact little town gaped bare foundations of farmhouses from which the buildings had been burned. Walls stood bare and roofless, shapeless holes in the sides where snug window-sashes once had sat. The fences had been carried off or broken, the once thriving fields showed jagged stumps where only a little while before old apple-trees had drooped their friendly boughs. And going nearer in the chilly dusk the preplexed, infestive commander-in-chief could see the deep, endless ditch and the thickly planked redoubts rising above it where Howe's soldiers stood alert.

He turned and went back to White Marsh slowly. That night he called his general officers to another council, all but Nathanael Greene who was watching Lord Cornwallis across the river in New Jersey. To him Washington sent a hurried note and waited while the others gathered in the candle-light to argue for or against the venture.

The surest way of doing nothing, Wayne had begun to feel, was to call a council. He knew from the beginning that the majority would vote against attacking Philadelphia; it was occasion for surprise when they were willing to agree upon any action against the British. Yet a dreaded winter with its snow and ice was sweeping from the north; Congress had unhinged the commissary so that scant supplies would be forthcoming, but worst of all the approaching cold would soon make a battle impossible and to the useless weeks since Germantown would be added months of shivering despair.

The vote was taken. Only Wayne, Lord Stirling, Charles Scott and Woodford favored the attack. That meant that the British would be enabled to retain their warm quarters in Philadelphia throughout the winter

while the Continentals gathered elsewhere. There was no use agitating further for a campaign in the open field. The distressed and naked situation of the troops, Wayne felt, would not admit of it. "But," he notified General Washington from camp on December 4, "if taking post at Wilmington and the villages in its vicinity, or hutting at the distance of about twenty miles west of Philadelphia by way of quarters (which will not only support the honor and reputation of your army in the eyes of the enemy and the states of *Europe*,—but will give confidence to America and cover this country against the horrid rapine & devastation of a wanton enemy) be deemed making a winter's campaign, I am then for it upon every principle of honor, policy and justice.

"The probability of a successful attack upon Philadelphia during the winter depends so much on the time, season & a variety of other circumstances that the calling out of the militia in general may not be strictly warrantable.

"Notwithstanding I wish to see a proper number of militia always hanging on the skirts of the enemy, sufficient to prevent any small parties from committing depredations, to save the Continental troops from that fatigue—and should the enemy move out in force—to give timely notice thereof and to assist in their repulse.

"Interim," he was, "&c."

Wayne's suggestion that the army be marched to a camp about twenty miles west of Philadelphia would, if acted upon, situate the Continentals' winter quarters among the hills that rose behind the village of Paoli only half an hour's journey from the old stone house at Waynesborough. From the top of Mount Joy, Wayne knew, a lookout could see down the Schuylkill and the Chester County valley almost to Philadelphia, warning

against any approach of the British. And Mount Joy itself could be easily fortified and defended; there was plenty of water from Valley Creek on which Isaac Potts had built a grist-mill; and there was a broad level stretch that would make an excellent drill and parade ground. And the locality about Valley Forge, which was a few hundred yards up Valley Creek from Potts's house, would be suitable for cabins in which to house the soldiers. In short, Wayne felt Mount Joy was a good position for the army's winter quarters. And, once there, he would be only five miles from Polly and the children.

Other general officers had other places to suggest, but none, Washington believed, were as practicable as Valley Forge. For from there he could protect the country adjacent to Philadelphia from Howe's dragoons, would be enabled to watch the British movements while his own army was in a strong position of defense. As Wayne had advised, winter quarters that distance from the capital would not only support the honor and reputation of the Continentals among the enemy and abroad, it would also cover the country from depredation. And by December 17 Washington had broken camp, had passed the Overhanging Rock, the King of Prussia Inn and taken his ragged men into Valley Forge.

CHAPTER VI

Two weeks later trees were being felled on Mount Joy and logs were being rolled to make huts for the soldiers. It was beginning to look like a new city, Wayne thought; and writing to Dick Peters he informed him that the Pennsylvania line would "be covered in a few days; I mean as to hutts, but naked as to clothing—in which respect they" were "in a worse condition than Falstaff's recruits, for they have not one whole shirt in a brigade —he had more than that to a company." As to that the Eastern States had taken the wise measure of clothing their own troops; he wished to God that Pennsylvania had done the same and he hoped it was not yet too late for them to do so. If he hadn't sent out some of his line officers to buy shoes, stockings, breeches and blankets—for which the clothier-general now refused payment—the Pennsylvanians must either have perished or deserted. However, it was better now and he expected soon to be enabled to procure necessities which would make the men comfortable. Meanwhile he was glad to hear that Sally had blessed Dick with a son, that she was likely to recover; she would assist Dick in forming the boy's young mind and in placing him on the bright path to honor, virtue, freedom and glory from which Anthony hoped neither Dick's boy nor his own little fellow would ever turn aside.

Yet as the new year came that bright path to honor, virtue, freedom and glory must often have been overcast by gloomy shadows. From his quarters in the house

of Mr. Walker down the south slope of the hill he could look ahead and to the left a little where, but for an intervening rise, he could have seen the fields of Waynesborough: only a year ago a drove of white sheep and balky lambs would have been moving over them into the fold; there would have been a large herd of fat-bellied cattle and a stableful of horses. But now the rolling acres were bare and most of the stock had disappeared. Nearly all of the men servants were gone too, taken by the British. And in the tannery, where there had always been bundles of hides waiting to be shipped in return for clinking Spanish-milled dollars, little work was being done. As for the money he had and the money from the government what it was worth was just about nothing. And the price of things: that two pounds of tea Abraham Robinson had sent him in the spring had cost ten English pounds!

Back of him, up the hill in rear of Mr. Walker's house, lay the ragged Pennsylvania line in smoky huts with scarcely a blanket to cover them when the wind blew through at night. Inspecting them each week, Wayne felt ashamed to go into their cabins—the sight was so wretched it was nearly as bad as death. Most of the men were crawling with vermin and several hundred had been buried because of death from a disorder that had to do with filthy rags instead of clothing. Yet when he wrote to Dick Peters, who was still secretary for the Board of War, there was nothing done. When he wrote to James Long, the commissary, James Long answered that Anthony couldn't conceive how uneasy it made Long not to receive any instructions from the council concerning the forwarding of necessaries to camp for the troops. And when he protested to Thomas Wharton, president of the council, that the men were nearly naked and must have

clothes, Wharton replied that the delay in sending shirts, coats and breeches was caused for want of buttons.

Ponderous Henry Knox and Captain Sargent, one of his artillery officers, left Valley Forge for Congress to ask a little attention for their cold and hungry men. They arrived and to the committee that waited on them they gave a picture of the want and nakedness in camp. Men, they said, were deserting in platoons to escape freezing or starvation.

The committee listened patiently. Then one of its members answered that General Knox and Captain Sergeant had informed the Congress much with regard to the nakedness and famine at Valley Forge; yet not for a long time had he seen a fatter man than one of the gentlemen who had spoken, nor a better-dressed officer than Captain Sargeant.

Knox was silent with humiliation. But Sergeant rattled off indignantly that the camp had chosen General Knox because he was the only man in camp with an ounce of superfluous flesh on his bones; as for Sergeant himself he had been selected because he was the only man who possessed a complete uniform. Then both men turned slowly back to Valley Forge.

And the farmers in the neighborhood; many of them were as disinterested in the cold and hunger at Valley Forge as if they had been congressmen and members of the Pennsylvania council too! To prevent half-starving soldiers from straggling away from camp and foraging in the barnyards was more than headquarters could prevent, yet one old man who had a farm in the vicinity brought so many complaints to Mr. Walker's house that he almost wore his own path to the door. The soldiers were stealing from him! They were milking his cows and committing constant similar depredations!

"Had they?" asked Wayne, annoyed; then he suggested ironically, "Well, damn 'em, shoot 'em; why the devil don't you shoot 'em?"

But to the old farmer it was excellent advice. And not long afterward there was on his farm a tattered, hungry soldier shot from a milk-stool.

Rather than visit the huts of that famished camp Wayne would cheerfully have gone into action regularly once a week, he declared. And he was doubtless glad when General Washington called him to headquarters which were in the house of Isaac Potts on the other side of Mount Joy down by the Schuylkill. It was stormy mid-February with ice and snow and wind, but the commander-in-chief had called him to take a body of troops eastward and gather some forage and cattle in Jersey on the east bank of the Delaware. As the British were then in that vicinity for the same purpose, it would not be robbing the countryside so much as the enemy, for the stock would be taken in any case and it was better that the cattle be butchered to sustain the soldiers at Valley Forge rather than feed the Englishmen and Hessians of Sir William Howe in Philadelphia.

Wayne rode out and was gone a month, most of the time within the enemy's lines. Then, long preceded by several hundred head of cattle, many horses and wagons, loaded with forage, he came back to camp over the melting snow. And now, except for clothing equipment, the condition of the army was becoming better. The winter, which had not been unusually cold, was passing. The hard ruts on the Gulph road which ran northwest through a corner of the grand parade and over the hill toward General Washington's headquarters were softening and no longer spotted with blood from barefooted soldiers with tender feet. There would be an improved

system of supplying the men, since Nathanael Greene had been appointed quartermaster-general. (Thomas Mifflin, Wayne might have felt, who had had that office theretofore and had badly managed it, had resigned to become a major-general, but what he intended to do in that office was a mystery.) And also there were wine, some little gaiety and female society of a sort in camp. The rich Mrs. Washington was there, having come up from Mount Vernon to be with her husband. Catharine Greene had also appeared and a fine, comradely woman she seemed to be. At Nathanael's house, south of the Gulph and King of Prussia crossroads, which was not far east of Wayne's quarters, the young Marquis Lafayette, could sometimes be found talking French to Mrs. Greene. Down the Mount Joy slope westward were pleasant, ponderous Lord and Lady Stirling and up the hill back of them were General and Mrs. Henry Knox.

Young Lafayette with his slanting forehead, his long thin nose and eyes glinting for fame which would trumpet his name back to France, now made a major-general to help smooth the French alliance which America hoped for; gruff old Baron von Steuben, who contemptuously recollected how he had made the Frenchmen run when he fought under Frederic of Prussia, using his own hands teaching Continentals how to handle the musket and wheel in formation on the grand parade;—both men seemed to be promises of what Wayne had hoped for when he wrote Washington that encamping the army about twenty miles west of Philadelphia would support the honor and reputation of the Continentals in the eyes of Europe.

But by the middle of April Wayne had begun to feel that Valley Forge was in danger of surviving its useful-

ness. Underfoot the ground was growing soft and springy, there was a gentleness in the air and a fresh bright shade of green was creeping over the fields and into the forests. It was time to renew the contest and he would take the liberty to suggest to his Excellency the idea of making an offensive campaign against such places as afforded the greatest prospect of success to the Continental army and injury to the enemy. Many reasons, in his humble opinion, both political and prudential pointed to the expediency of putting the British on the defensive.

Yet the days went by and the army stayed motionless. Baron Steuben drilled the troops on the grand parade and wrote out a book of the manual of arms for field-officers. Wayne watched his systematic actions profitably. Though most of the foreigners evoked his friendly amusement, he liked Steuben frankly. But why was the army allowed to continue idly through such good days of campaigning weather? Through Dick Peters he had succeeded in supplying the Pennsylvania line with bayonets and now he was eager to have the British out of Philadelphia where they had the temerity to be rioting about his own familiar haunts. Word came into camp from spies sent into the town that the public rooms of Smith's City Tavern on 2d Street were now the scene of fancy balls. Drunken officers sat at the Bunch of Grapes and the Indian Queen. There was a pit for fighting-cocks in Moore's Alley. Young but ugly Lord Rawdon, having lost his favorite spaniel, had the brazenness to advertise for its return to the home of Mrs. Swords in Lodge Alley. That old wooden building, a former playhouse, that stood near South and 4th Streets, a couple of blocks from Sharp Delany's and just outside the town limits, was livelier than ever before, with pres-

entations of "Duke and No Duke," "The Minor," "The Deuce Is in Him," and "The Wonder," which last's subtitle was "A Woman Kept a Secret." James Humphreys, from whom Anthony had got his works of Laurence Sterne that Hetty Griffiths, Sally Robinson and himself had used to talk about at Doctor Bond's, was now printing play-bills for the British. And Doctor Bond's own daughter was shamelessly being fêted by the officers. Also Edward Shippen's daughters, Peggy and her sister. And it had been like that all winter. Successful or otherwise, it was certainly time for action.

CHAPTER VII

From January 3, 1776, when he and Arthur Saint Clair were made colonels in the Continental army by the Pennsylvania Committee of Safety, until the late fall of 1777 Anthony Wayne was positive that the British could be driven back across the sea if only the soldiers of the revolutionary States attacked them frequently enough in the open field. But firmly as this conviction was set in him and jauntily as he supported it he was compelled to change his belief a little. Somewhere between the battle of Germantown and the long winter at Valley Forge he had had to admit the irritating fact that it was not in America's power to command success. But, he had hastily qualified the admission, it was in their power to produce a conviction to the world that America deserved it.

Both Germantown and Valley Forge had forwarded that belief among the people of Europe, the first by the audacity of the Americans in meeting Sir William Howe's army on equal terms, the other by their persistent check on the British from December until May. That and the defeat of Burgoyne at Saratoga by Arnold and Schuyler in the name of Horatio Gates had won the French alliance. But all the foregoing had taken place months before; it was now warm weather and there had been no memorable action since the cold began.

Washington's army was still at Valley Forge, the British continued swanking down the streets of Philadelphia. Anthony Wayne was restless and annoyed. While his urge to strike the enemy into a defensive at-

titude was great as ever, his suggestions to his Excellency for manœuvres against the British had come to nothing. Though the army now in the American camp was larger in effective men than it had been at any time before, though the soldiers had been hardened by the winter and drilled into smoothly concerted movements they were merely to remain there idle. Meanwhile, by its own inanition, the army, Wayne felt, was destroying the credit which it had won throughout the fall and winter. And as if to make this inactivity last the longer, a council of war, following the celebration of the ratified French alliance, was held on May 8 when it was agreed by Horatio Gates, Nathanael Greene, Lord Stirling, Thomas Mifflin, Lafayette, De Kalb, old John Armstrong, Steuben (all major-generals), and Henry Knox and Duportail, two brigadiers, that the army should not attempt any offensive operation until some opportunity should occur to strike a successful blow.

To call a war council, Wayne had more than once observed, was the surest way of getting nothing done. It was also obvious to him and was to be even more exasperatingly evident that the bulk of Washington's major-generals were so myopic as to be unable to see the possibilities of a successful blow until after the enemy lay stunned and helpless on the ground. And in the meantime, always excepting Nathanael Greene, they would rather weary and confuse their troops in useless marches up and down the country than risk a general engagement with the British.

Major-General Charles Lee, in fact, second to Washington himself in rank, had grown afraid to meet the enemy on any occasion where there was the chance of defeat. Gaunt, sunken-cheeked and irascible, Lee had come back to camp on the morning of the 20th after

having been seventeen months in British captivity at New York wherefrom he had just been liberated in exchange for General Prescott. Though he arrived a few days after the great council of war he gladly adjoined his name to the list of major-generals who advised waiting for a miraculous opportunity before giving battle. And, a couple of weeks later, when information was brought to Valley Forge that Sir Henry Clinton, who had replaced Sir William Howe in command of the nine thousand British left in Philadelphia, was about to evacuate the city and march toward New York, General Lee announced that the American army should limit itself to following respectfully in Clinton's rear, merely making an effort to restrain him from giving the farmers and villagers of New Jersey too much misery along the way.

Charles Lee held a little marquee of his own during those last few days at Valley Forge. His bony knees crossed, his long fingers caressing the velvet ears of a hound that lay beside him, he would sit surrounded in his tent by a group of junior officers who listened to his sharp but amusing judgments of the generals who weren't present. He had been given command of a division composed of three brigades, his reputation earned from years of foreign warfare was picturesque—a great man, thought many of the younger officers, flattered to be around him. Lafayette in his French frills, young, ardent and worshipful of Washington, was also in camp, still hoping to lead in action important enough to justify the major-general's stars with which Congress had presented him. Others still there from the winter were the bibulous Lord Stirling, the downright Maxwell, the monumental Henry Knox, Charles Scott who had stood twice with Wayne in the minority during council, Var-

num, Poor, Woodford, Dickinson of the Jersey militia, Grayson, Jackson and Cadwalader. Nathanael Greene continued his efficient struggles with the duties of quartermaster-general in addition to his care of a full division and Anthony Wayne, though only a brigadier and outranked by two other Pennsylvania generals, Saint Clair and Mifflin, still held charge of the troops from that State.

The June weather was growing hotter. In their huts surrounding the grand parade men said it was beginning to be the most pestiferous month they had ever seen. Twenty miles westward, in Philadelphia, Sir Henry Clinton, with Knyphausen and Lord Cornwallis, was completing his organization for the march through New Jersey to New York. General Washington, wondering if in this journey "some opportunity . . . to strike a successful blow" might not appear, called yet another council of war.

It was held on the 17th and Charles Lee spoke loudest and longest. What Washington wanted to know was whether he should keep his army at Valley Forge and allow Sir Henry's heavy train to move past him unharmed, whether it was better to march at once to the Hudson and be at hand when Sir Henry arrived in New York or whether he should follow the British army closely and watch for an auspicious opening for attack, either partial or general. Was that what his Excellency wanted to know? Well, said Charles Lee, there was only one answer: General Washington should not attack Sir Henry Clinton at all! Those British troops who were about to leave Philadelphia were the best-trained men in the world; there were nearly ten thousand of them. What chance had the Americans against them even though the State militias made them greater in numbers! None.

By all means let Sir Henry march in safety to New York.

General Washington frowned questioningly at the other officers. What had they to answer?

He was sorry, Lord Stirling said slowly and gravely, but Major-General Lee was doubtless right. That was unfortunately true, admitted Henry Knox. Then Maxwell, Grayson, Dickinson, Woodford, Poor, Varnum, and von Steuben nodded their agreement with the rest. Charles Scott, weary of being in the minority, likewise assented.

What, asked General Washington, was the opinion of General Greene?

There was some truth, Nathanael Greene replied thoughtfully, in what General Lee had advised, but Lee's counsel was too sweeping. For if the Americans followed Sir Henry Clinton closely an opportunity for attack might present itself during the confusion of the British march.

Anthony Wayne had sat apart, holding a book beyond which he had looked with bright-eyed scorn as ten of his fellow officers had agreed with Charles Lee. He raised his head.

"Well, general," asked his Excellency, "what do you propose to do?"

Wayne answered quickly, "Fight, sir!"

But that reply could scarcely have surprised the commander-in-chief or any of the others. For when hadn't the leader of the Pennsylvania line voted in favor of attack? At Brandywine? At Germantown? At White Marsh last November? Never. Attack, attack! It was the only word he knew. His Excellency had a portmanteau half full of notes in which General Wayne had expressed himself as being most solemnly and clearly of opinion that the British should be put on the defensive

at once. A brave officer and nothing else, thought Washington and developed ironic gravity listening to him. The council ended with the mind of his Excellency still undecided, though Cadwalader and Lafayette had joined Greene and Wayne in opposing Major-General Lee.

On that same day Sir Henry Clinton's plans to move had been completed and by ten o'clock the following morning the tail of his heavy, twelve-mile train had crossed the Delaware to the Jersey shore and all were on the march to New York. Ten thousand men: Hessians, Tories, British regulars; regiments of artillery; wagons creaking under heavy stores and baggage upon which rode officers' families, went sweltering over the low New Jersey roads with a movement slow as crawling.

With Clinton lumbering toward New York and General Lee's counsel prevailing at Valley Forge there were elements that might have made a ludicrous situation. For a whole winter the Continental army had starved and frozen twenty miles from the revelling British in Philadelphia; now, were they to follow Sir Henry to New York they might very well starve and bake throughout a summer, with nothing gained for all their fasting. But Washington, though he had not decided to risk a battle, sent Maxwell and Philemon Dickinson of the Jersey militia to harass the British march as soon as he heard that Philadelphia had been evacuated. Something, at any rate, was sure of being done, even if it were only a skirmish with the tag end of Clinton's rear-guard.

But there was more than that to follow. Washington too broke camp and marched his army toward the Delaware whence he turned north and started a parallel course with the enemy who were rolling along the east bank of the river in the direction of Trenton. That Sir Henry was going to New York the commander-in-chief

was certain, but whether they would choose the left road through Brunswick to Staten Island or the right road through Monmouth to Sandy Hook he could not tell. And remaining on the west bank of the Delaware until he reached Coryell's Ferry, he crossed his army between June 21 and 23 and led the main body of his troops over the higher ground in the direction of Princeton. Near there, at Hopewell, he called one more council of war, hoping to find some support among his officers in favor of an attack.

That council was like most of the others. It would have done honor, declared young Colonel Alexander Hamilton, Washington's aide, to the most honorable society of midwives, and to them only. General Lee continued to express his belief that the action against Clinton, if it were to be hazarded at all, should be limited to small detachments skirmishing with the British rear-guard. And again there sounded a long roll of yeses from the other officers, heartier this time than last, for there was added to it the assent of long-faced, dour Arthur Saint Clair who had come upon the scene as a volunteer.

But Nathanael Greene was still of a different mind. And Wayne, of course, was also. Those two, with Lafayette, felt that General Washington ought to send a large force against the British rear-guard, which was certain to be made up from Clinton's best troops, while the main body stood ready to sweep down in case there appeared any opening for a successful battle. After a wrangle in the council Washington accepted the minority opinion and General Scott was sent forward with fifteen hundred men to join Maxwell and Dickinson who had marched near Clinton's rear.

Until the day of the council neither army knew the direction of the other, but then John Graves Simcoe, lieutenant-colonel in a regiment of British Loyalists known

as the Queen's Rangers, espied the position of the Americans and reported to Sir Henry Clinton who at once laid his course through Monmouth to Sandy Hook. Knyphausen's Hessians were sent ahead with the heavy baggage-train while Clinton and Cornwallis marched behind it.

As soon as Clinton's northward route became clear General Washington, to strengthen his advance party still further, determined to detach Anthony Wayne with a thousand men, among whom were Colonel Richard Butler's riflemen. Maxwell, Scott, Dickinson, Jackson, and Varnum had already gone out; Wayne's men added to theirs would make four thousand, which was a number great enough to perform some signal manœuvre. Lafayette at once began clamoring for the command of it. For a year now he had been in the army, but thus far his chief exploit had been his escape from Sir William Howe at Barren Hill in May; here at last was a chance to make a dashing exploit against the British, for it was certain that the advance-guard of the Americans and the heavy rear-guard of the British would meet. Hopefully Lafayette asked to be put in charge of the detachment. His Excellency was obliging; providing, he stipulated, that General Lee, who as senior officer under the commander-in-chief had the right to lead so large a number, would not be offended.

Offended! Charles Lee echoed Lafayette and held up his long hands to defend himself from the thought; he would be only too glad for Monsieur le Marquis to take full responsibility for an action that was bound to be disastrous to the army. And with this assurance Lafayette rode out of camp to gather up the regiments under Wayne, Scott, Maxwell, Jackson, and Varnum.

That was on June 25, the day General Knyphausen

took the long supply-train over the dusty roads toward Monmouth Court House while Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Cornwallis protected his journey with the bulk of the British army marching at his rear. As the night of the next day fell the enemy had marched northeast to Monmouth Court House and were encamped to the left and a little ahead of the village. And the Americans lay in two parts, both of which were on a line northwest of Monmouth Court House, having somewhat outdistanced the British on the march up from Philadelphia. Now the plan was shaping for Lafayette to come down and cut into Sir Henry Clinton's rear-guard after it had rested and resumed its march on the main road toward Sandy Hook.

It was at Englishtown, five miles northwest of Monmouth Court House, that the American advance-guard under Lafayette lay waiting. When and where they would attack or whether it would be a general engagement or a skirmish they did not know, but the enemy was before them and they were eager and watchful as the sun-steamed hills allowed. Lafayette was pleasantly excited and Wayne was waiting for orders when General Charles Lee rode through the sentries and appeared at the headquarters of the young marquis. He had two brigades behind him and had come to displace Lafayette as commander of the advance-guard. Appealing to the youthful, inexperienced major-general, Charles Lee said, "I place my fortune and my honor in your hands; you are too generous to destroy both, the one and the other."

Honor it was that gave the surface explanation of Lee's presence after he had once refused the very command for which he now was asking. For as he saw the French stripling leaving the main body to take charge of the advance it came to him that "if this detachment . . .

is to be considered as a separate, active, chosen corps, and put under the marquis's command until the enemy leave the Jersèys, both myself and Lord Stirling will be disgraced." That was what he had written General Washington in his appeal to take charge over Lafayette; and the commander-in-chief, recognizing the claim as valid, had finally given his consent. Now the change was made. It was Major-General Charles Lee that would give orders to the advance-guard which lay waiting on the high ground about Englishtown.

Toward evening General Washington rode into the advance camp from the main army three miles on a line northwest at a place called Cranberry. The heavy British train was still motionless at Monmouth Court House, to the north and west of which place the Hessians and British sat sweating in their hot, brilliant uniforms. Washington's own men, having dropped their packs, were in light marching order and waiting for action; the conviction that it would be well to send them into combat had been growing in his mind. And now, with several officers beside him, he rode past Lafayette's quarters down toward Monmouth and began reconnoitring the British camp.

Sir Henry Clinton, Washington discovered, had chosen safe ground for his encampment. Heavily wooded stretches and deep swamps protected the men and the baggage-train from the north and west. Ravines would have to be crossed before they could be assailed. The chance of a successful attack, he could see, was far from guaranteed. But on the next day if the enemy moved their position would have become even stronger, for then they would have reached the higher ground about Middletown. He rode back to Englishtown slowly pondering; the best plan, he at length decided, would be an early

attack on the British rear-guard as soon as Knyphausen's long train began to move.

At Englishtown Washington told General Lee of his resolution; the advance-guard, he gave instructions, would sleep on their arms and be ready when dawn broke to go forward. Anthony Wayne, Charles Scott, William Maxwell and Lafayette were standing by as the commander-in-chief presented Lee with his orders for the coming day. Lee assented; the dispositions should be carried out, he said. Then Washington rode back to Cranberry to have his army prepared for instant movement. The officers at Englishtown stretched out for a little sleep and the camp was still.

But with Washington gone and General Lee in charge no effort was made to watch the British through the night. Lee's officers asked him what they were to do. Shrugging a bony shoulder he had answered that he had no plans as yet. And in the enemy camp General Knyphausen began to move his heavy supply and baggage train soon after midnight. Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Cornwallis anxiously heard it rolling forward on the road to Middletown and Sandy Hook; they too were restless to be on the march.

Lee lay inert till nearly dawn, when he sent Philemon Dickinson and his New Jersey militia to watch the enemy; an order from Washington, who feared the British might decamp in the night, had stirred him into this. Otherwise he would have done nothing at all, for when Lafayette went into Lee's headquarters at four o'clock on that morning of June 28 Lee told him that everything was the same as before, except that Dickinson's seven hundred men were marching, and that he had no plans for the morning.

Wayne was also awake early. Restless to move, but condemned to wait for orders, he walked about in actual

command of only a thousand men. It was he that had held the ford at Brandywine against Knyphausen until he was nearly surrounded, he who had driven three miles through the British front at Germantown, but now he was to be put aside while Charles Lee, a major-general, Arthur Saint Clair, a major-general, and Lafayette, also a major-general, were the officers whose words were to be obeyed. Yet in a few hours there would be an attack; that knowledge gave him a cool joy and pointed his energies toward the British. Standing in the quiet dawn that Sunday morning, he ran a smoothing hand along the front of his blue coat and adjusted his frilled white stock. He wished his men had better uniforms, any kind of uniforms, in fact; he wished more of them had bayonets, eighteen inches in the blade; that all the colonels about him were valiant as Dicky Butler, lank-haired Walter Stewart, Dan Morgan and Light Horse Harry Lee. Louis Fleury, too, was a good man for a Frenchman. Harry Lee wasn't there, but Butler and Stewart were at hand and Dan Morgan, with a healed wound disfiguring his left jaw, was not far away. Already the air was hot and chokingly thick to breathe.

From the advance camp Wayne heard the chitter of musketry up ahead. That was Philemon Dickinson's seven hundred men encountering Sir Henry Clinton's rear-guard. The British column, then, must be on the march already. It was time for General Lee to do something, why the devil didn't he! A little later an express galloped up the slope and rode on, carrying the word to Washington at Cranberry. The British column was moving and Dickinson had lightly engaged its rear.

It was five o'clock and the sun was over the tree-tops in front of Monmouth Court House when Dickinson's report reached Washington. Half an hour later another

messenger was before General Lee to march the advance-guard forward and begin the attack in earnest; meanwhile Washington would bring up the army for battle. So at last the advance-guard began to move.

The deep drums tapped and the fifes called shrilly. Dicky Butler stood in the lead, his two hundred Pennsylvanians forming the head of the column behind which six hundred men under Woodford, a like number under Varnum, then Wayne's thousand jostled into line. In Wayne's command were two field-pieces and back of him ten more were strung out through the brigades of Charles Scott and Maxwell. Lafayette, spirited but uncertain of what to do because Lee had ousted him and had assigned him no other place, rode along with a useless sword. In the rear, at a respectful distance from the British, came Major-Generals Lee and Saint Clair.

Dickinson's fire had long since ceased. Under the molten sun the men wound forward and downward through the meadows, skirting the swamps and clumps of wood between them and Monmouth Court House. When they reached a hill near the village it was discovered that the British had gone. The column halted. Generals Lee and Wayne cantered ahead to an open stretch and began to stare westward. Lee said, "Look!" and levelled a long, dark finger over a stretch of timber beyond which could be seen rising the dust cloud trailed by a detachment of troops. About two thousand men it would take to raise such a powdery mass against the horizon, Lee judged. Turning to Wayne he ordered him to take both his field-pieces and six hundred troops, attack the rear of the moving force which they saw before them and hold it until Lee with the rest of the advance made a short cut and divided it from the main body of the British army.

Wayne set out rapidly; swinging in a half-circle, he went round the wood, crossed over the wide marsh through which the Wemrock trickled and was shortly in contact with a British rear-guard detachment loitering on the other side. But after one volley from Wayne's muskets and the close sight of his long bayonets they broke ranks and began to run. Pursuing, Wayne came within sight of Sir Henry Clinton's main rear-guard and stopped. Calling Major Byles Wayne sent him with a note to General Lee, requesting that the main body of the advance be sent forward to support him, forming on the edge of the deep ravine which ran to the left of Monmouth Court House.

Far to the left of Wayne Charles Scott had come up with fourteen hundred men and was going into a wood behind the morass. Back of Wayne, Lee seemed to be coming forward slowly, much too slowly. As Wayne waited another party of the British, numbering about eight hundred, drew up in formation on the farther slope that led down to the ravine and halted significantly. Wayne scowled. But certainly Lee must be coming nearer. To drive this enemy covering party out of the way, General Wayne went forward as swiftly as his two pieces of artillery could be wheeled over the soft, uneven ground, halted within earshot of the enemy and began firing.

It was, Wayne thought, time for a battle. The troops, the whole army, could form on the edge of the morass and have fine ground for fighting. General Washington was a few miles back on the road with his men stripped down for combat. Lee stood with more than four thousand in the advance-guard, while opposite him Sir Henry Clinton and Lord Cornwallis with seven thousand men had begun to slow down. For the troops which Lee had

sighted from the hill were not a few regiments, but the whole British rear-guard. Separating Lee from Clinton was Anthony Wayne with his Pennsylvanians who were pushing the force that had stood against them back upon the British column, while to the left Charles Scott was moving out of the wood to take post on the farther side of the ravine.

The distant Cornwallis turned menacingly as the men began to line the morass. Half a mile in rear of Wayne Lafayette believed the time for attack had come. Standing by Lee, he suggested that the whole advance-guard be formed up on the firing-line and fight until General Washington arrived with the main body. But Charles Lee admonished his inexperience with, "Sir, you do not know British soldiers. We cannot stand against them." And having been opposed to an attack from the beginning, doubtless believing truly that the Americans were not the equals of the enemy and being able to shield his actions by the explanation that he was moving to draw Cornwallis's rear-guard closer to Washington's oncoming troops, General Lee began to retreat.

Charles Scott, on Wayne's left, started to recross the ravine, for Lord Cornwallis was turning with an earnest desire to halt this manœuvring and hold the Americans until Knyphausen's tremendous caravan had reached the safety of Middletown and its high ground to the sea. And now Wayne and his Pennsylvanians were left alone between the two armies. The British were coming toward him and he was soon to find that General Lee was marching back to the rear with the befuddled advance-guard that had been cheated of the chance to fight and could not understand this retrograde action.

Meanwhile the rising sun glared terrifically on every one alike, on Wayne and his Pennsylvanians, on the de-

BATTLE OF MONMOUTH
Amer Camp
Englesh Town
Br. Guards
Branch
Rule's Pond
Tepehemus Brook
Washington 10 Clock
Scott Gratton Varnum
Stirling Poor Woodford
Meeting Ho.
Old Tennent Church
Road by which it was reported that a second British Column would move upon Englishtown
North Brook
Wemrock Brook
Rev E Cobb's House 1778
Second Line
1st Pen
Maryland Stirling
Wayne
Light Infantry
West Ravine
Middle Ravine
Amboy Road
Briar Hill
Dickinson
Scott Jacks
Maxwell
Grayson
Wilson
Livingston
Stewart
Wayne
Poor
Butler
Gist
Lord Stirling
Brig. Gen. Maxwell
Brig. Gen. Scott
Brig. Gen. Wayne
Brig. Gen. Lee
Brig. Gen. Varnum
Brig. Gen. Woodford
Brig. Gen. Poor
Brig. Gen. Dickinson
Brig. Gen. Clinton
Brig. Gen. Grayson
Brig. Gen. Wilson
Brig. Gen. Livingston
Brig. Gen. Stewart
Brig. Gen. Butler
Brig. Gen. Gist
Brig. Gen. Parsons
Brig. Gen. Scott
Brig. Gen. Marquis de la Fayette
Brig. Gen. Lord Stirling
Brig. Gen. Lee
Brig. Gen. Wayne

tachment of British infantry which he was holding from him and on the sleek, orderly body of the Queen's Light Dragoons which came charging toward him to throw him across the ravine. From this unsupported position Wayne was ready to meet whatever force the British set upon him; he only wanted a few more men. Now the Queen's Light Dragoons were galloping through their infantry to where the Pennsylvanians waited. But they would meet Dicky Butler and his regiment of two hundred which Wayne had placed in the centre of his position. And Butler, like Wayne, was madly eager for the encounter. Nearer the cavalry plunged, four hundred, three hundred, two hundred yards. Then Wayne's rear rank let their musket hammers fall and a bright flare that was heavy with lead struck the charging horsemen fully. And as they wheeled, jerking bridles and careening, the front rank of Pennsylvanians heard the call, "Have at them!" and went forward on the double with bayonets straight and glittering.

Not content to repel the charge, Wayne and Butler must pursue the men who made it. In a panic the Queen's Light Dragoons bolted through their own infantry, breaking its ranks and drawing it in the wake of the thudding hoofs. Butler leading, the ranks of the Pennsylvania line charged forward, chasing the enemy down a slope, through a wide marsh and over a rise on the other side where Wayne halted his men. And then as if determined to give battle to the whole British army Wayne sent for his two pieces of artillery, planted them when they had struggled through the marsh to the top of the rise and ordered Colonel Eleazer Oswald, who commanded them, to begin firing.

But Cornwallis was advancing with his entire rearguard and back of Wayne, except to the left where Scott

stood, the field was bare of troops for a great distance. It was then that he discovered Lee had begun a retrograde movement which had ended in retreat. Wayne fell back across the ravine, still leaving Butler on the farther side. Charles Scott rode out of the wood in which he had left his men and came up to him. It was good ground for an engagement, yet Lee was going away. Both men were furious. Wayne called Major Fishbourn and sent him racing back to Lee for troops to be brought forward. Meanwhile Scott and Wayne rode down to the courthouse. Returning, they were met by Major Fishbourn who reported to Wayne that General Lee's only answer had been that he would see Wayne himself. Scott grew worried. There was a wide space between his men and Wayne's and the British column were coming toward his right. With Wayne he sent an order asking General Lee at least to halt and form, then, seeing that he would not be supported, he rode away to file his men off to the left. Wayne commanded Dicky Butler to fall back, for rashness would become insanity if he remained on the slope so recently taken. Guarding the two field-pieces that Oswald dragged back across the marsh, Butler joined Wayne on the west side of the ravine and they began a slow retreat.

Small detachments of the advancing British skirmished toward him from his right and left in rear, sometimes circled and drove at him from in front, but he held his men together and kept his guns protected as he backed toward the Wemrock ravine. Often hard pushed and frequently surrounded, he yet managed to cross the causeway and take up a delaying position on the other side. He was fighting again as he had fought at Three Rivers and at Chadd's Ford on the Brandywine, but the circumstances on this day were more hopeless than they had been in

those other engagements, for now there seemed to be no end to the hot, slow, backward skirmishing against Cornwallis's thousands. Yet even then, covered with sweat and itching gunpowder, driven by what General Lee called the whole flower of the British army, grenadiers, light infantry, cavalry and artillery, amounting in all to seven thousand men, Wayne persisted in his steadfast contempt of the rebels whom he was keeping two, three or four hundred yards distant, a feat which he believed he could continue indefinitely provided any effort or exertion was made for the purpose.

Back on the road over which Wayne had marched that morning the retreating Lee had met the advancing Washington and the commander-in-chief was astounded and in a fury at the unexpected encounter. A scared young fifer running along the road had told him of the bewildering retreat and Colonel Shreve with his departing regiment had confirmed it. To Lee, whom he met at the end of the line nearest the enemy, he shouted: "What is the meaning of all this, sir? I desire to know the meaning of this disorder and confusion!"

General Lee rasped back, "By God, sir, American soldiers cannot fight British grenadiers."

"By God, they can fight any upon the face of the earth! And you're a damned poltroon!" Which, according to Charles Scott, who had rejoined the column and was standing by, was only the beginning of what General Lee had become in the estimation of General Washington; for the commander-in-chief "swore on that day till the leaves shook on the trees, charmingly, delightfully." Never before or since did Brigadier Scott enjoy such swearing, for the general "swore like an angel from heaven."

When Washington's moment of fury had passed he ordered Lee to form his troops to meet Cornwallis. Lee

nodded, adding coolly that he should not be the first to leave the field. Whereupon young Colonel Alexander Hamilton excitedly piped up to General Washington, "That's right, my dear general!" Flourishing his sword he went on, "and I will stay here and we'll all die here on the spot."

But Lee's troops looked too scorched and exhausted from their aimless marching, Washington thought. Wayne and his Pennsylvanians were only a few minutes' canter up the road, on the downward slope of a rise that led to a causeway which the British would have to cross in their pursuit. And though his men had been fighting since eight o'clock that morning, it was Wayne that was placed in the centre of the new line which General Washington began to form.

On either side of Wayne the ground was higher than where he stood, so that it was through his ranks that the British would be likely to make their strongest assault. To his left Lord Stirling's division had been stationed as soon as it arrived and to his right Nathanael Greene had come into position. Enormous Henry Knox had his artillery with Greene. Wayne himself had posted a part of his men in the barns and sheds of a near-by farm; the others stood in an apple-orchard. It was in this opening that Wayne took his own place.

The American line, which Washington now had under control, had barely formed when Lord Cornwallis marched within range of the forward troops and came to a halt. It was now about noon and the day was bright with the streaming sun. But as Cornwallis stepped within the Continental range the cannon of Henry Knox and the smaller pieces of Colonel Oswald began to boom and crash and roar, each time spreading a dark veil above the ground.

Cornwallis stood still, debating. Sir Henry Clinton,

he knew, wanted this business of being followed put to an end—and here was the result: a general engagement. He began giving orders to the officers of his regiments. The bright ranks started moving, feeling out the strength of the American left where Lord Stirling commanded, of the right where Nathanael Greene's division was backed by Knox's guns. Both were on up-hill ground and too difficult of approach; the drive would have to be through the centre.

In the outbuildings of the now ravaged farm, under the apple boughs of the orchard, Anthony Wayne's men stood half-naked, their knuckles bloodless as they gripped their muskets. Under roofs and leaves alike the heat was sweltering and inescapable. Shirts and tunics lay beside them; over their bare shoulders captains and colonels stared expectantly at the pausing British ranks. Now and again a man would laugh; how those Lobster backs out in front must be broiling!

But then of a sudden the orchard and outbuildings were still. An officer had ridden to Cornwallis and away again, back to the British grenadiers who had begun to form for the charge. Brilliantly they wheeled against the background of the main body until they were directly opposite the low land where Wayne commanded. They halted in position and their commander, Colonel Henry Monckton, turning his back to the Americans, faced his soldiers. He was near enough and spoke clearly enough for the men in the orchard to hear him. The grenadiers, his words came crisply, were going forward with their bayonets; they must break through to keep their reputation and to save their shame. Theirs was the proudest corps of the army; they could not fail. Colonel Monckton turned again and confronted the Americans with a sparkling sword. Forward grenadiers.

Along Wayne's line the order ran, "Hold your fire!"

The drums were rolling, Colonel Monckton came on in style. The Pennsylvanians, reinforced by a body of Marylanders and another of Virginians, held themselves motionless as the British cut down the small distance that lay between them. The bayonets in front of them were a jagged belt of steel. Wayne's head was back and his hand was on the hilt of his cutting-sword. To him as to his men life had become as nothing, except as it might be thrown away with a graceful contemptuousness. The effective moment came, the bayonets close and the crimson British jackets looming with bright expansiveness over American musket barrels. Wayne, Dicky Butler, Walter Stewart bawled "Fire!" and a pale flicker leaped from the waiting line of muzzles.

Colonel Monckton was among the first to sprawl. The grenadiers stopped, their ranks shattered and the dead cluttering the long grass about them. But broken as they were they continued in their attempt. Sweating privates licked their lips and ran desperately forward. Men lost their lives from heat and exertion as they tried to drag their commander's body back. At length they turned and straggled to Lord Cornwallis.

The grenadiers' charge was the last attack of the day. While Wayne stood exultantly with his men in the orchard Cornwallis began to withdraw across the narrow causeway, resting one flank beside a wood and the other next to the marsh where he halted. Sir Henry Clinton and he knew that General Knyphausen's heavy baggage and supply train must now be near the heights of Middletown; its safety had been their concern when they turned on the advance-guard under General Lee. Now they would wait, withstand the Americans till nightfall if they could and then march quickly away.

A solid fire from artillery and a few muskets had followed Cornwallis to the ground on which he stopped.

General Washington, the moment Monckton's grenadiers crumpled before Wayne's defense, had seen the chance to counterattack and had made his plans. General Enoch Poor was to take his own and a brigade from North Carolina around upon the British right, Woodford was to assault their left, while the artillery and muskets of the main line were to confuse the enemy with a rapid fire. But this time it was the men themselves that decided what was to be done. All along the front they were falling to the ground; weary vessels of overheated blood, they lay without moving or shook the last drops of water from their canteens upon their thirsting lips.

The rolling green field with its marsh and deep ravine between the two armies was quiet again. Two hundred and forty-nine British lay dead and scattered about, most of them on the low ground where Wayne commanded. A hundred more were wounded or taken prisoner. Added to those were about two hundred and fifty American killed and wounded.

General Washington was stretched out under a shade-tree, sharing his blue cloak with Lafayette. He had not won, for Sir Henry had succeeded in his purpose and would be unassailable when he reached Middletown; but he had not lost either, for he had brought the British to a general engagement from which they had had to fall back with greater casualties than his own. But for Charles Lee, it was possible, the victory might have been decisive. And but for Anthony Wayne and his fight from the time he met the enemy Lord Cornwallis might not have been compelled to give up. When he wrote his report of the battle to Congress he would mention one name, that of Brigadier-General Wayne, whose good conduct and bravery through the whole action, he felt, deserved particular commendation.

Anthony Wayne stayed among his worn but contented

troops. At last he had been accommodated in his wish to fight and his scorn for the British was greater than ever. If only Lee hadn't retreated when Cornwallis turned on him earlier in the morning! If only Light Horse Harry Lee had been at hand when Dicky Butler had driven the British dragoons back through their own infantry when they were fighting east of the court-house! That was a field in which young Lee's cavalry could have acted to great advantage. He would have to write him about it and in the letter give Butler the praise which his gallant behavior deserved. And he must tell Polly how British courage failed. Also Dick Peters, the secretary of the Board of War, should be informed and with Sharp Delany carry the word around among the Tory ladies of Philadelphia. The belles of the Mischianza—Miss White, Miss Craig, Miss Bond, the Chew girls, Peggy Shippen, Miss Redman and that Smith girl—he wondered how they would like it when Dick Peters told them how their heavenly, sweet, pretty redcoats, the gentlemen of the guards and grenadiers, who had whirled them to balls and plays at the "Old South" while the Americans were freezing at Valley Forge, had now humbled themselves on the plains of Monmouth! Not much, that was certain.

CHAPTER VIII

Among many officers of the Pennsylvania line at the American camp during the inactive autumn that followed the battle of Monmouth there was lively discontent. For Anthony Wayne was to be removed from the head of the division and reduced to the charge of a mere brigade. The new commander would be Major-General Arthur Saint Clair. And that seemed a matter of scanty justice. It also foreshadowed some danger to the field-officers themselves. Jealous of the posts to which they had been promoted, they could see that under Saint Clair they would be pushed and shuffled downward. General Wayne would return to his old brigade. Doctor Will Irvine, who had commanded that brigade since his exchange from British army prison, would be reduced to a regiment, displacing either Walter Stewart or Dicky Butler and causing trouble all along the line. Added to indignities from Congress and the neglect of the State legislature, to which the recent Pennsylvania constitution had given birth, that was an irritation not to be borne without loud protest.

Moreover, the confidence and admiration of the corps was with Anthony Wayne. It was he who had untiringly trained them, who had three times led them into battle from which they emerged with a growing pride, who had ardently concerned himself to supply their wants throughout the winter at Valley Forge. Under him they had warm quarters if any were to be found; he foraged to supply their iron kettles with beef and vegetables and fought with the politicians that they might have shirts and shoes and breeches. And now for Arthur Saint Clair to super-

sede him simply because that spiritless old man was the ranking officer from their State! . . . Resignations were in order.

Nor was Anthony Wayne any less indignant than his field-officers. Attending the court martial of Charles Lee, against whom he was one of the principal witnesses, he began to think of the two years of hard service through which he had held command of the Pennsylvania line. What had Saint Clair done in the interim! How had he distinguished himself in the field except by evacuating Ticonderoga before Burgoyne had even fired a shot at him? In no way that a soldier could think of. Yet meanwhile he had had the effrontery, after the trial for that affair at Paoli, to make invidious remarks upon Wayne's military character; and at Monmouth, either through ignorance or envy, when Wayne had sent for the three Pennsylvania brigades to support him at the court-house, Saint Clair, though without a direct command, had ordered them not to advance. And now, at this late hour, that gentleman was to be put over him while he displaced Will Irvine in charge of the first brigade. Well, Irvine should not be deprived of his command; he was fully competent to keep charge of it. Angry and resentful, Wayne determined to step aside; retiring to domestic life, he would leave the blustering field of Mars to the possession of gentlemen of more worth and whose feelings were less delicate or less injured than his own.

Thus Wayne had come to a situation common enough during the Revolution. He was at the point from which many men had already turned from the army in resentment or disgust, remaining away or merely sulking until Washington wheedled them back into service. John Stark had gone off to his farm because army promotions had passed him by; Ethan Allen of the theatrical words had

done likewise as soon as the British released him from captivity; the swarthy Sullivan, zealous Schuyler, ambitious, hot-headed Arnold, pretentious Conway, petulant Gates, Richard Montgomery, that absurd young Wilkinson—nobody, it seemed, was too small or too great to make the gesture of resigning his commission in the face of criticism actual or implied.

But meanwhile there remained so much to be done. The Pennsylvania line was still in rags and unless he could urge Joseph Reed, president of the State legislature, to have more clothing issued the men would be as naked as they had been the winter before at Valley Forge. Then there was the trial of Charles Lee, at which Lord Stirling was presiding. Lee had, by his explosiveness at Washington and by fiery critical letters in the newspapers, brought on himself the charge of disobedience of orders and was suspected of having wilfully retreated so as to play into Sir Henry Cinton's hands that day at Monmouth. Undecided as to his disaffection, Wayne had a quarrel with him because Lee argued that the ground on which Wayne formed that morning east of the court-house was badly chosen. And as the trial, by which Lee was to be suspended from the army, wore on there were other duties which Wayne felt kept him in camp. Dicky Butler was writing him that "as we have no other to look up to but you, are oft obliged to trouble you, in behalf of those poor fellows, & now pray you will order the number of suits wanted for them." And again, "I long to hear where we shall winter quarters. I know if you have to choose for us we will be well off."

Remaining in camp, Wayne's indignation was great as ever, but his determination to resign was weakening. When November came he had an excuse to ask leave of absence. For Thomas Mifflin, Edward Biddle, James

Wilson, Mark Bird, Jonathan and Samuel Potts had begged him to go to Chester County for the new election, where his presence there and in Philadelphia would be of signal service in many respects toward rescuing his country from tyranny and contempt, they said. Matters in politics, they felt, were approaching a crisis; and in a few weeks it would be determined whether the State of Pennsylvania was to be happy under a good constitution, or be oppressed by one of the most detestable that was ever formed. Let General Wayne, therefore, give his friends the pleasure of seeing him there as soon as possible.

That was pleasant information, Wayne answered, but the army was on the point of moving for winter quarters. However, as soon as the place was reached and the men made comfortable he would try to be with his friends in the Assembly. Meanwhile it seemed more important to try to stir up the proper officials with descriptions of the nakedness of the Pennsylvania line and to have them settled in huts instead of rotting tents. In December he informed President Reed that one-third of the Pennsylvania line were shivering for want of hats and blankets, repeating the statement to Robert Morris and Dick Peters.

Through Wayne's persistence, perhaps, the Pennsylvania line was better clothed. And going into quarters about Elizabethtown in upper New Jersey they were hutted down for the winter. But the time was coming for Arthur Saint Clair to take actual command and Wayne's temper was burning as he thought of it. He would not step back into Irvine's shoes. Nor would he resign. He would simply ask for leave of absence and await the next campaign. Then he would beg the honor of serving near General Washington's person as a volunteer. Yet, he must have felt, it would be unfortunate, his going away.

Only a short while before, Henry W. Archer, a young Englishman, fired with true Whig principles, had come to America to fight and had been directed to General Wayne as the man most likely to afford him the opportunity. Now Archer would have to look elsewhere if he wanted battle.

But before he left camp he must straighten out affairs with Charles Lee. General Lee had made very severe strictures in the course of the trial upon Wayne's action at Monmouth and now very recently had published a letter in Dunlap's paper in which he affected to treat General Wayne's opinion and military character in a way that was ungenerous, though very free. Here, then, was something for the young English Whig volunteer to do. For if it was General Lee's intention by those strictures to injure Wayne's military character Wayne knew that Lee would have the candor to acknowledge it and the honor to give him that satisfaction which one gentleman has a right to claim of another, feeling himself injured on so tender a point. And Henry Archer could carry the note to General Lee, who would be found at Doctor Burnet's.

But Charles Lee had received too many challenges to duels even before Henry Archer appeared with that from General Wayne. Moreover he had a liking for Wayne and had, he said, always done justice to his courage and integrity. And he would seriously conjure Wayne well to consider whether the step he was now taking would not hurt him more in the eyes of the world than anything Lee had said of him. However, if the Pennsylvania general still persevered in his intention Charles Lee, after he had taken his leave of Congress, published his case to the world at large and had sufficiently recovered from his late accident to act with vigor, would not decline the invitation; though at the same time he must express his con-

cern that a man of Wayne's courage and integrity should appear in the list of Lee's persecutors.

Very well, then. At such time General Wayne would be pleased to hear from General Lee. And Henry Archer's journeys between Doctor Barnet's quarters, where Lee stayed, and Colonel Barber's quarters, where Wayne was waiting, went for nothing.

February came and Major-General Arthur Saint Clair took command of the Pennsylvania line. It made occasion for the field-officers of that body to deliver an address to their former chief in which they spoke of his impartiality, his extreme vigilance, his indefatigable attention to the instruction of his troops and his exemplary conduct. With those words ringing pleasantly in his ears Anthony Wayne had his bearskin rolled, his little brass kettle and drinking-cup packed, his cutting-sword put away and rode out of camp toward Philadelphia.

He had hoped to see General Washington before he left, but the commander-in-chief had been in Philadelphia of late and had not yet returned. Some days earlier he had sent Washington a note telling him that he was necessitated to be at his State capital for the Assembly meeting and that he would take the liberty of waiting on him the 1st of February for leave of absence. But thus far he was without leave and a little dubious of his conduct, for though he was going away at last, he had a plan in mind by which he would return to service with an independent command; and he was anxious to have it settled. However, he thought, he would see the general in town or else on the way from there to headquarters.

But as General Washington was journeying up the Pennsylvania side of the Delaware and as Wayne was riding down along the Jersey shore they failed to meet. And crossing over into Philadelphia where he was again

among old friends General Wayne began to wait for word from Washington.

Dick Peters met him anxiously, wary of his temper at having been superseded by Arthur Saint Clair. Sharp Delany, with whom he stayed at the house near the south end of 2d Street, was doubtless sympathetic. Doctor Benjamin Rush was delighted to see him, to have him at hand for the coming Assembly meeting. And he for his part was glad to be there and meant to enjoy every moment he could spare.

But first he must go out to Waynesborough and Polly for a few days and then write to General Washington about the plan he had in mind—the formation of a light corps. Leading up to that matter he wanted the general to know that he had made a point of having the Pennsylvania line well and comfortably covered before he left them and he hoped that the appearance of the men and the internal policy of their winter quarters had met with his Excellency's approval.

Also, he informed General Washington, he flattered himself that General Saint Clair would be pleased with the command of troops that always had done and ever would do their duty in the field; and that they on their part would be happy under the conduct of a gentleman of his distinguished merit. Then after other polite phrases regarding General Saint Clair he gently reminded his Excellency that, although a brigadier, he had commanded the Pennsylvania division during most of the last two campaigns, while the colonels under him had, for the greater part of that time, alternately conducted brigades, which was due to the deficiency of general officers. And as he could not think of hurting their feelings by resuming the command of a brigade he therefore wished to be indulged with a situation in the light corps, if it could

take place without prejudice to the service or the exclusion of an officer of more worth and experience, but if that could not be he begged his Excellency to forget the matter, but to let him hope for the continuance of that friendship with which he had theretofore been honored and, in case of an active campaign, the pleasure of serving near his Excellency's person as a volunteer.

Meanwhile the Assembly met and whatever else Wayne did at the meeting he successfully represented the Pennsylvania line. Before he had left camp it seemed as if there would be many winters like that at Vally Forge. And one reason was that the civil officials and also the country at large had since the French alliance expected the soldiers and sailors of Louis XVI to win the war in America's favor. Even the men in the army had the belief that the Revolution would soon be over and because of this and the neglect of the legislature had begun bitterly wondering what would happen to them when the expected peace arrived. From camp Wayne had written Robert Morris that he would be active toward having the regulars from the State provided for, not left, when crippled with honest wounds and grown gray in arms, to depend upon the cold charity of men who had grown rich under the shelter of their protecting swords. And now, standing before the Assembly, he fired them into passing an act which would retire the men on half-pay and make their land-grants exempt from taxation.

Soon he had word from General Washington. His opinion of General Wayne's merit would lead him cheerfully to comply with his request for command of the light corps as soon as the arrangements of the army and other circumstances permitted its formation, he said. And with that assurance and the citizens honoring him with particular attentions, Philadelphia, of which all earnest revolu-

tionists disapproved, became for him the pleasant city it had been before, only it was moving a little more giddily.

Before he had come to town Walter Stewart had written him alarmingly of the place, having been through there on military business. Every lady and gentleman had tried to outdo all others in splendor and show, Watt Stewart had said. And the manner of the ladies was much changed. They had really in a great measure lost that native innocence which formerly was their characteristic and had supplied its place with what they called an easy behavior, which amounted to their throwing themselves into the most wanton and amorous postures, to which their free speech added not a little. "By heaven," Watt Stewart had gasped, "'tis almost too much for a healthy, vigorous young soldier to bear; to be placed on an elegant sofa alongside one of them when they are displaying both the artillery of their tongues and eyes."

But the British had not left the Philadelphia ladies quite so abandoned as that; or if they had Wayne failed to observe such striking effects. His complaint was that the feeling between Whigs, Tories and Quakers was so violent that no public business could be conducted and that the men who had been elected to the various offices felt the war to be so distant that nothing would rouse them but the approach of the enemy. Even then, with the British burning Elizabethtown, the house of Governor Livingston among the rest, they continued their party quarrels.

However, for an officer with a fondness for the society of women, which during more than three years in the field he had been denied, Philadelphia had charming diversions to offer. With agreeable frequency he found cards left at Sharp Delany's inviting him to tea-parties in the comfortable brick houses that lined the straight and

narrow streets. There the fires were glowing, alive with fantastically curling flames while beflounced young ladies and social-minded matrons chattered from horsehair chairs and sofas, where they sat over old china cups of fragrant tea. Doubtless there were moments of mild flirtations, to be renewed later at the balls in the long room of the City Tavern. To a man who felt that the next British bullet he encountered might bring his death there was the urge to grasp at hectic pleasure.

Yet he must have felt strange, walking through the town at first. Up on Chestnut Street, between 4th and 5th, was the house where Sir William Howe had lolled and drunk away his winter's occupation of the capital. On the stage of the Old Southwark Theatre, back of Sharp Delany's and just outside the town, still stood the gaudy scenery which John Andre and Oliver De Lancy had painted as background for the British plays. That same Oliver De Lancy, lusty, fat and ruddy-looking, had taken a wife, one of the daughters of David Franks, from Philadelphia; and Colonel Henry Johnston, of the 28th, had another. And at the corner of Crown and Race Streets was Edward Penington's house, where Johnston had quartered betimes, lighted up to his rooms each night by the Quaker household. Everywhere, even at Doctor Franklin's house, where the philosopher's son-in-law now lived, there were reminders of the British occupation. And the town had been even giddier then than it was at present. With such remembrances, Tory politics in the air and men like Edward Shippen being fined for neglect of compulsory militia duty, a man might feel contaminated if he stayed too long in Philadelphia.

During that month of February his occasional trips to Waynesborough had grown more interesting. And on the first Sunday in March, after he had gone down the river

with some men to examine the fortifications and had forwarded by wagon a tierce of beer (forty-two gallons), a barrel of rockfish and another of oysters, to Paoli, he left Philadelphia for his farm.

Riding back to Waynesborough, being with Polly and the children again, it was as if spring had come earlier that year or as if there had been some delightful and unaccountable change in the familiar. The farm and tannery, which had been left under the supervision of Robert Shannon, whom Abraham Robinson recommended, had not prospered; but Wayne's mood was passive and lack of production seemed of small account. For here at last was a haven from over three years of stormy fighting. He had not known he needed it or that it could be so pleasant. Polly, a slip of seventeen when he had first brought her to Waynesborough, was not yet quite thirty; there was delight and wonder merely in watching her moving about the old stone house, managing the few servants that remained, overseeing the kitchen work, sitting with her and the children in the breakfast-room from which he could see the logs blazing in a fireplace so high and wide that nearly a squad of men could have stood beneath the smooth white mantel overhead.

It was as if, after thirteen years of marriage, he had discovered his family for the first time. And that feeling, which came as though he had, in the bright sunlight, stumbled over a treasure on a too habitual path, was sharpened by the certainty that soon he would be called away. For General Washington was forming the light corps, which was to make some signal stroke against the enemy. And line officers from Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Virginia and Maryland, who had heard that General Wayne was to be commander of that corps, were writing Wayne of their eagerness to serve under

him if in any way they might be obliged with an appointment.

Meanwhile spring was growing and the gently rolling fields were turning greener every day. In the orchard the apple boughs hung low with white blossoms and the owner of Waynesborough, walking appreciatively about through the perfumed air, felt that never in his life had there been so much for him to live for. He was not rich, but even with currency worth next to nothing he was assured of a competence which would enable him to keep Waynesborough running smoothly, to send little Isaac to school at the Philadelphia Academy and to afford Margaretta the proper instruction in French and dancing. Isaac was not a bright child and perhaps an object of mild concern, but sister Peggy, though not brilliant, had an earnestness and an engaging childish candor which made her a real companion even then. Sometimes he wondered if Polly would see that they had the proper instruction before it was time for them to go to school. Isaac was already seven and Margaretta nine; within a few years they would be old enough to accept their teaching profitably; and it was necessary that they should, for the business of a young man, he believed, was to be trained in law or arms and that of a young lady to be accomplished in the drawing-room.

But how quickly the days of April and May passed by. They seemed to run all together in a hurried stretch of bright sunlight, intense green and long shadows. Letters came and lay for days unanswered. Major Ryan, who had been with him at Ticonderoga, wrote his dear general that he had been lucky enough to win the hand of Miss Lucy Leonards and naïvely felt that his former commanding officer should be informed of his change of fortune. Walter Stewart wrote to ask of the formation of the light corps and to give the news of the Pennsyl-

vania line under the indifferent charge of General Saint Clair. Since Wayne had left, nothing momentous had happened there or anywhere. Sullivan had marched northeast into the country of the Seneca Indians and had cut them up; Sir George Collier and General Matthews were ravaging the Virginia coast and General Washington had his army near West Point on the Hudson, where he could watch the completion of two strongholds on that river, Stony Point and Verplanck's. With those rocky forts strongly mounted he expected to guard the mountain passes and protect King's Ferry, which was the chief crossing for people from Connecticut and New York going south and Pennsylvanians and men from Jersey going north. But none of this seemed to lead toward combat.

Growing May became ripening June and it was almost time for harvesting. But the placid warfare was no more. By newspapers, expresses and letters the information was brought to Paoli that Sir Henry Clinton was sailing up the Hudson with seventy ships and a long train of flatboats and that General Vaughan accompanied him by land with five thousand British regulars. And while the people of Easttown township were speculating on the importance of this move further word arrived that Clinton and Vaughan had captured Stony Point and Verplanck's Point. They had, it was explained, landed in Haverstraw Bay, had marched two divisions up the difficult face of Stony Point which the thirty Americans who were then working there on the redoubts had set afire, running down the other side to safety. Meanwhile the rest of the redcoats and the guns they had hauled up Stony Point were all turned on Fort Lafayette at Verplanck's Point which also had to give up. Only seventy men had been inside to protect it and these had surren-

dered after Major Andre, the young man who had been so particularly sprightly at Philadelphia during the Valley Forge winter and was now Clinton's aide-de-camp, had signed articles securing their persons and property from danger. So King's Ferry was now impassable to the Americans, months of work had gone for nothing and West Point itself was endangered.

Anthony Wayne rode out of Waynesborough to Philadelphia, expecting to be home again within a day or so. But at Sharp Delany's there was a brief note from General Washington. It had just come. "Join the army as soon as possible," General Washington had written from West Point.

CHAPTER IX

On July 1, 1779, Anthony Wayne left General Washington's headquarters near West Point and rode down to Sandy Beach where the 1st and 2d Regiments of the American Light Corps were encamped. He went slowly, for his Excellency had informed him of a plan that needed pondering, a sheer piece of apparent recklessness that would require incessant caution, silence and foresight up to the minute it was carried to failure or success. But what he had been offered was no more than what he had asked for; also he may well have been flattered that Washington selected him and that the officers gathered under him down the river at Sandy Beach were chiefly those he would have chosen if given the pick of the entire army.

For the Light Corps had been formed; composed of four regiments of two battalions each, there were nearly one thousand four hundred men in this special command, some from Wayne's Irish Pennsylvanians, others from Virginia, Maryland, and North Carolina and a battalion from Massachusetts and another from Connecticut. Riding down to Sandy Beach Wayne found Dicky Butler in charge of the 2d Regiment. Butler, he had often observed, was popular with his men, spirited in danger and an admirable friend. Lieutenant-Colonel Louis Fleury was next—under Christian Febiger, who had the 1st. Fleury had done well rallying the troops at the battle of the Brandywine where a horse had been shot under him; later that same year when the British were lifting the blockade on the Delaware, Fleury had con-

tinued for hours repairing the walls of Fort Mifflin under the destroying guns of Sir William Howe. Light Horse Harry Lee, a little jealous of Wayne, a little disapproving, but liking him then all the same, was to lead the scouts. Captain Allen McLane, who had knifed the sentries at Germantown, was one of the subordinate officers. Major Jack Steward, who had a name for gallantry in the Maryland line, and Lieutenant-Colonel Samuel Hay were Dicky Butler's immediate officers in the 2d Regiment. Those men he had known in battle long before he had come to Sandy Beach on the Hudson.

The rest of his corps lay across the river, the 3d Regiment under Colonel Return Jonathan Meigs, who had Lieutenant-Colonel Isaac Sherman and Captain Henry Champion as battalion commanders; and the 4th was under command of Colonel Rufus Putnam with Majors Hardy Murfree and William Hull. But for the 3d and 4th Regiments Wayne had no need as yet. Taking his quarters in the low-built farmhouse of Benjamin Jacques, around whose land Butler's and Febiger's regiments were encamped, he began walking observantly over the rocky hills that rose up from the river, trying the rugged passes, the narrow paths which led between the stone cliffs and the broad, swift Hudson.

Two days after he arrived Wayne climbed the heights of the Donderberg and looked down upon the surrounding hills. Jagged, dark with shadows in the summer foliage which covered their sides, they stood in a massive chain up and down the river. Below him, rising out of the water near the shore, he could see the bald head and craggy shoulders of Stony Point. Steep on all sides, it was almost perpendicular where it had been severed from the mainland. There it rose up in a perilous slant for one hundred forty feet above the water even when the

tide was high. A few years before the Point had been entirely apart from the west bank; later American soldiers had built a causeway of dirt and stone to span the narrow channel, this had made a sand-bar until now the Point and the bank were joined by a slender beach which at low tide was passable.

General Wayne was impressed. The Point was a hundred acres of solid rock; when the British had captured it a month earlier they had gone to work, as one of them said, like "a parsels of Devils in fortifying" it. Only six hundred and ten men made the garrison, it was true, but in their various breastworks they had two twenty-four-pounders, two eighteen-pounders, four twelve-pounders, half a dozen six-pounders, a ten-inch mortar, an eight-inch howitzer, two Royal mortars, two cohorns and three one-pounders. Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Johnston, who had taken one of David Frank's daughters from Philadelphia, was in command and spoke of the place as Little Gibraltar. And opposite the Point, as a further guard, the war-sloop *Vulture* lay at anchor in the middle of the Hudson.

Yet it was to attempt the recapture of Stony Point that General Wayne had been called to headquarters and his Light Corps organized. Old King's Ferry, with its landing from Verplanck's in the cove on the north side of the fortification, was useless so long as the British kept the garrison; and more important still, General Washington had great need of making a tactical move. For the enemy were marauding along the Connecticut coast and Sir Henry Clinton was closely watching the American commander-in-chief, hoping he would detach several brigades to Connecticut's support, in which case Sir Henry meant to fall on his main body and destroy it. But Washington, sending no more troops than he

could spare, had determined on an answer that would surprise the British and engage them in an unexpected direction—a daylight storming of Stony Point.

But now General Wayne had become doubtful. His Excellency, he said, had better look at the Point again. The pickets, he would find, were placed well around it on all sides except the east, where the rocks were washed by deep water and within plain sight of the *Vulture*. He would see the two encircling rows of abatis which would have to be broken through before the summit could be reached. It was a generally accepted convention that all men had to die; Wayne minded the ordeal less than most, nevertheless he saw no pleasure in the image of himself sliding down one hundred and forty feet of jagged rock with a bullet or bayonet wound in his head. No, General Wayne had no faith in an attack by daylight.

His Excellency was persuasive. It was a necessary business and Brigadier Wayne was the man to accomplish it. And while an assault up the side of Stony Point might be impracticable in daylight there were, fortunately, other hours when General Wayne's Light Corps would be less conspicuous. His Excellency realized that it must be a surprise and that the result would hang on the thoroughness with which that element entered into the affair.

General Wayne had respectful memories of night surprises, but little liking for them. There was the so-called massacre at Paoli, almost within sight of the home he had so recently left, where Major-General Sir Charles Grey had put the Pennsylvanians to rout with only the sword, pike, and bayonet as weapons. There was a more recent occasion when the same General Grey had come out of the night and stabbed most of Captain Baylor's de-

tachment. And while a stealthy assault in the darkness was against Wayne's nature—which stood boldly open—there was much to be said for it now. Scheming with his Excellency, he interrupted fervently to exclaim:

"General, I'll storm hell if you'll only plan it!"

It was agreed then, on July 6, that the recapture of Stony Point was to be attempted. Wayne's moment of doubt was quickly gone; now he was confident and audacious again. He had, he discovered when he considered what his new command had brought him, nothing to complain of and everything to exult in. First, he was in the army and away from Arthur Saint Clair; second, he could not have hoped to find a better body of men in the country; third, the daring of the business to be engaged in gave him the right to forward one of the foibles which he had held long and dearly—it was his privilege to demand an elegant uniform for the Light Corps to wear; fourth, he would have for the first time since he entered the service a fight all to himself, free to act in any way within the bounds of sense, and last, every one of his men would be equipped according to his orders, each private was to be fitted with a good bayonet, each non-com. with one of those short-handled spears called espontoons and every officer with a cutting-sword. That was certainly more than he had ever had before.

The espontoons he wanted quickly, for many of the sergeants were unfamiliar in the use of them, which would have to be remedied. He also wanted all of his officers to be supplied with copies of Baron von Steuben's book of instructions in the manual of arms and field manœuvres. There was not enough concerted movement among the troops as yet.

He got the espontoons. They were parcelled out to the unsuspecting corporals and sergeants a week before the

attack. A few copies of von Steuben's book also came. But as for the elegant uniforms he would have to be satisfied with white feathers or bits of paper worn in the hats of the men.

Meanwhile the four regiments passed the days in swift and profitable drilling. Meigs's and Putnam's commands still lay on the east side of the Hudson and Butler's and Febiger's remained encamped at Benjamin Jacques's farm. For Wayne had left the 3d and 4th Regiments on the east bank so as not to excite an alarm which might be communicated by some spy or deserter to the British garrison at Stony Point. The surprise he intended to manage with thoroughness.

On July 10 the plans were completed. A party of riflemen from the camp at Jacques's farm were to be kept hovering about the Point with orders to harass the outposts continually, worry the garrison and prevent any deserters from passing through to the enemy. On the 11th Wayne rode forward on another reconnoitring party; taking Dicky Butler and Christian Febiger, he followed a footpath to the southwest end of Donderberg Mountain which came out near the rocky farm of David Springsteel. From there he looked down on the steep-sided, bulky fortification of Stony Point. Water lay in the weedy marsh and over the sand-bar which he would have to cross on the night of the attack, but at low tide passage from the mainland to the point would be unobstructed, it was believed. Going down to the edge of the heavy stand of trees on the hillside he could see how a part of his men might make a deceptive move against the butt of the point where it was nearest the mainland while two small columns passed around the sides and climbed up to the top near where the point thrust farthest into the deep water. Each preceded by about twenty men who

would cut openings through the two lines of abatis, the columns would clamber upward, one to the left and one to the right and be upon the garrison with their bayonets.

A simple plan, but its success was imprisoned by a network of difficulties. The barking of a dog on the night of the attack, a rumor brought beforehand into the garrison by some countryman carrying vegetables or meats, failure to take the advance pickets without alarm, inability of the pioneers to make an opening through the lines of abatis quickly and noiselessly, a shot from the mainland before the columns were on their way to the top, lack of fortitude in any of the men—all those strands would have to be cut before victory could be free.

Wayne, Butler, and Febiger rode back to Sandy Beach where the 1st and 2d Regiments were at drill on the field. It was only a few days now until the assault. Wayne talked with young Light Horse Harry Lee, short and slender like Alexander Hamilton; with Captain James Chrystie and Allen McLane. A short while later Lee and Chrystie went out with a body of scouts to destroy every dog that could be found within three miles of Stony Point. McLane left with instructions to mark the positions of the pickets and arrest any persons who were about to go up to the garrison.

On the 14th Wayne ordered the 3d and 4th Regiments from across the river. Colonels Meigs and Putnam brought them to Sandy Beach and when they landed the men of the 1st and 2d, sweating for so long a time in apparently useless drills, began to suspect they were soon to move toward the British. By that time the young English Whig, Henry Archer, had arrived and offered himself as a voluntary aide to the general. He would, he was assured, see action soon.

The soldiers' suspicion grew as Lee and Chrystie came

back that afternoon with a string of dogs. A little later Allen McLane appeared with the widow Calhoun and another woman, each of whom carried a basket of greens and some dressed chickens hung on her arm. The provender had been meant for the table of Colonel Johnston; it now was cooked in the officers' mess at Sandy Beach.

The rest of the day passed quietly. By nightfall the Jacques farmhouse was dark and the impromptu tents of brushwood with bark roofs in which the soldiers slept were silent save for speculative whispering. Doubtless General Wayne was restive, for a night attack to his mind was a poor manner of waging war. Also the plans were a little finicky for so bold and emphatic a nature. They had been made after much zealously sought information had been gathered; time after time General Washington and he had discussed them. Now one night more and the two slender columns would be moving like long, wary arms to encircle Stony Point. Meanwhile if any of the British sentries moved their positions, if the garrison had had an alarm, if any of the attacking men lost heart or grew loudly flustered after the sand-bar had been crossed it would be death and failure. But against that event he proposed esprit de corps and the bayonet. He sat thinking of the general order which would be read to the troops on the following day.

Morning came. The drums beat reveille, but there was no call to drill after breakfast. The men, accustomed to rigorous manœuvres throughout the day, were surprised at the command to break ranks and gathered about in rumor-breeding knots. Where were they going? What was Mad Anthony up to? Wherever he went there was sure to be a fight, that was certain. But what was there to fight around Sandy Beach? Nothing but the British

garrison across the river at Fort Lafayette on Verplanck's Point and another opposite it at Stony Point. But the 3d and 4th had been drawn away from the side on which Fort Lafayette stood. Only Stony Point remained. And nobody with a pinch of sense, not even Mad Anthony, would risk an assault where it would take a cast-iron mountain-goat to travel safely.

Rumor was quieted by excitement when at about eleven o'clock an order was passed for every man in the four regiments to fall in for inspection with full equipment. Muskets were to be cleaned, rations kept intact and each soldier was to be freshly shaved and powdered. Their readiness for service, the order said, was to be judged by the general.

Formed in two ranks facing the Hudson, the Light Corps stood at attention while their commander, followed by Colonels Butler, Febiger, Meigs, Putnam, the adjutants and aides, walked slowly in front of them, scrutinizing their firelocks, the lively expectancy in their eyes. Wayne's own eyes changed swiftly as he passed from man to man; bright with scorn for the youth that came haphazardly arrayed, they became warm and congratulating before the soldier whose alert figure gave arrogance to his ragged shirt and buckskin breeches. It was that kind of man, Wayne felt, who would volunteer for the business at midnight.

At noon the long inspection was ended. Ranks were closed and the men began glancing furtively backward toward the rows of iron kettles from which they expected soon to be fed. But that, they suddenly discovered, was a delusion. Instead of being dismissed, the two long lines were faced to the right and given the command to march. Their general leading, they tramped south to Fort Montgomery and passed in single file through the

gorge between two humped and jagged mountains. For five miles they pushed through a wilderness that was marked only by a deer-path. They went quietly, for there had been an order from the general that they were not to talk. Once they rested, beside a brook from which they drank. It was by Clement's farmhouse. No man left the column. Soon they were marching on again; at eight o'clock, with shadows below and twilight above the trees, they wound into the clearing beside David Springsteel's cabin which lay half-way down the valley at the south-west end of the Donderberg. Stony Point was a mile and a half distant. The long line halted.

In the dim light that filled the Springsteel clearing Anthony Wayne stood watching Colonels Febiger and Butler form two columns as the filing men straggled up and stopped. The regiment under Meigs was joined to the tail of Febiger's and then came the men commanded by Hull. Back of Butler's troops moved Putnam's soldiers, while off to the side in the wood Major Murfree held his battalion motionless. As the last troops stepped into position the brisk voice of the adjutant sounded out, requesting commanders to call their units to attention. A final shifting of the four regiments was about to be made and the men were nervously wetting their lips and silent.

Three hundred men with determined natures were wanted, half from each of the two main columns. Orders were spoken in small clear voices. Youths and their seniors began to fall out on the right and trail their pikes and muskets forward until they stood, one hundred and fifty men, heading either of the waiting regiments in the advance. One stopped in front of Febiger's troops and the other before Butler's column. Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury marched to the lead of the first and Major Jack Steward to the other.

Then as the sun went down and the ranks stood still the adjutant peered soberly at the paper which General Wayne had given him. He began reading. Stony Point, the Light Corps learned, was to be assaulted at midnight. Excepting those men who made up Major Hardy Murfree's battalion no soldier was to carry a loaded musket. By the fixed bayonets in the hands of the three hundred volunteers and by the espontoons and swords carried by the officers the attack was to succeed or fail. Instant death was to follow any disobedience of orders after the march had begun. Rewards of from one to five hundred dollars were to be given the first five men who entered the enemy's works. Their general had the fullest confidence in the bravery and fortitude of the corps, but should there be any soldier so lost to the feelings of honor as to attempt to retreat one single foot or skulk in the face of danger the officer next to him was to put him immediately to death that he no longer might disgrace the name of a soldier or the corps or State to which he belonged. And, the adjutant's voice concluded, as General Wayne was determined to share the dangers of the night, so he wished to take part in the glory of the day, in common with his fellow soldiers.

There was not a false word in the order. Mad Anthony was determined to share the dangers of the night. So, then, was every man attached to the corps. When Dicky Butler and Febiger each began to pick twenty men from their advance columns to precede them and destroy the abatises with axes the soldiers were exultant enough to fear not that they would be chosen, but that they would be left out. And when the choice had been made there was a quarrel between the junior officers for the privilege of leading, which had to be settled by drawing lots. Two meals missed, a fifteen-mile march, and now

no sleep in sight, but that was all right, for they were going behind Mad Anthony Wayne.

The clearing darkened. A candle-light glowed weakly from a window in Springsteel's house. General Wayne chose a few of his officers and stepped cautiously down the hillside toward the sand-bars over which the part of the Light Corps that took part in the action were to pass. He could hear nothing which showed that the British sentries were unusually alert, could see no obstructions on the causeway except a few feet of water. After repeating the final details he went slowly back to Springsteel's house from which he was to lead Febiger's column at exactly half past eleven.

A beaver infantry cap beside him, which would soon set jauntily on his white, powdered hair, General Wayne sat over a late supper in the Springsteel kitchen. He felt a little melancholy. Back of him were those recent days at Waynesborough from which he had been called. Polly had been so lovable and dear that spring; now if he were killed he was afraid she too might die. That damned Congress, supine, parsimonious, and full of folly! How badly they had prosecuted the war. He felt death close, for he would be in the vanguard of the column, but before he left he wanted it known what he thought of Congress; and he would like to have it written down that if ever a great and good man was surrounded by difficulties it was General Washington who, because of Congress, would be impelled to make other attempts with inadequate numbers to save his country. Well, he had had his supper, but where to breakfast. . . . Setting on his cap, trying his cutting-sword, he wondered as he walked from the Springsteel cabin down through the tall, wet grass to where the troops were waiting.

Half an hour before midnight General Wayne stood at

the head of Christian Febiger's column and said: "Forward!" There was no more talking, there was scarcely audible breathing as the men followed eastward down the hill toward the marsh through the darkness.

Some yards away from the flooded marsh Wayne halted. Lieutenant-Colonel Fleury whispered to Captain Gibbons who came with twenty men who carried axes in their hands and muskets slung over their shoulders. Wayne saw them place themselves at the head of Dicky Butler's column and begin moving around to the left where they would cross the sand-bar at the north end of the marsh and then skirt the old ferry-landing and push up the side to the point. Major Murfree's battalion stood fast, the broad face of the rocky hill rising directly in front of them. Wayne looked forward and to the right. Waiting for Lieutenant Knox to lead with his pioneers, he then joined at the head of Jack Steward's column and with Febiger and Henry Archer turned to the south to make the long circuit that would end close by Stony Point's farthermost tip.

Winding cautiously downward, the one hundred and fifty men, with whom Wayne was marching near the head, turned to the left through the marsh. The soldiers stepped warily into the water, which grew deeper as they approached the hill they would have to climb. Soon they were holding their muskets and powder-boxes above their heads while the backwash of the tide came between their waists and armpits. There was a splash. A British sentry who watched on the low ground beneath the point heard the noise. He nervously called a challenge. The riffling of the water was the only answer. He called again, then snapped his musket quickly and the ball sang over the flooded marsh.

Secrecy was ended. "Advance, advance!" Wayne

bawled and scrambled to the island shore. The shot had been heard by Murfree whose men waited at the edge of the mainland with loaded muskets, ready to draw the British garrison's attention with their fire. Murfree's fusillade clattered furiously, red streaks slashing the night while Steward, Febiger, Wayne, Archer, and the file of men pushed hurriedly around the foot of the cliff and up the side.

They came to the first abatis which Lieutenant Knox and his twenty pioneers had begun feverishly to demolish. "Advance, advance!" The words hurried the troops and they struggled through and upward. Up on the heights the drums were rolling and British sergeants shouting commands for the gunners to stand to their pieces. But the axes were cutting the trunks and stakes of the second abatis and Wayne's men were going through.

Now the British discovered that they were being assaulted from both sides as well as from the front. A few minutes more and the result of the action would be known. If the British pitched Fleury's column down from the left, if there was any faltering . . . Wayne went on. Up above him the muzzles of Colonel Johnston's cannons became crimson rings in the night through which grape-shot and solid ball whirled down. At the abatis seventeen men sprawled on the rocks and lay with the lead inside them. General Wayne, climbing through the stakes and logs, felt himself grow dizzy and the blood run down from his infantry cap. Well, he had thought a bullet might strike and kill him and here it was. "March on!" he bawled to the men about him. His knees were sagging. He couldn't stand up. The column, scrambling like a nest of beavers, went on.

His aides took hold of him. He could feel their hands

under his armpits and their grasp around his shoulders. Though he died nothing could prevent the corps from overrunning the heights and taking the British garrison with their bayonets. Fleury would come up, Steward would push on . . . Lifting his blood-covered face, he ordered determinedly: "Help me into the fort; I mean to die at the head of my column." Supported by soaking, mud-stained legs that were not his own, he was carried up the side of the rocky hill. And as his bearers neared the top they could hear the cry that was Fleury's signal:

"The fort is ours! The fort's our own!"

It was a call of triumph like that from a brazen instrument, a shivering, echoing shout that travelled down the north side of the point, through Fleury's laboring columns, down the south side through Steward's men who were scrambling forward with eager bayonets. British gunners were backing away from their redoubts, pleading: "Mercy! Quarter!" The garrison's commandant, Colonel Johnston, stood inside a ring of American bayonets. Colonel Fleury was jerking down the enemy flag. Pennsylvanians, Virginians, Marylanders, soldiers of Massachusetts and Connecticut with bits of white paper in their hats to distinguish them in the darkness were running, stumbling, and stabbing.

General Wayne sat between the ruins of a blockhouse and a lone farmer's cabin, ordering the bayonet work to be stopped. There was a bandage around his head and his beaver infantry cap, with its ornamental crest of white horsehair, lay beside him. It was then about one o'clock in the morning of July 16 and with the vengeful spirit quelled by the officers the men were rounding up the British and taking charge of the fort. The general was feeling better and the surgeon, when a light was brought and he was carried into the farmhouse, used

probing instruments and explained how the bullet had struck the good, thick skull which, with the beaver cap, had doughtily turned it aside.

By two o'clock there were American sentries and an American officer of the day on guard. General Wayne held a quill pen over his old portfolio. He was making great, bold letters which would inform his Excellency of what had taken place: "The fort and garrison with Col. Johns(t)on are ours." That was one sentence, merely the beginning. But his head hurt and it was difficult to continue. However, "Our officers and men behaved like men who are determined to be free." There was, for once, no more to say. Handing the despatch to an officer who would ride swiftly to General Washington, he put aside his pen.

CHAPTER X

The storming of Stony Point might have been expected to be the sign under which the American spirit of the first years of the Revolution would be recognized as reborn. On the success of the assault the people from Maine to Georgia and from Philadelphia into the Ohio wilderness congratulated themselves and General Wayne on so brilliant a proof of the country's glory. Wayne himself, counting ninety-eight American casualties—two-thirds of whom had fallen from his own column—and one hundred and thirty-three for the British, spoke to Congress of "the humanity of our brave soldiery, who scorned to take the lives of a vanquished foe when calling for mercy," which reflected "the highest honor on them and accounts for the few of the enemy killed on the occasion." For the rest of Colonel Johnston's garrison, save one man who jumped into the Hudson and swam across to the *Vulture,* were all taken prisoners with their large military stores.

General Wayne complimented the Light Corps, giving "his warmest thanks to the officers and soldiers for their coolness and intrepidity" and for "the perfect execution of orders and the superior gallantry on the occasion" which evidenced the highest honor in the troops engaged. And a few days later, while soldiers and civilians were still exulting over the successful feat that had brought Sir George Collier hastily back from his maraud on the Connecticut coast, Congress had a gold medal struck off for the hero of Stony Point, a medal whereon a large-breasted Mistress America was shown handing

a wreath to a strapping officer with powdered hair and leather boots. And Colonel Fleury and Jack Steward were awarded silver medals, while Captain Gibbons, Lieutenant Knox and Henry Archer, the English volunteer, were brevetted captains.

It was, in fact, the opinion of Congress that General Wayne's assault had been spirited and well conducted and that he had been not only brave and soldierly, but also prudent. General Washington thought likewise. Doctor Benjamin Rush, still a Congressional member, declared that Anthony had established the national character of America; he had taught the British that bravery, humanity, and magnanimity were the national virtues. And General Charles Lee wrote from his Virginia hermitage, "What I am going to say, you will not, I hope, consider as paying court in this hour of your glory; for, as it is at least my present intention to leave this continent, I can have no interest in paying court to any individual. What I shall say, therefore, is dictated by the genuine feelings of my heart. I do most sincerely declare that your assault of Stony Point is not only the most brilliant, in my opinion, throughout the whole course of the war on either side, but that it is the most brilliant I am acquainted with in history; the assault of Schweidnitz by Marshal Laudon I think inferior to it. I wish you, therefore, most sincerely, joy of the laurels you have deservedly acquired, and that you may long live to wear them."

In short, everybody (excepting Colonel Return J. Meigs and Major Hull, who thought that the general's wounded skull was no excuse for his not having mentioned their names in the first instead of the second dispatch to Congress) was exultant. Washington's army was unimpaired by any recent loss from the enemy. The Light Corps, assembled at considerable trouble and ex-

pense, had shown their value in a small offensive and their success had made them look ardently toward more action against the British. Yet that assault on Stony Point was more like a delayed climax than a new beginning.

For six months afterward Wayne continued as the head of the chosen Light Corps, treated daily to the exasperating sight of nearly fourteen hundred picked and well-officered soldiers uselessly encamped along the Hudson. Fort Montgomery, where he had quartered, was a caitiff place and he would be damned glad to get away from it. Meanwhile part of the British under Sir Henry Clinton remained in New York, giving the same old plays that they had shown in Philadelphia, while other regiments ravaged South Carolina and Georgia. Benedict Arnold, commanding at the Pennsylvania capital, was in a frenzy over debts, increased responsibility because of his marriage to Miss Peggy Shippen, his gallant style of living and the antagonism of Congress. The value of Continental money was a subject for rueful jests. Most of the American troops were in want and another wretched winter was sweeping down.

Not equipped to meet the British about New York, yet not daring to withdraw from striking distance of where they were billeted, General Washington began to disband the militia in his camp and to detach a few regiments for service in the South. The North Carolina brigade was sent home. Virginia wanted her regiment which had made a part of Wayne's Light Corps. Principally because of winter, partly on account of need of troops below the Potomac, the Corps was broken up, General Washington marched to winter quarters at Morristown and Wayne, without enough men to justify his presence in the new camp, was sent home.

While Wayne fretted through a necessarily idle win-

ter at Paoli the American army cantonment at Morristown became another, though less spectacular and less hopeful, Valley Forge. The Connecticut line, going without pay or rations, was ready for mutiny. General Washington was gloomily writing Congress, "I have almost ceased to hope. The country is in such a state of insensibility and indifference to its interests, that I dare not flatter myself with any change for the better. . . . The present juncture is so interesting that if it does not produce correspondent exertions, it will be a proof that motives of honor, public good, and even self-preservation, have lost their influence on our minds. This is a decisive moment, one of the most, I will go further, and say, *the* most important America has seen." And to Congressman Joseph Jones, he continued, "We can no longer drudge on in the old way. By ill-timing the adoption of measures, by delays in the execution of them, or by unwarrantable jealousies, we incur enormous expenses and derive no benefit from them. One state will comply with a requisition from Congress; another neglects to do it; a third executes it by halves; and all differ, either in the manner, the matter, or so much in point of time, that we are always working up-hill; and, while such a system as the present one, or rather want of one, prevails, we shall ever be unable to apply our strength and resources to any advantage—I see one head gradually changing into thirteen. I see one army branching into thirteen, which instead of looking up to Congress as the supreme, controlling power of the United States, are considering themselves dependent on their respective states."

Wayne stayed on his farm until the latter part of spring, waiting for orders. They did not come until late in May, when General Washington wrote that he would be happy to see the brigadier at camp again and hoped

that he would, without hesitation, resume his command in the Pennsylvania line. Arthur Saint Clair was to remain head of the division. Wayne would be under him. It was the very situation from which he had tried to escape in February of the preceding year when he had asked for leave of absence. He had succeeded then, for the Light Corps had been organized and Stony Point had followed. But now the Light Corps was disbanded. The choice remained: he could lengthen the happy days at Waynesborough with Polly and the children and try to reshape the farm out of its unprofitable maze or he could return to the dispirited Pennsylvania line and be under Arthur Saint Clair. But in spite of that he went.

General Washington had by that time marched the army from Morristown up the west bank of the Hudson near Tappan, where Wayne joined him. Benedict Arnold was farther up the river, stationed at his own request as commandant at West Point. The British infantry were still at New York, while their fleet attempted to blockade the French ships at Newport, R. I. Young Major Andre was also in New York, practising verses and continuing a secret correspondence which he had begun with General Arnold.

July came. Few volunteers were arriving at the American camp: Count de Rochambeau observed that it was impossible to find a recruit "without giving him one hundred hard dollars to engage for six months' service." Those that did appear could not be properly fed. But General Wayne had returned and was observing the droves of cattle and the good forage which lay south of Tappan between the Hackensack and the Hudson. They were within country controlled by the enemy, for the British had a blockhouse in rear of Bergen Heights and a strong force on the Hudson. But that, as Wayne considered it,

not only gave increased interest to bringing the cattle back to camp, it also opened a way for an ambitious skirmish.

For the 6th and 7th Pennsylvania Regiments lay in quiet ambush near Fort Lee. Fort Lee was on the Hudson and almost directly east of Bergen Heights. And it was Wayne's intention while gathering in the cattle to attack the blockhouse with noise enough to draw the British off their ships and lure them from Fort Lee toward Bergen, meeting them on their hilly route with the bayonets of the two Pennsylvania regiments.

The skirmish was planned for July 20. On that morning, with Light Horse Harry Lee and Colonel Irvine, Wayne set out in charge of several regiments of Pennsylvanians. The main part of the force waited between Fort Lee and Bergen, while Wayne went on toward the blockhouse, under cover of which a number of Loyalists were cutting wood for the New York garrison.

When near the post that was to be attacked Wayne and Lee left the marching column and began to corral several herds of cattle, so that some benefit from the expedition would be assured. William Irvine and Colonel Proctor with a number of small field-pieces went forward to the blockhouse and began the assault. But the seventy Tory refugees opened a vigorous fire which Proctor's cannon failed to quench. And soon the engagement was changed from its original object and became a dogged fight, in the heat of which each party tried to exterminate the other. Nor would the British riding at anchor on the Hudson be drawn off their ships by the roar and clatter. Meanwhile the Pennsylvanians not only failed to make an entrance into the blockhouse, but lost sixty-four men in killed and wounded, as against twenty-one of the Tory refugees.

Wayne and Irvine were headed with the cattle and forage back to the American camp when William Irvine, who had at last withdrawn from the now pointless attack, appeared behind him with his regiments. The stratagem had been a failure that had its mortifying aspect. For while the live stock was more than acceptable to a hungry army it made a ludicrous sight for them to be escorted along the road by nearly two thousand soldiers, two generals, a host of colonels and aides and a number of field-pieces.

The assault on the blockhouse was called by General Washington a case of intemperate valor. Amusement was to be got out of the whole affair, though the Americans, particularly those who took part in it, were unable to see where it lay. But in New York at number one Broadway, where the British had their headquarters, there was a young man who could not only appreciate the humor of the situation, he could also make it apparent to others. He was John Andre, adjutant-general of Sir Henry Clinton's army, and he used his turn for making verses. Modelling his material on Chevy-Chase, he wrote a satire which he called the "Cow-Chace, in Three Cantos, Published on Occasion of the Rebel General Wayne's Attack of the Refugee's Block-House on Hudson's River." Though many of the lines won't scan and a number of the rhymes are roughly forced, the piece in general is a sprightly one and tells the obvious aspect of the story with some embroidering.

But there was more than satire and more than unsuccessful stratagem to be contended against in the American camp that summer and fall. With Arthur Saint Clair commanding the Pennsylvania line there were political appointments in the division which destroyed its spirit, the worst that could happen to men proud in belligerence.

William MacPherson was made a major, and though the bulk of the officers with whom he would serve protested, Congress sanctioned the appointment. It was not the only case of undeserved promotion at the time. Jealous of what they themselves had earned with their swords, the field officers began to write out their resignations rather than serve beside MacPherson. And Wayne and Irvine had to appeal to them:

"For God's sake be yourselves and as a band of Brothers rise superior to every Injury, whether real or imaginary, at least for this campaign, which probably will produce a conviction to the world that America owes her freedom to the temporary sacrifices you now make.

"You will also reflect that this favor is solicited by men who would bleed to Death, drop by drop, to defend your honor."

So the days went on. And never had American independence seemed less hopeful. Hungry, without proper equipment, unpaid and with their period of three-year enlistment to expire the first of the new year, the Pennsylvania line had met the British but once during all the campaign months and then the result was fit for ridicule. Since then the British in New York and the Americans along the Hudson lay like two weary, impotent monsters that could only consume the forage from the surrounding land. How different from the good weather of '77, '78, '79. Then there had been the Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth, Stony Point. Now there was nothing, no dignity, no movement, no hope.

Those days were the most dispiriting Wayne had known. It was as if all the soldiers who had dropped beside him, all the farms which the British and Hessians had ravaged were to have been destroyed for no purpose; as if the earlier gestures of indignation and revolt had

been a forgotten scrawl on sand which this later inanition had covered like the sea. The people and soldiers were weary of war and precarious independence. Wayne, thinking once again of what might happen to him in case the British won, felt that it was not in the power of an enemy to subjugate a mind determined to be free. While he had his sword he would have no master; what would become of the country no man could tell, but most of the patriots greatly feared its loss.

General Washington was gloomier than ever before. He was, he had said, "reduced to the painful alternative, either of dismissing a part of the militia now assembling, or of letting them come forward to starve; which it will be extremely difficult for the troops already in the field to avoid." Nathanael Greene, who had been acting quartermaster-general in addition to his command of a line division, was suspended from his post and threatened with dismissal from the service because of trouble with Congress over a new plan for reorganization of the quartermaster department. And Benedict Arnold, it soon was to be known, was offering West Point, his country's strongest citadel, to the British.

Nothing, it seemed that fall in the American camp along the Hudson, could ever go well again. And when one day in late September John Andre was being marched up to West Point under guard, when his papers which showed the strength and disposition of that stronghold were taken to General Washington, and it was known that Benedict Arnold who had made them had fled aboard the British war-sloop *Vulture,* it added only consternation to the feelings of the camp.

Washington was near West Point when the treacherous treason was made known to him. With Lafayette, Henry Knox, and his aides, he had gone up on a visit of

inspection and had reached Arnold's house, where Alexander Hamilton, who had arrived there earlier in the day, was excitedly pacing back and forth while he gripped a bundle of papers with both hands. They were those that had been taken with Andre and sent on to the commander-in-chief. The two men went into a room and when they reappeared Washington said to Knox and Lafayette, "Arnold is a traitor and has fled to the British. Whom can we trust now?"

Meanwhile the stronghold's garrison was widely scattered; night would have come within a few hours and it was possible that the British might be preparing an attack. Subduing his rage, Washington sent men riding to Verplanck's Point in a useless attempt to overtake Arnold; wrote a message for Andre to be brought up at once; sat down to dinner with his staff and sent an aide to tell Peggy Shippen Arnold, as soon as word was brought that the *Vulture* had sailed with the traitor aboard, that though "his duty required no means should be neglected to arrest General Arnold, I have great pleasure in acquainting her that he is now safe on board a British vessel of war."

Sixteen miles down the river Anthony Wayne was encamped at Tappan with the Pennsylvania line. Washington sent for him, but not until after darkness, for the messenger did not reach Wayne's tent until one o'clock in the morning. The note he received was startling and peremptory. There had been treason. West Point was endangered. Giving orders while he drew on his lambskin breeches and blue coat he heard the drums rolling before he was out of his tent. Men were soon emerging from the darkness, shuffling half-dressed into line, muttering and banging their musket butts on the stones. Wayne bawled for silence and informed them where they were

going and why. The Pennsylvania line listened indignantly. They ceased muttering. Stuffing a day's cold rations in their packs, they formed a column and began to march north. At a stride of four miles to the hour over rough, narrow paths through the darkest night, they had defiled by dawn through the path that led upward from the Haverstraw landing. They halted once, then without a single straggler appeared before General Washington.

Washington's night had been an anxious one. When he heard that Wayne had come he could scarcely believe it. But then his sleepless eyes saw the Pennsylvania line swinging forward and his tension loosened. Now that they were actually here he could go to bed. "All is safe," he exclaimed with relief and added, "and I again am happy."

Given temporary command of the post which Arnold's treason had so imperiled, Wayne waited for the British to come. He would not, he said, wait for them to storm the stone walls, but would dispute the approaches inch by inch and at the point of the bayonet—decide the fate of the day in the gorge and the defiles. Then the knowledge that he had found between Germantown and Valley Forge came to him again and he thought, "It is not in our power to command success, but it is in our power to produce a conviction to the world that we deserve it."

Meanwhile Major Andre, in white-topped boots, a purple coat with gold lace and a small, tarnished beaver on his head, had been brought to West Point to be examined and Washington had ordered every general officer present with the army to be a part of it. By this time Nathanael Greene, Lord Stirling, Arthur Saint Clair, Robert Howe, von Steuben, Parsons, George Clinton, Henry Knox, Glover, Patterson, Edward Hand, Huntington, John Stark, and Lafayette were all gathered

there. To Wayne and Irvine, guarding the approach below, those officers were enough and it was better that they remain away. Only a few weeks before both men had been subjects for Andre's amusing ridicule; for them to be among the jury that condemned him would be too much, for that he would be found guilty and hung as a spy there could be little doubt.

John Andre was hanged on October 2. Ten days later Nathanael Greene relieved the Pennsylvanians with three line divisions and Wayne followed General Washington into New Jersey with the bulk of the army. For almost eighteen months now the Pennsylvania line had been moving, under the nominal command of Arthur Saint Clair who never seemed to be at hand for active moments, about through New York and New Jersey, often hoping for an engagement with the British, always disappointed. The men as a body had enlisted in January, 1777, for a three-year period and by the time they reached their winter quarters at Morristown there were speculations in the ranks as to whether they would be discharged on the first of the new year. Hopeful ones, who could not see the value of their remaining together when there was no enemy at hand, felt that they would be free to go home within a few months. Others, more distrustful of government and disillusioned by a Congress which scarcely ever paid them and gave them dollars not worth a dime when it did, were certain that the authorities would attempt to keep them as soldiers until England had acknowledged the independence of the United States, which seemed a long way distant. Thus the time of discharge, ever of the liveliest interest to all manner of soldiers, became the chief topic in the ranks during the late fall and winter months while they drilled or sat idly in their little, smoky huts on the slope of Morristown.

A few days after Wayne arrived in camp with the

Pennsylvania line, he wrote to Joseph Reed, then President of the State Assembly, for blankets and heavier clothing to last the winter. As for coats, he said, he could do without a new supply, for the tails of the old ones could be cut off and the material used to patch the ragged elbows. But would President Reed please send him needle and thread?

No needle and thread came. This seemed strange, for Philadelphia was not far distant. Wayne wrote again and warned President Reed that "every day adds to our distress and renders an immediate supply of these articles indispensably necessary." Whence he continued to explain that the line could do with little, that he had successfully ordered the regimental tailors to collect all the worn-out and heterogeneous hats and make infantry caps of them which looked tolerably well. Now, with needle and thread he would be enabled to do likewise with the overcoats. They would be then more serviceable for fall and spring than winter even after they had been cut and repaired, "but without something done in this way we shall be naked within the course of two or three weeks; nor will this expedient answer longer than Christmas. For God's sake use every possible means to procure clothing for both officers and men by that time at farthest."

Still the simple housewife kits did not arrive. Joseph Reed merely answered that he was greatly concerned and that orders for the needles and thread would be given. But after another week had passed and Wayne had again written to expostulate: "We never stood upon such perilous ground as at present," President Reed replied that "money matters lay entirely with the Assembly" and that "many new members have come into the house with expectations to lower taxes, not to increase them." Thus, no needles and thread.

By that time most of the trees on the Morristown slope were bare, the Jersey hills were appearing desolate and cold winds were whipping through the chinks of the soldiers' log huts. The men were more ragged than ever, rations were growing scantier and some of the men had not been paid a dollar for more than a year, not even one made out of paper. Their linen overalls were not proof against winter weather during the day nor was one blanket to every three men sufficient for the night. And to sharpen their discouragement the British were sending propaganda among them, offering them bounties to desert. William Bawser, a former soldier in the service of his Majesty and now a sergeant in the Pennsylvania line, gave it as his opinion that something ought to be done about it before the soldiers starved to death or froze.

Meanwhile it was Wayne that kept the Pennsylvania regiments busy, himself and his officers often working beside the men, helping them to make their cabins warmer and to strengthen the redoubts that covered the camp. Such action, he believed, convinced the soldiers that their officers shared their misfortune and prevented them from grumbling on parade.

But by the middle of December the condition of the Pennsylvania line was even worse than before—and without hope of remedy. On Christmas day the troops sat down to rations of dry bread and beef with nothing to drink but cold water. For the treasury, Joseph Reed had written, was exhausted and it would be difficult thenceforth to keep up the supply of stores.

Those few last days of the old year crawled by and it became apparent to the men that the time for their discharge from service was not to be respected. With grievances so numerous that their heads were filled to ringing they began to talk earnestly of mutiny. Their

sergeants and corporals with them, they would form into orderly ranks and march out of camp, fighting their way free if necessary and beginning New Year's day of 1781 as independent Americans. Congress would hear from them, they promised one another. Maybe, they debated angrily, they would march directly on Philadelphia and let old Joe Reed and the other legislators know what the Pennsylvania line thought of them and their crookedness.

The morning of the new year came. On that day Anthony Wayne, despite four scars from British bullets, reached his thirty-sixth year. But with times so uncertain there was little impulse to celebrate. An extra effort made by the commissary produced a ration of rum for all enlisted men, which was as usual. But they drank gloomily, their minds fixed on the plan to assemble and leave camp before dusk.

Wayne waited with sober anxiety throughout the day. He was in his quarters when, toward nightfall, the men of three of the regiments began to fall into ranks under arms and with their tattered equipment. Sergeants instead of commissioned officers were standing in front of them giving commands. The time had come and anything might happen. It was possible that the determined line might desert in a body to the British, that they would plunder the country on their march, that they might even attack Philadelphia. And meanwhile Sir Henry Clinton might make capital of the occasion. Wayne hurried out to them, commanded attention and began to talk.

Stubbornly several men shouted that there was no use for him to say anything. The day had come for them to take hold of their own affairs.

Wayne jerked out his long pistols and cocked them both.

Determined beyond all threats, yet in a kind of panic at what they were about to do, several squads stepped

forward with out-thrust bayonets and one of their noncoms shouted: "We love you, we respect you, but you're a dead man if you fire. Do not mistake us; we are not going to the enemy. If they were to come out you would see us fight under your orders with as much resolution and alacrity as ever."

The mutiny was not to be stopped. But as a final threat Wayne paraded the three regiments which had kept to their quarters. But not intimidated, the insurgents fired as they appeared; a captain was killed and several other officers wounded. The fire, at first half-heartedly returned, grew completely still as the mutineers jeered at their comrades for trying to prevent them from doing what they were afraid to do themselves. There was a slow merging on the parade ground and then the six regiments, taking the field-pieces, marched away through the evening.

Wayne stood by, but not idly. By the time the Pennsylvania line had wound out of camp he had sent a messenger to General Washington with the news of the uprising, two officers to Philadelphia to warn Congress and had broken open the commissary for food that he had already ordered to be hauled after the mutineers. Then struggling between sympathy and outraged feeling, between the lost, bewildered sensation of a man betrayed and the cool smoothness of a man of action, he took Dicky Butler and Walter Stewart and with them set out to overtake the belligerent runaways.

Wayne came upon them two days later at Middlebrook. They were swinging along under the command of Sergeant-Major William Bawser who had long before deserted from the British army. And at the head of each ragged regiment strode a duty sergeant whom the men had selected to guide them and speak for them.

As General Wayne reined up the column halted. Knowing that they had gone beyond all other commands than their own, he asked for a conference between himself and the sergeants. Uneasy at first, the men agreed. General Wayne, Colonel Butler, and Colonel Walter Stewart, those men, the mutineers were aware, had always fought for the interests of the Pennsylvania line. Never once had they betrayed the troops. That was true. They listened to General Wayne saying that if they gave up the mutiny their wrongs would be righted as far as could be done.

But though the sergeants hearkened willingly, the men were determined to right their grievances with their own hands. General Wayne, Colonel Butler, and Colonel Stewart could remain with them if they liked, but the men themselves, they wanted it understood, would permit no other officers but the three to come among them.

The officers followed the column to Princeton, popular but without direct authority. By that time Wayne had received Washington's answer to his message. It did no more than to sanction his own behavior during the dangerous situation. As opposition to the men had not been successful at first, wrote the commander-in-chief, it could not be "effectual while the men remained together, but will keep alive resentment and may tempt them to turn about and go in a body to the enemy who, by their emissaries, will use every argument and means in their power to persuade them that it is their only asylum; which, if they find their passage stopped at the Delaware, and hear that the Jersey militia are collecting in their rear, they may think but too probable." His Excellency would therefore recommend to General Wayne that he cross the Delaware with them, draw from them what they conceived to be their principal grievances and promise faith-

fully to represent to Congress and to the State the substance of them and endeavor to obtain redress. In short, Washington's reply told Wayne nothing he had not known before.

But the men were slow to cross the Delaware—which would have taken them farther from possible British influence—and before they had gone to the other side Major-General Arthur Saint Clair, their commandant, the Marquis Lafayette, and Colonel Henry Laurens appeared for the purpose of waking them to the seriousness of their fault. These latter three, doubtless after some grumbling, were allowed to enter camp, but almost at once were ordered to leave again, which they did with what appears to have been some loss of dignity.

Meanwhile the mutineers were ready to set forth toward Philadelphia, where they would have gone but for a letter from Joseph Reed which was handed to General Wayne. Reed had written to ask General Wayne to meet him four miles south of Princeton and to inform the still insurgent line that he had been on his way to listen to their woes, but that after their treatment of Major-General Saint Clair and the Marquis, Joseph Reed dared not venture any nearer.

On January 6, while the men stood at parade, Wayne read the letter to them. Some were shamefaced to hear that the president of their own state no longer trusted them, but most of them insisted on remaining unbudgingly on their own until they had been paid and officially discharged from the service.

On the following day two men arrived from Sir Henry Clinton. They brought the British general's proposal that the Pennsylvanians come to him and be royally received. But the men who had brought the proclamation were taken to General Wayne who put them under

guard with the assurance that if the mutiny was not satisfactorily ended they would be released. It was cheering proof that there was fidelity in the line despite its demonstration and after Sir Henry's emissaries were jailed Wayne rode down to meet President Reed and persuaded him to face his poorly treated countrymen.

Reassured by Wayne, Reed took an heroic attitude, remarking that he had but one life to lose and his country had first claim on it, then followed the brigadier back to Princeton where he found the troops turned out under the most orderly discipline to receive him. He was in fear as he passed by them, but as none of their movements were anything but pacific he grew calm and after a while addressed them with a proposal which would give them that for which they had mutinied. Those men whose three-year enlistments had expired were to be discharged; they were to receive certificates for back pay at its real value and the clothing of which they stood most in need was to be furnished them.

Those three things, a little rum and a chance to fight were all the Pennsylvania line had ever asked for; and if supplied with the rest they would not have insisted on being discharged, as they later proved when two-thirds of them re-enlisted after a forty-days' furlough. But since they had not been given them they had taken them by force. Because Congress and the Pennsylvania legislature had kept them at Valley Forge without buttons, at Morristown without needles and thread, it had been left for them, those men who had fought so valiantly at the Brandywine, Germantown, and Monmouth, to give their commander who had led them in those battles the final dispiriting blow of those eighteen miserable months since Stony Point.

CHAPTER XI

After the mutiny of the Pennsylvania line the armies of General Washington and Sir Henry Clinton lay supine as before. But in the south was action. Already two American divisions had been destroyed below the Potomac, one under Major-General Benjamin Lincoln who had surrendered at Charleston in the spring of the year before, the other under Major-General Horatio Gates who had lost to Lord Cornwallis at the battle of Camden. Later Nathanael Greene had been ordered sent down; though enemy defeats had followed at Cowpens and Kings Mountain, the British still controlled the Southern States. Now in June of 1781 Cornwallis was leading five thousand troops through Virginia; Lafayette, whom Washington had sent down to engage him, was anxiously watching him while Anthony Wayne, with supplies and wagons long delayed by the commissary, was on his way to join the youthful Marquis.

Skirting down along the Blue Ridge Mountains, Wayne found Lafayette at Fredericksburg, Va. While the men rested the two chief officers talked. It was a relief to know that General Wayne had come. He was greatly needed. For Lord Cornwallis, a dangerous man, lay directly south, his army encamped at Richmond. That stocky little Banastre Tarleton and his flashy cavalry were also there, beating up the banks of the James for forage. Why Cornwallis hadn't attacked before Wayne arrived Lafayette didn't know, but the mystery was a lucky one. Lafayette felt safer now; his force

increased and Wayne at hand, his Lordship might gain a victory but would have to pay for it.

But Lord Cornwallis had gone as far west and north as he meant to go. His supply base was at Williamsburg, toward the sea. Leaving Richmond two days after Wayne joined Lafayette, he marched along the north bank of the James which flowed southeast to Norfolk and Portsmouth.

When Lafayette and Wayne heard Cornwallis had withdrawn both men were impelled to follow after him. That they would be trailing him to the siege of Yorktown neither was aware. It was their object merely to keep close contact and if an opening for attack appeared it would not be obscured from their eager eyes. Rousing the Pennsylvanians from sunny Fredericksburg, they began to march south toward Richmond and along the James.

Several days later as the troops plodded over a dusty road where the tracks of Cornwallis still remained word was brought to Wayne and Lafayette that the British would cross the river at Greenspring and go on to Portsmouth. Wayne gathered his eight hundred Pennsylvanians and, leaving the main body which marched under Lafayette, hastened along the James toward Greenspring where he hoped he might at least cut off the British baggage-train or fall successfully upon the rear-guard as they made the crossing. Lieutenant-Colonel Mercer rode ahead with a scouting party.

Early in the morning of July 6, Mercer and a few scouts rode up to Greenspring Mansion, a great brick house where Sir William Berkeley had lived. Going up toward the outbuildings he saw a negro servant who was carrying a soldier's knapsack. Mercer stopped him with a question. Who was in the big house, some officers?

Kunnel Tarleton, the calv'ry man, was inside, said the servant.

And where was Lord Cornwallis?

Lord Cornwallis? He was down by the Greenspring church.

And the soldiers?

The soldiers were down by the river bank, waiting to go across.

Mercer wheeled his horse and rode back toward Wayne whom he met advancing late that morning. Lafayette was coming on behind.

Whether the British between Greenspring and the James were merely a covering party or nearly all of the five thousand under Cornwallis was not known. Before Mercer's return it had been believed that the bulk of the British had crossed over and were waiting to form and march on Portsmouth. Now that assumption was persisted in. The reason for that, Light Horse Harry Lee was later to suggest, was that Wayne was always disquieted by the chance of losing a battle and preferred to accept what he wished to be true. Whatever the cause of his going forward, Wayne must have felt that to meet the enemy in a skirmish so soon after coming into Virginia and after so many inactive months in the north would be agreeable. He went forward with his eight hundred Pennsylvanians.

The white columns of Greenspring Mansion fronted a long marsh that was nearly a quarter of a mile wide. On the other side of the marsh ran the road to Williamsburg on which Cornwallis marched. To reach the road, which it was necessary for Wayne to do, was possible only by crossing a corduroy stretch that Sir William Berkeley had built some time before. That causeway, a ridge of dirt and crosswise logs, made a narrow path on

which there could be little turning. Beyond, the James River flowed, hidden by clumps of trees.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when Wayne arrived in front of Greenspring. With a patrol of dragoons under Mercer in front of him and also a small rifle corps, he began to make the crossing. Lafayette remained in rear with the main body.

Reaching the end of the corduroy road, Wayne turned left in the direction of Williamsburg. His men, in their sweaty linen overalls and light coats, had marched about a mile and a half and the rifle corps had drawn back to his flanks when the dragoons riding ahead discovered the British. They drew a scattered fire and retreated. Then the rifle corps joined on the road and trailed forward through the dust. They came within sight of the British camp and swiftly attacked the pickets who turned and ran back upon their own cavalry which stood in an open field about three hundred yards in rear.

At the firing Wayne had marched the advance into a wood close by and to the left. He stood motionless. Watching keenly, he saw the rifle corps gain lodgment in a ditch behind a rail-fence which would protect them from Tarleton's cavalry. Their muskets were clattering spiritedly. Wayne sent two battalions of infantry forward to help maintain the rifle corps' position. Now the British foot troops were seen on the flank of Tarleton's cavalry. Wayne had a couple of field-pieces rolled up to the ditch to cut swaths in the enemy ranks. Smoke from American gun barrels rose in languid wisps over the clearing beyond the rail-fence and merged with the gray of twilight.

Then the harassed British turned. Under Lieutenant-Colonel Yorke a line of them came forward with three cannon dragging in their rear. And the American skir-

mishers behind the rail-fence dropped back, losing a number of men from the first fusillade. Colonel Mercer, extricating himself from the saddle of the horse which had just been killed under him, mounted another and led his troops back toward where Wayne waited at the edge of the wood.

Meanwhile Lord Cornwallis had been waiting for some such position of the American troops. The impetuous character of Wayne was a by-word and to be taken advantage of if possible. The eagerness of Lafayette for distinguished victory was likewise known. And anticipating an attack, Lord Cornwallis, instead of crossing the James that morning, had held his troops encamped on the north bank, compact and ready to charge as soon as his rear-guard drew the skirmishers into his main body. For they could not retreat except over the narrow causeway through the marsh. That time now had come. In two heavy columns, Yorke leading the right and Colonel Dundas the left, Cornwallis began his quick advance. Himself in front and the marsh in rear, it was almost time to start counting rebel prisoners.

During the earlier skirmishing Lafayette had ridden across the causeway with a few troops, had stopped and had gone alone down to the river on his right. There from a point of land that extended out from shore he could see British boats lying in the James and British troops massed in an open field. Obviously Lord Cornwallis was there in strength and waiting for Lafayette and Wayne to attack. Sending word to the brigadier, Lafayette warned him to fall back.

The messenger broke through the wood and came up to Wayne. So Lord Cornwallis had turned around full strength! That was regretable. Wayne would have to retreat. But he would do it in his own fashion. And

in the meantime, though Dundas sidled in from the right and Yorke from the left, there was no reason to be alarmed. He glanced up and down the line that stood at the fringe of the wood, then ordered them out into the open ground. There they were to stand with silent muskets, he told them, until the British were close as seventy paces. Wheeling his horse, he drew up at front and centre of his men and sat watching the enemy come on.

The enemy came on, manœuvred to a halt and raised their muskets which clattered furiously. The plume which made a crest for the General's infantry cap fell aside and tumbled slowly to the ground. Young Ensign Denny, who had joined the corps that year, looked from the front rank where he stood, his eyes moving toward the General's face. Wayne, regarding first the plume and then the enemy, seemed amused.

Then Pennsylvania musketry blazed into the gray evening. "Forward . . . Charge . . . Bayonets!" The eight hundred men of the Pennsylvania line jerked up their pieces and began to jog over the ground toward the British.

Lord Cornwallis was surprised. He could not tell what was happening, but it seemed likely that Lafayette's entire detachment was close at hand. In that case Dundas and Yorke should not be so widely separated. Cornwallis drew back both his wings to mould them into a formation better fitted to withstand a force of more equal size.

That manœuvre gave Wayne the time he needed. Though his right and left were almost wholly enveloped, he began to step back in good order, going for half a mile to the second line which had waited in the rear. The June shadows were merging into darkness as the

Americans marched in column across the treacherous causeway while the puzzled Cornwallis still paused, his purposeful and crushing blow now hanging over thin air.

Pitching camp six miles in rear of Greenspring, the Marquis Lafayette was as pleased that night as if he had won a famous victory. Wayne's use of his eight hundred Pennsylvanians when they were nearly surrounded, when a safe retreat seemed impossible, had amazed and delighted him. Here was a man who, being able neither to hold his ground nor fall back, had saved himself by driving into the enemy with his bayonets! General Washington would have to be told about that; and Nathanael Greene, who commanded the southern department. Himself and Brigadier-General Wayne, the young marquis thought, would now keep the offensive against Earl Cornwallis and harry him every step of the way to Portsmouth.

The British crossed over the James and Wayne followed after them. But from the beginning there was no opportunity of further skirmishing. Wayne's wagon-train was a heavy one but even though he had stripped his men to knapsack and cartridge-box he would have been unable to meet the enemy, for there was always Banastre Tarleton with his mounted infantry in front of Wayne. With men on foot against men on horseback Wayne could not have overtaken the rear-guard unless, as Light Horse Harry Lee later remarked: "Lieutenant-Colonel Tarleton had improvidently thrown himself in his lap."

Wayne rode on down the river after Lord Cornwallis. Passing great, silent houses set back among the trees, burned cornfields and straggling furrows where rich crops of tobacco had recently grown, he went on through

the hot July days toward Portsmouth. A letter came from Nathanael Greene. The Marquis, Greene informed him, gave General Wayne great glory for his late conduct; "but," Nathanael warned him, "be a little careful and tread softly; for, depend upon it, you have a modern Hannibal to deal with in the person of Lord Cornwallis." Greene, he knew, wanted him down in South Carolina and tried to entice him with—"O that I had had you with me a few days ago, your glory and the public good might have been greatly advanced." Earlier, he had been supposed to go, but General Washington had shunted him off into Virginia to act with Lafayette. But it would have been good to join Nathanael Greene. Some weeks before, when Cornwallis was farther south, one of Lee's pets had brought him a note from Greene who said he hoped they soon would meet and in meeting take opportunity to give the noble Earl a southern breakfast. But Cornwallis was in Virginia now and Wayne was on his heels. And while Lafayette's name was not to be spoken with that of Nathanael Greene, he was likeable enough for a boy general who owed his rank to the French Alliance, his worship of Washington and his engaging manners.

Cornwallis moving to the sea selected York and Gloucester for his army and began at once to fortify these posts. Wayne on one side, Lafayette on the other, marched slowly toward him. When Cornwallis stopped his followers stopped, for there was no chance to strike him, particularly after he had concentrated his army about the York River bluffs and was using Tarleton's swift cavalry to control the ground before him. The hot August days passed by and there was nothing, it seemed, for Wayne and Lafayette to do.

For Lord Cornwallis failed to attack. And while he waited Wayne thought facetiously that the reason his

Lordship remained inactive at York was because he was awaiting the arrival of John Murray, alias Earl Dunmore, who, Wayne satirically suggested to William Irvine, "had been ordered out by Lord G. Germaine to restore peace and order in the *subjugated* Colony of *Virginia,* of which State he is their titulary governor."

But then one day toward the latter part of the month an express came to Layayette's headquarters with a message from General Washington. The Count de Grasse, wrote his Excellency, was bringing his whole fleet, the troops of the Marquis Saint-Simon, siege guns, field-pieces and mortars—all toward the Chesapeake capes. Washington was to bring his own army south. General Heath was to stand before New York, where Sir Henry Clinton still sat idly. And while Clinton waited, unsuspecting Cornwallis was to be attacked by land and sea, besieged until he was compelled to surrender. Meanwhile it was the business of Lafayette and Wayne to hold the British at York and Gloucester, fighting them back if they attempted moving toward the south.

Lafayette sent word to Wayne, who had his quarters in the Byrd mansion on the James. It was a matter of deepest secrecy and great importance, the Marquis said; and would General Wayne please come to him so that they could settle their plan of operations and name the place where they should form a junction with their respective troops? The express was waiting to guide him over the ten miles to Lafayette's camp.

Wayne made ready to go. Shaved and powdered, doubtless wearing his cocked hat and dress sword, he went down through the hall of the great brick mansion, bowed his good-night to Mrs. Byrd and joined two officers and a servant who were waiting with his horse near the door. So at last, he would have been thinking, more than two years after Stony Point, another campaign was

offered: two years of level dulness in the north peaked by a foray fit for ridicule, two mutinies and Arnold's treason. And Wayne, now with his troops posted at Westover, where he was to attempt to stop Cornwallis if he endeavored to move southward, again was happy. For there was, he thought, the greatest certainty of shortly obliging Lord Cornwallis and all his army to surrender as prisoners of war.

It was about eight o'clock on the evening of September 2 when Wayne set out from Westover and nearly two hours later when the horses of his small party carried him into the neighborhood of Lafayette's encampment. Out of the darkness came a picket's challenge. The voice sounded scared and quavering.

Wayne answered with the countersign and prepared to ride on. Lafayette would be sitting in his billet by candle light and a servant would be standing ready to open a bottle for the visiting general. A pleasant, engrossing evening was at hand.

But the frightened sentry had Lord Cornwallis, Tarleton and British raiders in his mind. They made a panic of his feelings which had not been calmed by Wayne's reply to his challenge. Lifting his musket in the night, he pointed the muzzle in the direction from which the voice had come. He fired.

Wayne saw a streak of red and felt his left leg burning dully. A pain sped like an electric shock from his thigh to his foot. He gritted his teeth and swayed a little in the saddle. Meanwhile the whole advance-guard was in a hubbub and he had to shout and plead to save himself from being riddled. Finally he got into Lafayette's quarters, doubtless swearing no end, for to be shot by one's own sentry made a caitiff wound which, with momentous days ahead, was hard to bear.

Earlier in the day he had pointed out Burwell's Ferry

as the landing-place for three thousand French troops. It was his last military act for ten days. Meanwhile he lay in bed, perplexed at the intense pain in his left foot. The ball had entered his thigh, grazing the bone and lodging back of it, his surgeon told him. Yet the agony was concentrated in his foot. Damn. Damn. Damn. General Washington would soon be landing at Williamsburg with his two thousand men and the harbor below York and Gloucester would be jammed with French warships. Interim he was sprawled out on a bed. It was infuriating; and ordering pen and paper he burst out to Dick Peters:

"Your damned commissary of military plays false. He has put too little powder in the musket cartridges. . . . If the damned cartridge had a sufficiency of powder the ball would have gone quite through in place of lodging."

He would also have to write to Polly, so that she would know how it had happened and that it wasn't dangerous. Rumor travelled so and grew so monstrous. That night at Paoli she had thought he was killed. He would have to tell her that he was nearly recovered—and the news of his glorious certainty that Cornwallis would soon have to surrender, that the French were the finest body of troops he had ever seen and that harmony and friendship pervaded the officers of both countries. That ought to make her somewhat cheerful.

He would also have to get up. No man could stay in bed with Williamsburg crowded with troops and so many warships in the harbor back of Cornwallis. And twelve days after his wound, apparently with the slug of lead still inside him, he limped out of his room, into a carriage and rode to attend the supper of the commander-in-chief. Guns had boomed out a salute all day and now at night he and Dicky Butler sat at table with General Washington, the Count de Grasse, Rochambeau, Lafayette, who had

the ague and ate very little, Major-General Benjamin Lincoln and a host of other allied officers. And afterward Dicky Butler spoke of what an elegant entertainment it had been, his Irish face beaming because all the "great personages and officers supped together in the utmost harmony and happiness."

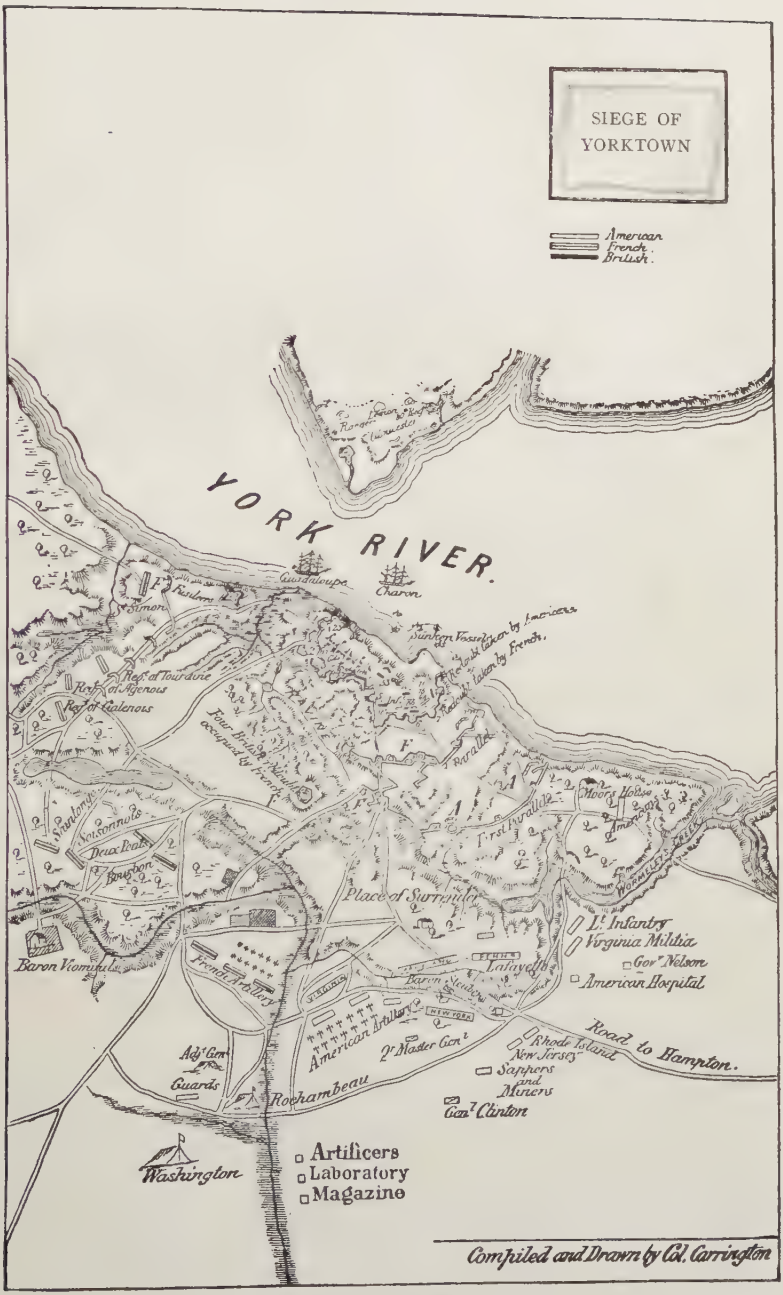
The plans for the siege were continued. Even before Washington arrived the French ships under the Count de Grasse had forced Admiral Graves to leave the neighborhood of Yorktown and had been joined by the squadron of De Barras and the convoy which it guarded. Now the French fleet blocked the sea and on the ground about Williamsburg the allied troops and guns were being massed. Meanwhile Lord Cornwallis drew his army close and worked night and day fortifying Yorktown to withstand the siege. From New York Sir Henry Clinton had promised him that by October 5 "above five thousand men, rank and file, shall be embarked on board the king's ships, and the joint exertions of the navy and army made in a few days to relieve you, and afterward co-operate with you," and that the fleet would consist of "twenty-three sail of the line, three of which are three-deckers."

That letter was received by Lord Cornwallis on the evening of September 28. At dawn of the same day the Americans and French, under the supervision of General Washington, were formed in long columns at Williamsburg and marched within two miles of Yorktown where they encamped at four o'clock in the afternoon. Thus with the Allies moving nearer and with Sir Henry's assurance that he soon would start, Cornwallis withdrew from his outer fortifications and prepared to hold his last position with little loss of men until help arrived. Then, he believed, there would be a general engagement, but not until then.

Cornwallis gave up his outer fortifications in the night; the next day detachments of allied light infantry moved into them, using the abandoned positions to protect the pioneers who were making a breastwork in a half-circle that completely covered Yorktown by land from the west. With more than twelve thousand Allied troops in front of him and the hostilely guarded sea at his back, Cornwallis now had less than two miles of ground from which to draw his supplies and forage. More than ever he could assure Sir Henry, as he had written him on receiving his promise of aid, "that there is but one wish throughout the army, which is that the enemy would advance."

The enemy would advance, but not quickly enough to please Cornwallis. Until October 6 there were only the lightest encounters between the two forces. Limping about in the front line's right, which was held by the Americans, Wayne had observed that only two men had been killed on October 2, four from a drop-shot on the 3d, none on the 4th, two from ricochet bullets on the 5th. But on the next day six regiments, one drawn from the right of each brigade, were marched forward under the command of Benjamin Lincoln, George Clinton and Wayne. It was they, with the French moving up on the left, that opened the first parallel, a trench with earthworks five hundred and fifty yards from the enemy lines. Moving forward a little before sundown, their muskets slung and picks and shovels in their hands, the men worked quietly throughout the night. When dawn came a ridge of fresh dirt curved within a quarter of a mile of the British works.

The British saw the new and menacing position, but though it was as yet unfinished they made little effort to dislodge the Americans or French. A scattered fire from their muskets wounded a few of Rochambeau's soldiers


SIEGE OF YORKTOWN
American
French
British.
YORK RIVER.
Guadaloupe
Charon
Simon
Reidem
Reg.t of Touraine
Reg.t of Agenois
Reg.t of Galenois
Shirley
Soissonnois
Deux Ponts
Bourbon
Baron Viomenil
French Artillery
Place of Surrender
First parallel
Second parallel
Horse House
Lt Infantry
Virginia Militia
Gov.r Nelson
American Hospital
Lafayette
Baron Steuben
American Artillery
2.d Master Gen.l
Rhode Island
New Jersey
Sappers and Miners
Gen.l Clinton
Road to Hampton.
Adj.t Gen.l
Guards
Rochambeau
Washington
Artificers
Laboratory
Magazine
Compiled and Drawn by Gl. Carrington

and one officer lost his leg. Their artillery, Wayne thought, was feeble.

On the next day it was the same—the parallel was completed with only two men killed: they were of Wayne's Pennsylvanians and died from ricochet shots. Meanwhile the Allies had hauled their heavy cannon from Williamsburg and were placing it close to the front line. And before dawn of October 9 there were twenty-two guns behind the French and three batteries with about nineteen guns behind the Americans. Cornwallis, about to be bombarded, looked anxiously to the sea for the promised sight of Sir Henry Clinton's war-ships and transports. Excepting on his own few vessels, including the *Caron,* only French flags were to be seen drooping from the rigging of the ships that hemmed the harbor.

The morning and early afternoon of October 9 passed quietly, but at three o'clock the French opened a twelve-gun battery and two hours later ten American guns smashed into Yorktown. The enemy guns answered and during the daylight the men in the town and those before it could see black balls criss-crossing through the air, by night, fiery meteors with blazing tails, rising majestically, then falling with a whirling movement and bursting with terrific sound.

At daybreak of October 10 the French and Americans began to bombard the middle of Yorktown with twenty-seven guns and at five o'clock that afternoon two ten-inch American howitzers were added. Wayne, near the front line, found the noise of the Allied batteries so great that answering fire from the enemy could scarcely be heard. And as the sun went down behind the American lines he could see one of the British ships in Yorktown harbor—the *Caron,* of forty-four guns—grow bright with flames running over her sails and masts and sides. The blaze

had come from red-hot cannon-balls and as darkness gathered the sky became a blinding red above the water. After a while the great flame died away and all was black again.

It was time to open the second paralled, two hundred yards nearer Yorktown. During the night of the 11th, while the Pennsylvanians and Marylanders gathered their picks and shovels, Wayne led two battalions forward as a covering party and lay quietly down on the shell-torn land. His men, crouching with loaded muskets, could hear the Pennsylvanians and Marylanders digging in behind them. Before dawn they crept back again, not to return until the next night.

Still waiting for Sir Henry Clinton, Cornwallis saw on the morning of October 12 the new front line before him. It was within musket shot, no more than three hundred yards distant. But he was undismayed by that. Even when two of his redoubts, by which his communication with Gloucester was kept open, were attacked in the dark of the fourteenth he continued his policy of saving unnecessary casualties to his troops while waiting for Sir Henry Clinton. Both redoubts fell, one to Frenchmen led by Baron de Viomenil, the other to Lafayette and a detachment of Americans supported by two Pennsylvania battalions led by Wayne. Meanwhile Walter Stewart completed the work of digging the second parallel. The bombardment continued, heavier from the trenches and more hopeless from Yorktown. Sir Henry Clinton might come, but he would come too late.

Cornwallis determined to make a final and violent effort. It was no use waiting longer for Sir Henry. As for attempting to hold out against the Allies that was impossible. Leaving every man except his ablest, and those in light marching order so that they might move swiftly,

Cornwallis decided to escape to Gloucester. He had made his last attempt at Yorktown. Before daybreak of October 16 he had sent Lieutenant-Colonel Abercrombie with three hundred and fifty guardsmen to capture two of the closest Allied redoubts. Abercrombie had stormed and taken them after bitter fighting in which he lost a third of his force. But they had barely spiked the cannon when the Allied support drove them out again, withdrew the spikes and opened the batteries. Now, in desperation, Cornwallis determined to free himself by the only feasible way that remained. Leaving his sick and wounded under Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson, he would cross the river the next night, attack whatever stood in his way, capture every horse he could get hold of and hurry northward from this fatal trap to meet Sir Henry Clinton.

But expedient and bold and possibly successful as was his plan, it was destroyed by a piece of irony from the skies. Early in the night Cornwallis marched the first division of his army to the wharf and made ready to embark them in open boats for Gloucester. Overhead in the blackness was a feeling of restless movement and gathering storm. Under the unseen clouds the British general paused. Beside him his men were nervous and eager. The urge to fight was never stronger in them, for they felt that victory was their right and the incessant cannonading of the last week had been more infuriating than dispiriting. Tarleton, Simcoe, Dundas, Abercrombie and the rest, how they would charge when their backs were no longer to the wall!

But as Cornwallis waited the sea began to grow rough. Waves lashed up out of the dark and sent fine salt spray on scarlet tunics. Overhead the skies seemed to crack, resounding louder than the most heartily exploding guns.

There were fiercely singing winds that swirled the water triumphantly. And when the sun rose up from the east next morning, Cornwallis was still in Yorktown.

Cornwallis, doomed, turned once again to his dismantled positions; piling up his remaining shells to fling them at the slowly approaching allied army. The town was no longer his. At ten o'clock that morning of October 17 Wayne, in the second parallel before Yorktown, distinctly heard the British drums begin to beat the chamade. And at the expectant sound the thoughts of the wounded brigadier turned back toward Waynesborough where, with Polly and the children about him, he hoped to rest his unhealed leg for a little while at least.

CHAPTER XII

From captured Yorktown in November, 1781, Anthony Wayne believed he would return home. His leg was still sore; he was anxious about his farm, which each year since the war began had cost him several hundred pounds; he longed to see Margaretta, who should be having proper instruction in French, music, dancing, and drawing; young Isaac should be started on his Latin; it would be restful to be back with Polly again. Writing a note to his Excellency, he sent a boy with it to headquarters and waited.

His Excellency's answer was a disappointment. He had plans for General Wayne. And while he would grant him leave of absence it would be with reluctance. For Nathanael Greene needed help farther south and still hoped that Brigadier Wayne would join him. Yet if Wayne insisted permission would be given him to return to Pennsylvania.

General Wayne was irritated. That slug of lead in his thigh was painful. He informed his Excellency: "As a friend I tell you that my feelings are hurt. As a soldier I am always ready to submit to difficulties. Your Excellency puts it upon a ground which prevents me from accepting."

So he was to be sent into South Carolina or Georgia, two of the three Southern States that remained under British control. For in North Carolina a strong enemy garrison held Wilmington. In South Carolina, Charleston and the outlying islands still woke to the British drum. And in Georgia Brigadier-General Sir Arnold Clarke

commanded most of the State from Savannah. It was a bushwacking country made up in great part of families who hated the revolutionists and had remained loyal to King George. He objected to being sent down there into the backwash of the war. He wanted to go home. And it was of little consolation that Nathanael Greene had informed him: "For you must know you are the Idle [Idol] of the Legion."

Gathering his Pennsylvanians, Wayne hoisted himself into a carriage and with his left leg resting on the seat across from him, he rode down through Virginia and North Carolina in the direction of Charleston where Lord Rawdon was being besieged by Nathanael Greene. Having left Yorktown early in December, he was with Greene by Christmas, listening to his taller, heavier, ruddier friend talk eagerly of affairs in South Carolina and Georgia. Greene, he discovered, expected him to cross over into Georgia. When he arrived he was to protect the inland section of the State from any raids of General Clarke and also oust the British from their garrisons at Ebenezer and Ogeechee. Moreover, Nathanael said, he should "try, by every means, to soften the malignity and deadly resentment subsisting between Whigs and Tories and to put a stop, as much as possible, to the cruel custom of putting people to death after surrender." Then, too, he should endeavor to persuade the British Loyalists that they had better accept the American government, was also to destroy the alliance between the enemy and the Creeks and finally, Nathanael Greene advised him to watch diligently for a chance to capture Savannah by night.

And yet he was expected to perform these multifarious manœuvres without the Pennsylvania line. For he heard Nathanael say that he wanted Wayne's troops to stay with him in South Carolina. With what soldiers,

then, he might have asked Greene indignantly, was he to face the thirteen hundred British regulars and five hundred armed Tories under Sir Arnold Clarke? Not alone and single-handed, certainly? That would be almost preposterous!

Nathanael, who knew his weakness, soothed him with flattery and the promise of glory. No, Anthony would go into Georgia with three hundred men under Colonel Wade Hampton from Sumpter's Brigade, a hundred cavalrymen out of the remnant of Stephen Moylan's dragoons and several field-pieces. And when he got over the border he would be joined by Colonel James Jackson who commanded about one hundred and seventy Georgia volunteers. Nearly six hundred men; that ought to be enough.

Wayne squirmed. He had no desire to cross into Georgia. But being ordered to go he might as well be on his way at once and get the campaign ended. Leaving his Pennsylvania regiments with General Greene, Wayne marched his small command westward and on January 12 reached Sister's Ferry on the Savannah River.

If ever Wayne doubted—which he sometimes did—he must have paused uneasily that day as his men, swimming their horses through the chill water and paddling themselves over in canoes, crossed to the Georgia bank of the Savannah. For he knew he was going into a State where half the civilians were opposed to American government, where the Indians were numerous and allied with Sir Arnold Clarke and where the number of the enemy under arms was double that of his own. His leg hurt and he wanted to go home. But down the river lay a British garrison at Ebenezer, another to the south and west on the Ogeechee and a still greater one about the Savannah port.

Entering into Georgia, Wayne began his campaign by

marching directly upon Ebenezer. The little force that held the place withdrew before him and on their way down to Sir Arnold Clarke's headquarters burned the ground bare of forage. That was a nuisance, for he would have to draw supplies from the Carolina side. But occupying Ebenezer he began to organize a string of outposts between the Savannah and Ogeechee as the first move in his plan to shut the seaport from the land and to intercept and alienate the trading Indians who travelled to Sir Arnold from the north and west.

Less than a week later Wayne discovered that a large party of Creeks with several wagons of supplies were journeying down the Ogeechee trail toward Savannah. And sending Major John Habersham, Major Francis Moore, and Captain Patt Carr forward with the red lining of their coats turned inside out, the Indians, beguiled by the British color of the cloth, were met and escorted to the American camp where Wayne faced them without disguise and began to disillusion them with regard to the strength of Sir Arnold Clarke. Those bright-jacketed men of Savannah who gave them presents and for whom the Indians fought—let not the Creek chieftains be mistaken about them. For soon they would be going back across the waters where they came from. And the Indians would be left to make peace as best they could with the Americans. The Indians had better give heed while there was time; they had better go back to their tents and cabins, there to hunt for skins and to plant the corn for summer. Then they would be spared the wrath of the Americans. So Wayne spoke to them, turning them around toward their homes again.

Wayne went on, drawing his line of outposts closer to Savannah. During the first five weeks the men under him scarcely undressed a single night, for by February 13 most of the militia had disappeared, some of the regu-

lars had been called away and the one hundred and twenty men that remained were needed constantly for extra duty.

But despite the slenderness of his force Wayne was bringing Georgia toward American control with peace and order once more regained. Writing to Governor Martin, who was up the Savannah at Augusta, he suggested that the State Assembly be summoned to meet at once in Ebenezer (which, he reasoned, would produce a conviction to the courts of Europe that America was in full possession of the government and that the British held but a single post in Georgia) in order to proclaim some kind of pardon to the citizens who had joined the enemy. Freed of the fear of prosecution, many he knew were eager to return, for several had already joined him.

The legislature met and the pardon was proclaimed. Another, designed to entice the Hessians from Sir Arnold Clarke, was less successful. But Governor Martin and the bulk of the Assembly were agreeable men and all of them Whigs. And the Georgia officers, Wayne was discovering, were no less spirited than those of the Pennsylvania line. There was young Lieutenant-Colonel James Jackson who, at fifteen, had come from England a few years before the Revolution and had fought the British in Savannah. There was Major Thomas Posey; he had been with Wayne at Stony Point. Another major, Francis Moore, had a dash and energy that would have endeared him to any commandant. And John Habersham, active as the others, showed a dignity and sense of justice that would make him valuable when the time came to treat with Tories and the enemy. With the legislature friendly and the officers alert, Wayne planned to continue his sharp campaigning until the State was completely liberated.

Later in February Clarke withdrew his Ogeechee gar-

rison; Wayne had moved to within a few miles of Savannah and mounted parties riding out from his camp destroyed the British forage well within sight of Sir Arnold Clarke's garrison, which caused Nathanael Greene to send him word: "How strange to tell! That the enemy are pounded with less than one-third their numbers." Soon afterward he sent out Francis Moore and a small troop west across the Ogeechee toward the Altamaha to watch for Tory parties and Indians. In that section Moore found the people wretched, damned, and disaffected, given to abuses which were incredible and made him lost to every feeling of humanity; yet he stayed on skirmishing while Wayne, as he informed Nathanael Greene, was "bullying the enemy at the line of Savannah with Jackson's little legion and some *crackers,* another species of Tories who have surrendered themselves and joined our arms."

The siege was going well. The British, for all their numbers, refused to leave their works at Savannah. Excepting that one post the State was completely liberated and the theretofore harried legislature in control. But General Wayne was far from happy. Polly had expected him home for Christmas, yet he was farther away than he had been before and camping in marshy fields and forests that stretched from the Savannah to the Ogeechee Rivers. Up in Waynesborough the children were growing out of his recollections, perhaps changing so that he would fail to recognize them. And the farm was running its idle, expensive course. He wrote to Polly with attempted lightness: "Tell my son when he is master of his Latin grammar I will make him a present equal to his sister's when she is mistress of her French." And to Margaretta: "If you have not already begun your French I wish you to request that lady to put you to it,

as soon as possible. . . . Music, dancing, drawing," were the proper accomplishments of a young lady. "Apropos, have you determined to hold your head up?"

Meanwhile his leg was sore and there was trouble in his chest from the unaccustomed climate and marshlands. Governor Martin had kindly bought the army a supply of tobacco to guard them against the malarial weather, but it seemed to be of little aid. He could not help feeling it had been disagreeable of General Washington to grant him leave in a way which made him certain not to accept it. Yet, he also felt, if he had known at that time of the distress of the State he would have come even sooner. The indiscriminate murders of the Whigs by Tories and Tories by Whigs were appalling. They made him sick of war and blood. He felt as if he would like to argue with Laurence Sterne with regard to that author's assertion that "a soldier is of a profession that tends to make bad men worse." For it seemed ill-natured and unjust. As for himself he had come to feel that it would be better to spare twenty of his enemies than kill one.

But that humanitarian attitude was only momentary. On April 12 Major Francis Moore, while looking for a boat in which to cross the Altamaha, was shot to death from the windows of a house in which a number of Indians and Tories were concealed. And a little later when Major Dill, of the British garrison at Savannah, was killed by five of James Jackson's dragoons Wayne felt it had been fair retaliation merely in point of rank, for not in Sir Arnold Clarke's entire force was there a major worth half as much as the gallant Moore.

Though the British would leave Savannah in small skirmishing parties, they refused to come out in force. But one day toward the middle of May the Loyalist traders in the town learned that they were to be visited

by the warrior-hunters of several Creek families who were bringing their winter's store of furs. And Sir Arnold Clarke at once sent out Lieutenant-Colonel Brown with three hundred and fifty infantry covered by a squadron of cavalry to escort them through the dangers of Wayne's outposts. Leaving Savannah on the 19th, Brown went out as far as Ogeechee; but arriving on the following day he discovered no Indians and so prepared to return on the 21st rather than wait to take further risks of an encounter with Wayne.

But General Wayne had already made the discovery. And by five o'clock Thomas Posey's infantry and Colonel White's dragoons had arrived at the plantation of Mrs. William Gibbons, six miles northwest of Savannah. An hour later a messenger from young James Jackson brought word that Colonel Brown had been seen farther south on the great Ogeechee road. With Wayne six miles northwest of Savannah, the enemy about seven miles southwest, a four-mile swamp lay between the two forces; it would soon be dark and there were dangerous morasses in the swamp where a man might slowly mire to his death, moreover if Wayne were to lead his men through it he would be placing his command between Colonel Brown and the British garrison in Savannah. Yet Wayne determined to attack. Led by a guide well-acquainted with the country, he hoped to come out of the swamp on the Ogeechee road half-way between the river and the town.

Captain Alexander Parker was to lead the advance-guard, in which there would be less than a hundred men. Going ahead of the rest of the troops, his orders were to hurry through the swamp to the causeway over which Colonel Brown would have to pass, take position there and when the enemy appeared to fall on them with the

bayonet. And while he either held them or drove them back, Thomas Posey was to push forward to support him with his infantry. General Wayne would ride with Captain Parker.

Pushing cautiously through the swamp, it was midnight when Wayne and Parker with the small advance came out upon the corduroy road. They had barely arrived when they heard the hollow clatter of hoofs sounding on the stretch of crosswise logs that lay to the right of them. The British had not been expected quite so soon: their quick appearance made it necessary for Parker to face a large body of the enemy's Seventh Infantry, some Hessian companies, Choctaw Indians, Tories, and more regulars.

Parker halted, stopped the leading man as the enemy approached. As if his party was from the Savannah garrison, he demanded the countersign. The British officer in charge of the advance-patrol brought his men forward under the deception, riding unspectingly into Parker's troops which soon had him surrounded and taken. There was a hurried altercation in the night, one man escaped back to Colonel Brown, but the rest became American prisoners.

As Brown's main body came forward General Wayne rode from the swamp to the causeway. "Advance!" he commanded. Parker's men obeyed and the enemy cavalry, on the narrow road from which there was no turning to deploy, were struck at once by American swords and bayonets. Their snorting, whinnying horses reared backward, scattering Colonel Brown's infantry from the causeway. Without a shot being fired, the enemy bolted into the thick wood that lined the road.

Scattered pursuit with such a disparity in numbers would have been futile. A few men followed, but

Wayne's orders were for the troops to content themselves with gathering up the horses and prisoners. Then, while Thomas Posey was still on his way with the rest of the troops, Wayne turned back through the swamp. With less than a hundred men he had taken eighteen prisoners, among whom were wounded Lieutenant-Colonel Douglass and Major Alexander, about thirty of their dragoons' mounts and a quantity of arms.

By morning Wayne was at the plantation house of Mrs. Gibbons, eating breakfast while his men sat about their steaming camp-kettles, ready for further action. But the British were not to be goaded into taking the field. Later in the day Wayne marched down within sight of the city and sent a small force of infantry and dragoons to parade insolently in front of the enemy fortifications in the hope of drawing them into the open. They refused to appear, excepting a few Indians and negroes who came out to the edge of a swamp and fired a few ineffectual rounds. Wayne rode up to Ebenezer in disgust.

Commanding a force that averaged less than four hundred men, Wayne could not attack Savannah with hope of success. Likewise unable to draw the enemy into the open field, he had to content himself with continuing his positions outside the town. The slow siege wore on. June came and the swamps fairly steamed under hot weather. Wayne moved back to Mrs. Gibbons's plantation six miles northwest of the enemy garrison. Each night his sentries faced Savannah; each morning they came off guard with muskets for which they had had no use.

But meanwhile there was a surprise in preparation. It was to come not from Savannah but from the other

end of the State where three hundred Greek warriors, guided by negroes and Tory traders, led by their war-chief Guristersigo, had taken the long trail toward Sir Arnold Clarke. They came quietly, choosing the forests for their route and moving mainly through the night. And by the middle of June, unseen except by two boys whom they promptly killed, they had come to a swamp within a few miles of Wayne's encampment. As he stood between them and Savannah they determined on a night attack in which they hoped to avenge themselves by a massacre of the American troops.

On the night that he was to be surprised Wayne removed the bulk of his men from Mrs. Gibbons's plantation to another near by, which was occupied by a heavy picket-guard. His main body changing places with the picket each evening was a precaution he had always taken in order to confuse the report of any spies who might have entered his camp during the day. On that night his men went into quarters facing Savannah and slept along the road which led directly to the city. Toward sundown Captain Parker had returned with his light infantry which had been patrolling the outskirts of the British works. His men were weary and entitled to rest. Wayne had them pitch their tents in the rear of the camp by the artillery park, which was near his own headquarters. As it seemed inconceivable that there could be an attack from any other direction than Savannah, he posted all but one of his sentries in front of him. That man was left to guard the rear.

The road on which the solitary sentry stood was that which Guristersigo meant to take. Having lain in a swamp with his warriors all day, gathering information from both Tory and negro guides, he came out in the

darkness and in a single column led the way stealthily over the Savannah road toward the General's camp. Approaching slowly and with native caution, it was not till nearly three o'clock on the morning of June 24 that he came within striking distance of the Americans. There he stopped. Knowing, or believing he knew, where he would find the picket and where the main body lay, he sent a few braves forward silently to kill the sentry. That accomplished, he would lead his three hundred braves forward and with the war-whoop sounding and the tomahawk swinging he would destroy a part of the camp and drive on to Savannah well decorated with scalps.

In the American camp the sentries that faced toward Savannah were alert, but the lone man who lay looking into the wilderness was drowsy. He could not hear the swish of the tall grass as the cautious braves crawled about him in a narrowing circle. And when he did hear them it was too late, for by that time a tomahawk had been raised and brought down and his head was lying in his own warm blood. Then of a sudden there was a profound, furious baying and Guristersigo leaped forward with his three hundred braves.

General Wayne, roused from his sleep by the hullabaloo of the rear-guard shouting the alarm and the Creeks war-whooping to the attack, sat up in bed and reached for his cutting-sword and pistols. The supine Brigadier Clarke, he thought, must have made a roundabout march and come upon him from Savannah. But what a devil of a noise they were making! How Clarke had managed to get around him he couldn't imagine, but he knew that the British general would either be beaten back to Savannah or else morning would find an American general lying dead with his sword in his right

hand. Pulling on his boots and breeches, he took up his naked cutting-sword and ran out into the night.

Hurrying out of headquarters door, Wayne found Captain Parker and his light infantry close by. They were unnerved by the suddenness of the assault and had fallen away from the cannon resting in the artillery-park. Wayne called them out of their confusion with sharp orders. Straddling his horse he shouted: "Charge with fixed bayonets!" He sent an aide riding after Thomas Posey who was to come forward on the double and join in the charge. With the rallied infantry he plunged into the moving shadows about the artillery-park.

Guristersigo's men were among the field-pieces and the few Tories who were with him were turning the guns upon the camp. Still believing that the whole British garrison from Savannah was upon him, Wayne crashed into his antagonists with a swinging sword. Shot spurted around him in little red jets. He saw a solid form before him and his blade went down. The figure fell. Unexpectedly his horse reared, then plunged forward and sank, killed by a rifle shot. Wayne catapulted over his head and lay still a moment, then raised his grass-stained face and was on both feet again leading the advance. Everywhere about him there was jostling, cursing, and exploding muskets. Now at the head of the light infantry he had retrieved the cannon. Now the enemy were turning to race for the swamp and safety.

Guristersigo and those that remained beside him fell under sword and bayonet. Still fighting as the gray dawn dispelled the darkness, Wayne was astounded to see men lying with black, uncovered hair and grimy leather shirts instead of hatted soldiers dressed in scarlet tunics. Indians! He must have muttered: "Well,

I'll be damned!" and stood a moment in perplexity, looking at the seventeen warriors and their Tory guides who lay there sprawling dead.

Lieutenant-Colonel Posey, hurrying his men forward with fixed bayonets, came running on the field. Wayne stopped him, sent his men racing in all directions to overtake the fugitives. Lieutenant Boyer spurted out with the dragoons.

Boyer and Posey came back with one hundred and seventeen pack-horses laden with furs and twelve of the routed Creeks. The remainder had escaped. Burying his own dead, Wayne ruminated on this extraordinary occurrence, then changed his ground again. On the following night he strengthened his pickets and completely encircled his camp with sentries. His own valor and the quickness of Parker's men to rally had turned a disagreeable surprise into a successful skirmish, but for a while it had seemed as if his confident nature was to bring on another fateful occasion like that when Major-General Sir Charles Grey bayoneted his men at Paoli. But though he must have felt some mortification when he recalled that earlier night, he had, through his distaste of placing tired men on sentry duty, nearly allowed himself to be taken similarly in his last skirmish before the peace. Well might more cautious officers wonder if General Wayne would ever learn to guard successfully against surprise.

But however the unexpected assault might have ended it had actually been turned into a victory. The British were kept still closer within Savannah and the Creeks returned to their native mountains. Gradually the State of Georgia had been opened up to its inhabitants and the merchants of Savannah, to whom Wayne had closed everything but the port itself, were growing anxious for

Brigadier-General Sir Arnold Clarke to embark his troops for England.

Continuing within a few miles of the city, Wayne was visited early in July by a flag of truce under which a number of the merchants came to meet him. It had been a long and bitter contest and now that the British were about to withdraw the loyalists feared to remain without protection. There were, they said, many British subjects in the city anxious about their lives and property. When the soldiers of Sir Arnold Clarke put to sea would they be allowed to remain to dispose of their real estate? When the Americans occupied Savannah how would they be treated as British loyalists?

Wayne's answer was easily given. Their persons and property, he assured the merchants, would not be violated by his men. But as to what disposition should be made of them and their effects that remained in the power of the State Assembly. However, he would communicate with Governor Martin and if the deputation would return within a few days he would be able to inform them definitely. He for his part had no feeling of rancor toward anybody.

Governor Martin, as he had supposed, gladly gave assurance that all British subjects who chose to remain in Savannah should be allowed to do with their property as they liked and should be under no fear of molestation from American soldiers. These instructions Wayne reported to the deputation of Savannah merchants when they returned. And Major John Habersham, he assured them, would guard them from insult with the Georgia line.

The British evacuation of Savannah occurred without incident. Early in August when Sir Arnold Clarke returned to his ships, Wayne gathered his troops in the

strictest order and with Habersham and James Jackson leading marched in to take command. Meanwhile the streets were quiet. The citizens continued their business as before. Everything, except murder, he felt, between armed Tories and armed Whigs should be forgiven.

For now the war was virtually over, though it would be nearly nine months before the peace treaty was signed. But thanks to the supervision of Nathanael Greene and the continued energy of Anthony Wayne the State of Georgia, which for three years had been under British control, was at last free of the enemy and civil authority was again established.

Once more General Wayne looked wistfully northward. His work was done in Georgia and he wanted to go home. But again he was disappointed. For Nathanael Greene, still besieging Charleston, ordered him to join the army there. Tired, he crossed the Savannah and journeyed slowly over the lower corner of South Carolina to Greene's camp at Dorchester. When he arrived his chest was sore and though the wound in his leg had healed there were unaccountable and excruciating pains in his left foot.

At Dorchester he talked with Nathanael Greene, wondering how long General Leslie intended to hold Charleston. Greene answered him gloomily that, in his private opinion, the British intended never to evacuate Charleston or to accept the peace. The war would go on, God only knew how long.

It seemed as if Nathanael might be right. For it would soon be a year since Lord Cornwallis had surrendered at Yorktown; yet General Leslie continued to hold Charleston, to send armed foraging parties up and down the coast. Meanwhile the soldiers under Greene were little better than naked. Their commander said

most of them had "nothing but a breech-cloth about them, and never came out of their tents; and the rest were as ragged as wolves." And they were no better supplied with food than with clothing, for the beef, Greene said, was "perfect carrion."

On September 2 Wayne woke up in a violent fever. The camp physician came into his quarters and after purges and thumpings spoke of pulmonary consumption. With the proper diet and very careful exercise, they said, his chest would probably get better after awhile. Proper diet when there was not enough food of any kind for anybody, excepting in a little half-circular patch in front of Charleston where neither Greene nor Leslie could go without a fight!

The troublous siege went on. October came. Wayne got out of bed and, under doctor's orders, chewed up an ounce of Peruvian bark every day. He couldn't, he felt, walk a mile in an hour, not if the wealth of the Indies were his reward. Soon it was November, a chill month even in South Carolina for men sleeping under rotten tents without blankets to cover them. Wayne was cold and worn and wondering about his family and the fields in Easttown. But Nathanael Greene had ordered him to keep close to Charleston and watch the enemy. He was still there in December.

But about two weeks before Christmas a British messenger with a flag came through the lines from Charleston and was brought to Wayne's tent. He had a note from General Leslie who announced that Charleston was to be evacuated at last—peacefully if the American general would agree to prevent any interruption of his Majesty's troops as they marched to the dock and up over the gang-plank to the waiting boats; a condition which Nathanael Greene granted.

On December 14, two years and a half after it had been surrendered by Major-General Benjamin Lincoln, Charleston was emptied of British troops. Anthony Wayne, appointed by Greene to retake the town, so eagerly led three hundred of infantry, eighty of the Legion cavalry and two six-pounders down the King Street road upon the enemy's heels that now and again a pipe-clayed back would turn and an officer's voice snap plaintively "You come too fast for us . . . you come too fast."

CHAPTER XIII

Sneaking past Philadelphia could not be considered a fitting return from nearly eight years of campaigning for independence, but it was one way of arriving and that was what Anthony Wayne most wished for. The revolution was over. England had recognized the government of the United States of America. And Wayne was anxious to become once more a private citizen.

Among the first to leave Philadelphia for the war, Anthony Wayne was one of the last to return. He had come up from Charleston that midsummer of 1783 bringing his regiments of the Pennsylvania line by boat. Before leaving the South he had heard from Arthur Saint Clair, his commanding officer who had not drawn a sword since the fight began, whose habit was to be absent from his troops during occasions of particular moment. Arthur Saint Clair had written him that he was to land at Wilmington and, avoiding Philadelphia, march directly to Lancaster. The army, he had said, was being slowly disbanded and the men sent home on indefinite furlough, an expedient that got rid of them without giving them their pay. But the regiment at Philadelphia had refused to accept their furloughs. They wanted their money. Small in numbers, they were nevertheless angrily demonstrative and should General Wayne's men be joined to them they might reasonably be expected to take the same infection and cause a riot in the town. The government, Saint Clair explained, was very poor, its finances being entirely deranged.

Deranged currency was a phrase with an ominous

sound for Anthony Wayne. With greater possessions than he ever had owned before, he yet needed money as he had never needed it in his life. And not a few pounds, but hundreds. The Georgia Legislature, to do him honor and hoping to make a resident of a man whom they admired, had voted three thousand nine hundred guineas with which they bought and presented to him a rice plantation on the Little Setilla near Savannah. Before the war that swampy tract had raised great crops, but in those days there had been many slaves to do the gathering. Now there were none. To stock the plantation again and to reclaim the idle fields would be, John Habersham had told him, an expensive business. With no money to buy the necessary negroes and unable to sell the rice-fields, since they had been a gift, he was uncertain of what to do.

From Lancaster, where he said good-by to his men, Anthony Wayne rode home. He hung his dress sword above the mantel in the parlor and put away his pistols, done with them, he thought, forever. One thing he was sure of: there should be peace throughout the country. In Pennsylvania the Whigs should cease their persecution of the Quakers. The Tory loyalists ought to receive their due for what they had before the revolution. American independence had been won and now it was time to open up the land, keeping it growing and productive. For his own part he was without rancor toward anybody. Congress, perhaps, had slighted him by leaving him a brigadier until the end and he had not liked to lose the Pennsylvania line. But let that pass. His ambition had never raised his hopes above the commission of brigadier-general anyway. Now he would be at peace with merely domestic felicity and a few chosen friends to visit him at Waynesborough.

Home again, he expected long and happy days. He was only in his late thirties. The wound from Yorktown had healed and though there were often twinges in his foot he thought they came from gout. That would be natural, for he liked to eat, to drink claret and madeira. And already his cheeks were full and colored. Altogether Providence had been good. Polly, at thirty-four, remained fond of him. Margaretta, who was now thirteen, was bright and gravely adoring. Isaac would soon be going to school in Philadelphia. And he had more staunch friends than ever. He could count Doctor Benjamin Rush, Sharp Delany, Dick Peters, Walter Stewart, Dicky Butler, Brigadier Will Irvine, Nathanael Greene, young James Jackson and any number of others.

Yet even during the first autumn of his return to Pennsylvania it was clear that while he had been away the security of Waynesborough had been jeopardized. Examining the accounts of Robert Shannon, whom Abraham Robinson had recommended as supervisor of the estate during his absence, Wayne discovered that Shannon had spent two thousand four hundred pounds sterling of his capital for farm stock and that there remained nothing to show for it. And though Shannon, he believed, had got very little out of it for himself the fact was there that the farm had been injured and that unpaid debts still stood against it.

And before the year had ended he knew that he would have to sell a part of the Waynesborough land or else borrow more money—perhaps both. For the Georgia estate had eight hundred and thirty acres, a comfortable house, sheds and cabins. Each year until the war the slaves had gathered from eight hundred to a thousand barrels of rice, the value of which was about two thousand five hundred guineas. It would be madness to leave

it idle simply for want of slaves. Negroes, however, were expensive and capital was scarce.

He could, of course, offer the whole of Waynesborough for sale. Then if he were successful he would have sufficient money to stock the Georgia rice-fields with the proper crew of blacks. But those acres in Easttown and the old stone house which his grandfather had built and in which he had been born were too much a part of him to be sacrificed. Merely to suggest it, perhaps, would have scandalized Polly and his mother.

With one sentiment restraining him from selling the land in Georgia and another holding him to Waynesborough he consequently did nothing. Meanwhile the new year came. Despite his intention to stay clear of public life he had been appointed to the State Board of Censors, whose business it was, under the first constitution, to review the work of the governmental departments and report on them to the public at large. And now at the State election for 1784 he was made a member of the Pennsylvania legislature from Chester County.

He began riding back and forth over the Lancaster road between Waynesborough and Philadelphia as he had done nine years before. There was the same old thoroughfare, ridged with ruts in winter and spring, thick with gray dust in summer and fall, the same old crossing over the Schuylkill at the Middle Ferry, the same old cobblestones paving Market Street. The town itself had grown a little beyond 8th Street, but not much. From the western limits to the docks the houses of painted brick with squared windows and white doors stood solidly as ever. And down below Front Street looking east activity had been resumed on the Delaware and goods were being trundled into waiting ships from the warehouses of the Whartons, the Penroses, the Dickinsons, Morrises, Fishbournes and Mifflins.

But the spirit of the town had changed. At least it seemed as if it had. During the days of the embargo, when each issue of the *Gazette* and the *Advertiser* faithfully reported no ships cleared for sailing, when Doctor Franklin bustled about to find the proper model for a pike and when young Whig squires went eagerly into Wollere Ming's on 3d Street opposite the Harp and Crown to thumb the swords and heft the pistols he had for sale,—during those days there had been a sacrificial fire glowing in the breasts of many of the Philadelphians, giving their eyes an ardency and their tongues a vigor that spoke for freedom, liberty, the rights of mankind. How delighted Benjamin Rush had been when he read the manuscript of Thomas Paine's pamphlet on rebellion and revolution, had even taken credit for giving it the name of "Common Sense." How the orators had bawled: "No Taxation without Representation." How the more cautious civilians and civil office-holders had flattered the soldiers about to go to war. . . .

Yet now, with nine years gone and the revolution a success, who cared about the rights of man? And as for taxation it was an expense to be avoided no matter whether the people had proper representation in government or not. To Anthony Wayne it was an unaccountable situation. Born with a gaze that could see ahead, but never read the motives in other men's eyes, never perceive such feelings as were different from his own, it was incomprehensible that the people should have changed. Now, he found when he took his seat in the State House on Chestnut Street between 5th and 6th, that as an example of the new intolerance the Quakers were to be kept disfranchised. They were to be taxed, his colleagues said, but would not be allowed to vote.

But to make the Quakers help support the government in whose formation they were permitted no voice was a

caitiff business. It had been well enough, perhaps, to bar them from public office during the war on the ground that they refused to swear the test oath of loyalty to the revolutionists, renouncing the King and vowing to support the rebellion. And possibly it had been sensible to uproot colonies of them from Pennsylvania and banish them into the Virginia wilderness. But now the fight for the country's freedom had ended. Time had come for reconciliation. As an Episcopalian whose father and grandfather had been Episcopalians, whose wife, parents-in-law and children had been born in the same faith, he had little interest in the Quaker religion. But as a citizen of a state which had adopted "No Taxation without Representation" for one of its war-cries he was disgusted to find its legislators practising the same manner of tyranny from which they had revolted less than a decade before.

The thing to do, he believed, was to introduce a measure to repeal the test laws. He did so. Sitting cool-eyed, a little plump where he had been lean, his powdered hair drawn back from his broad forehead, he listened to the secretary read the resolution which he had begged leave to offer; listened also to the round of "Nays" which sent it to defeat which for ignominiousness was as great as the time his wounded horse had flung him on the ground at Germantown.

He was surprised, but determined to try again. Liberty. Freedom. The rights of mankind. So many people besides himself had championed them that they must have some practical meaning. It was worse than that case of Mrs. Byng, the quadroon in Georgia during the war whose free-born children were held as slaves simply because Byng had been a villain and an "outlayer" —as if it followed, he had protested, that because of the

father's character his children should be driven back into slavery.

Another perplexing condition was the attitude of the smaller politicians, the people who had risen during the war, toward the officers of the disbanded army. Throughout the conflict many of the Congressmen and others had feared the revolution, if successful, would end in military control under its generals. And now they were equally jealous of the Society of the Cincinnati, the organization in which the officers of the war planned to perpetuate their friendships gained upon the field. It too might bring a dictatorship, the people were afraid; and in Pennsylvania there was a secret scheme, Will Irvine wrote from Carlisle, to disfranchise all members of that Society.

Though he was vice-president of the State chapter of the Cincinnati and though he was usually in the minority party of the Pennsylvania Legislature, Wayne remained popular. Now and again he was admiringly hailed as "Mad Anthony" and often a friend would assure him what a great honor it would be if the General would present him with one of those cutting-swords he had used at the Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth, Stony Point or down in Georgia. One, with a silver hilt, went to Doctor Cochran who had the metal run into wine goblets for great occasions. Another, in a worn leather scabbard and with the handle topped by a bald-headed eagle, was given to somebody else. For what was the good of keeping old weapons which he believed he would never use again?

The war was over and well forgotten. And what he wanted most, he thought, was an unworried life at home with Polly and the children. But toward summer he began to think of the Georgia estate again. If he neg-

lected it longer his friends might in all justice conclude him to be mad. Down on the Little Setilla the eight hundred-odd acres remained unproductive, their uncared-for appearance a speaking commentary on his regard for the gift which Georgia had voted him. Somehow, he knew, he would have to borrow money, stock the place with slaves and begin the business of planting rice.

But that would mean living in Georgia; he didn't know whether he wanted to or not. Certainly Polly wouldn't go with him if he did, for she had become satisfied with Waynesborough of which household she was in full command now that his mother had taken a house in Williston township. Perhaps, he thought, he could journey back and forth between his home and the Little Setilla. That would be a good arrangement, for Nathanael Greene also had a Georgia plantation; given him by that State's legislature in the same resolution by which Wayne had been rewarded, Greene's rice-fields were only a short distance, a few hours' ride, from those of his friend. With Nathanael and Catharine Greene near by and with a profitable crop each year living in Georgia was worth considerable effort to attain.

From the summer of 1784 until the beginning of 1785 Wayne sought industriously to borrow sufficient money to stock the rice plantation. Then on January 9 he obtained one hundred thousand florins from a group of men headed by a William Mellink. With that sum he doubtless paid his debts and arranged to have slaves bought and settled on the Georgia estate. Meanwhile he had been suggested for president of the Pennsylvania Legislature to succeed John Dickinson. Though he refused to stand for that office because, he said, he had too little money, he returned that year merely as a member from Chester County.

But during the spring he discovered that the money he had borrowed was not enough. He could think of nowhere in America that he could get more and as for Europe a threatening continental war made it seem unlikely that he would be successful in borrowing from there. He talked with Robert Morris, a fellow member in the legislature. Robert Morris made him a little hopeful, saying that he thought the appearance of a conflict abroad would subside and that Anthony would then be able to get his loan. And if it did, he suggested, Anthony might try to borrow from the Dutch through Mr. P. J. Van Berkle, minister of the United Netherlands to the United States of America.

Meanwhile Wayne's interest remained chiefly centred about Chester and Philadelphia Counties. And throughout the autumn of 1785, when for his own benefit he might better have been on the plantation in Georgia, he formed new resolutions to offer to the Assembly. One of them had to do with theatres. For Robert Morris and he felt that the town ordinance which banned playhouses from its limits should be revoked. The "Old South," just outside the South Street boundary, had never been better than an ugly old barn. Its scenery, which John Andre had painted during the winter of the British occupation, was cracked and fading, its stage inadequate. Now there should be a new place for players more central to the town.

That resolution was passed and became a law. Another successful one that Wayne presented was for the opening of a canal between the Chesapeake and Delaware Bays and for the improvement of the Susquehannah and other rivers in the State for purposes of transportation. Then he tried once more to have the test laws repealed and the Quakers given a right to vote again;

but this second attempt went no farther than the first.

Thus it is obvious that the honors of war had far from unsettled Wayne as a valuable citizen in peace. He had shown his interest in the expansion of the country, his opposition to intolerance and had checked his vanity when suggested for the highest office which Pennsylvania could give. Had he continued riding between his home and Philadelphia it is likely his life would have become serene as he had wished. The Waynesborough tannery would have become, in time, as active as before the war, and with bundles of hides being shipped, meadows restocked and fields cultivated, his years would have been contented and wholesome as his father's had been, going through the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century before he was finally buried in the Radnor Churchyard with the other Waynes.

But there was that estate in Georgia still dividing his mind. It too must be stocked and given his attention. What would those southerners think of him if he longer neglected their gift! Moreover the profit in prospect from the rice-lands was needed. And after a correspondence with Mynherr P. J. Van Birkle, minister from the United Netherlands, he drew bills for four thousand guineas on a firm of Holland bankers with his Waynesborough estate as security and used the money to complete his stock of slaves and set the plantation in order.

He left Philadelphia, riding south. Soon he was back in the country where he had skirmished against Sir Arnold Clarke's garrison at Savannah. He talked with his overseer, whom he had hired some time previous; inspected the slaves, their cabins and the rice-fields. The seventy-five negroes had cost an enormous sum, but he could pay the interest on the money by sending part of the crop to Amsterdam each year.

Alone on the plantation, he set to work. Polly did not come down to join him and the great white house with its rounded columns might as well have been a shed for all the domestic pleasure there was in it. He hoped, however, that Margaretta might be induced to live with him after he had got the place in order. Meanwhile Nathanael and Catharine Greene sent hospitable notes from their own plantation at Mulberry Grove.

Often in the late afternoon during that spring and early summer he rode across country to the Greene mansion where the ruddy-faced Nathanael moved energetically about among the slow, singing slaves on his marshy acres. Nathanael was working determinedly; for he, like Wayne, had had to borrow money and the Savannah agents of the lending capitalists were sharp collectors of interest. But with good fortune it would not be long until the estate was cleared; and until then, as afterward, there was no reason for him not to enjoy spaciousness and comfort in Catharine's domain when the work of the day was done. And with his wife and Anthony at the table they would sit and lift their glasses slowly in the candle-light while they talked reminiscently or spoke curiously of the families in the neighborhood. General Duplessis had come to settle there and had brought his two daughters who were fine, accomplished young ladies and now Catharine could practise her French some more. And the Marquis Lafayette might come too, said Wayne who had received a letter from him; Lafayette might be there in the fall. With Colonel Pendleton, Doctor Macleod, the Duplessis family and Lafayette and also the people down at Savannah there would be quite a show of elegance in that corner of Georgia. And when Margaretta came as mistress of her father's household . . . People agreed that Margaretta,

even at sixteen, was a fine, sweet and agreeable girl. Oh, there were pleasant days ahead, that was certain.

June came. Every day the sun was steaming, the vaporous air hung heavy and still. Working about his plantation one afternoon, Wayne was thinking of his visit to Mulberry Grove in the evening. For Nathanael and Catharine had invited him to have dinner with them. But before sundown a boy arrived with a message from Greene: he had been called down to Savannah to see his bankers; Catharine had gone along and both of them had forgotten their guest until they were half way there. There was an apology and the hope expressed to see Anthony soon.

A few days passed. Another message arrived for Wayne, it came from Mulberry Grove but not from Nathanael, for he had written his last. The note was from Doctor Macleod and said: "General Greene, I am distressed to inform you, is just about closing the chapter of life—as you may wish to be here at the unhappy moment I thought it a duty to inform you. Mrs. Greene's situation is not to be described."

Wayne called for his horse and hurried to Mulberry Grove. It seemed unbelievable that Doctor Macleod had written truly. A calm, hearty man like Nathanael to die at forty-four! His mind shut down and refused to accept it.

The tall white house at Mulberry Grove was quiet. The children had been taken away and Catharine was so full of grief and fear for her husband that she couldn't move. Doctor Macleod met him with a gloomy face. Sunstroke, he said; and hopeless, for Nathanael had long been in a stupor. It had come so quickly. On his way back from Savannah the General had stopped with Colonel Pendleton and in the afternoon had gone out with

his host to look at the fields. Returning, he had felt sick and had gone to bed. And there he had lain, speechless.

Wayne tiptoed inside and sat down beside Nathanael. There was no movement except for the almost imperceptible rise and fall of the coverlet above his friend's breast. Darkness came into the room. A candle was lighted. Wayne sat waiting uncomfortably. A man so vigorous in action, so placid in reflection; there must be hope. The candle dripped down to a white, molten blot on the holder. When dawn came in through the window Nathanael had not yet spoken.

The next night was Sunday. Wayne sat as before, hoping. His own breathing was louder than Nathanael's. Through midnight his worn eyes watched the still bed. The coverlet continued gently moving. Two o'clock came. Nathanael was holding out. Three o'clock. The dangerous time was gone. Perhaps, after all, Nathanael would come through. Now it was light outside and through the window came sounds of stirring life from the kitchen, the out-buildings and the trees. Wayne turned his tired head. Six o'clock. Doctor Macleod would be coming soon. When he looked back again the coverlet had ceased to move and his friend had gone.

Wayne went downstairs, his hands shaking and the muscles in his face awry.

Nathanael Greene was dead, Catharine was inconsolable and Anthony Wayne was melancholy. It was, he wrote to Margaretta, with herself, Mrs. Greene and her great and good husband that he had flattered himself with passing many happy days on the banks of the Savannah. But now that hope was ended and it would be some months before he could ask Margaretta to come. For those bills which he had drawn with such good faith on the Holland bankers had been returned protested and

already the Savannah agents of the Philadelphia concern which had supplied the money were baying for prompt collection.

And now there was no peace anywhere. Alone on his plantation, he worked for nearly a year and a half without respite, certain that his profits would fail to surmount his indebtedness. What would happen eventually he could not foretell, but until the Georgia estate was taken from him he would continue to plant and market his crops. In the late summer of 1787 he returned to Philadelphia as a member of the convention which ratified the American Constitution, though not without much rioting in the streets where the many opposed to the Federal Government used brick-bats with which to support the arguments of the pamphleteers. While he was at home the Northwest Territory had been organized and Arthur Saint Clair, he noticed, was to be appointed governor of the Indian-infested wilderness between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi and the Ohio and the Great Lakes.

By the spring of the next year he was back again at the headwaters of the Little Setilla endeavoring to raise a maximum crop of rice. Harassed by creditors, his humiliation became unbearable when he heard from Margaretta that the neighbors about Waynesborough had begun to comment on the poverty of the Waynes. She and her mother were wearing last year's dresses, none of which were any too presentable. Young Isaac, studying law at Dickinson College in Philadelphia, was without spending money. The farm could not be properly worked for want of funds. Margaretta did not like to complain to her dear papa, but it was hard to be looked down on by the neighbors. As for Polly she evidently failed to write at all. . . .

For a family which had stood so solidly and high in affairs of Chester County since 1724 to be reduced among the improvident was profoundly humbling. Doggedly working in his rice-fields, Wayne had the momentary reflection that he should have sold the Easttown estate entirely and then he should not have had to borrow. If he had cut loose from Pennsylvania altogether, moving the family to Georgia whether they wanted to come or not, much of his difficulties would have been averted.

Nevertheless he still was far from willing to bow to defeat. Though he felt neglected and forlorn as The Old Soldier himself, he persevered with his plantation and when marketing time came he sold a crop worth a thousand pounds.

But the money was quickly taken by his creditors. Fifty guineas, which he sent to Polly and Margaretta, and a small sum forwarded to Sharp Delany for Isaac's tuition and clothing, remained for his family.

It was while he was laboring in this hopeless situation that the people of Savannah, the soldiers and political leaders, began to realize how closely they were living to one of the most popular generals of the revolution. Not that he had been without friends theretofore. He hadn't. Ever since he had come to Georgia he had been urged to declare himself a citizen of that State. But since the Federal Constitution had been ratified there was an added reason for making Wayne a Georgian: were he to become a citizen he could be nominated and elected, perhaps, to represent the people in Congress.

Hazzard's Cowpen, which was the name of Wayne's estate, lay in Camden County which, with Chatham, Effingham, Liberty and Glynn, made the second or middle congressional district of the State. As the first represen-

tative from that district, Wayne's friend, Colonel James Jackson, then a Savannah lawyer, had been chosen. But his term would expire in 1790 and there were many people in Savannah who preferred to have him fail at re-election. Thomas Gibbons, one of the political leaders of the town, felt that General Wayne would make a better congressman. Judge Osbourne of superior court, thought likewise.

Unaware of what was in store for him, Wayne declared himself a citizen of Georgia on November 1, 1788. That was the year he had marketed his rice crop for a thousand pounds and he doubtless felt that during each of the planting seasons that ensued he would continue to progress until the land yielded bountifully. Though he knew that Nathanael Greene, a more methodical, more businesslike man than he, had done none too well with his estate at Mulberry Grove and that at his death Catharine was woefully in want of money, he disregarded the warning of poor times for rice planters. He would, he felt, yet be successful; and following that assumption it was more sensible to be a Georgian than a Pennsylvanian. Besides, the attentions from Savannah were flattering, whereas the consideration he had got from Pennsylvania at large had been at most a recommendation from the Executive Council to Congress that he be retired with the brevet of major-general, a rank which Arthur Saint Clair and Thomas Mifflin, both poor officers, had held in full. Likely enough he might become the most influential man in Georgia.

Seventeen eighty-nine passed, a dull and unproductive year. Beginning the next season the State Society of the Order of the Cincinnati was organized in Georgia and the members unanimously elected him to the presidency. A little later General Washington, who had been Chief

Executive of the country since the preceding spring, began his tour of the Southern States. On Monday morning of the 9th of May he left Charleston and was due the next day at Perrysburg. The patriotic Constitutionalists and admirers of his Excellency busily began to form a committee of welcome. James Jackson, Major Buller and Mr. Baillie named Anthony Wayne as head of their committee.

That day must have been agreeable to Anthony Wayne. It had a certain splendor which he liked and the President was able to see from Wayne's place at the head of the committee of welcome that the revolutionary general had become a man of importance in his adopted State. On a barge festooned with flags and flowers, rowed by nine sea captains dressed in light blue silk jackets, white silk stockings, round hats with black ribbons on which were inscribed in gold letters: "Long Live the President!" Wayne, James Jackson, Major Buller and Mr. Baillie greeted his Excellency at Perrysburg and sat familiarly beside him while the sea captains' silk-clad backs bent over the oars and sped the boat through warm water toward Savannah.

What they talked about does not appear. Doubtless President Washington was complimented on holding the States together, for Wayne and some of the Georgians, though Jackson was not among them, were firm constitutionalists. Perhaps Wayne, if he had the chance, spoke to his Excellency of the money which Congress still owed the estate of Nathanael Greene and which, at Catharine's request, he was making efforts to collect. And likely the President was in an expansive mood, for ten miles from Savannah the boat which carried him was met by a number of other barges from one of which fair voices chorused:

"He comes, the hero comes!"

And afterward, through streets bedecked with flags and flowers and loud with booming cannon the President was escorted to Brown's Coffee House where everything was drunk but coffee and where the toast assured his Excellency of Georgia's loyalty to the United States.

Washington's visit to Savannah made an auspicious beginning for Anthony Wayne's campaign for Congress. He was nominated and though James Jackson was a popular man it seemed as if the election of Wayne would be merely a matter of course. State President of the Order of the Cincinnati, a friend of General Washington's, courteous, honest and likeable, he had the support of former soldiers and civilians.

Regarding the campaign itself, Wayne had little interest in it. His chief concern continued to be the plantation which, despite his energy, was growing no more valuable than before. And up at Easttown the fortunes of the family corresponded with those in Georgia, except that Margaretta, that good girl, sister Peggy, was to marry William Richardson Atlee before the altar of Saint James Church in Perkiomen during the late fall. Nathanael Greene was dead, Margaretta could never be with him in Georgia after her wedding and he would probably have to sacrifice the plantation. But though his one hope would seem to have been success in the election he made no effort to win the voters of the middle district which he expected to represent in Congress.

But there were other men in those counties who had the contest more at heart. Shadowy figures now, they were then people of solidity and purpose. Thomas Gibbons, the political leader from Savannah, passed for a determined person who would fight with any weapon to gain his way. And Judge Osbourne was another. What-

ever their motives, but probably because he was a Federalist whereas Jackson had ardent democratic principles, it was their object to see that Anthony Wayne was elected.

The day of balloting came in January, 1791. Along the rivers that morning the rice planters sent their men to the polls, sometimes only to a justice of the peace who obligingly recorded the votes. Night came. Judge Osbourne, of the Superior Court, went to where the legal returns from Camden County were kept, stole them and substituted forged ballots. In Effingham County there was a similar obstruction of the correct returns. And in Savannah Thomas Gibbons had somehow managed the election illegally.

Legal and illegal, the election returns were counted. Anthony Wayne had been chosen by a considerable majority and, apprised of this fact, prepared to go to Congress. Remaining on his plantation until spring, he left for Philadelphia, feeling simply that the people of the middle district preferred to be represented by him rather than by James Jackson who still was his friend.

Wayne stayed in Philadelphia throughout the summer and fall. On October 24 he took his place in Congress and on the following day sat waiting for President Washington who had arrived from Mount Vernon prepared to deliver his opening speech.

Gray-haired and with a harsh dignity, the President began speaking of the commercial prosperity of the country along the seaboard, then veered off to the less pleasant topic of the Northwest Territory, the western borders of Pennsylvania and the northern edge of Kentucky. The Indians between the Ohio River and the Great Lakes, he said, were continuing their aggressions, but—and here his words were taken more from his wishes than from actual fact—there had been successful offen-

sive movements made against them and others were still to be heard from.

Anthony Wayne was interested and perhaps undeceived by the President's hopeful tone. For the two expeditions undertaken against the Indians that year had not only been costly failures, they had also shown that the Northwest Territory—the Ohio country and beyond—was not to be gained by a heavy thrust into the forests. Charles Scott, who had campaigned with Wayne during the revolution, after which he had become a Kentucky settler, had tried it in May with his State militia, but had done no more than burn a few Indian cabins, kill several squaws and warriors and bring back a handful of Miamis as hostages. And Brigadier-General Wilkinson, still as childishly ambitious and empty of honest design as when he left Arnold to become Saint Clair's aide and then sided with Horatio Gates in the Conway Cabal, had made a like attempt in August with results even less valuable than those of Charles Scott. Now, it was known, Arthur Saint Clair himself, under great pressure from the settlers and the government, was in the field with an army of regulars and militia. Earlier in the year he had come down to President Washington who, while sanctioning the expedition, had impressively cautioned him: "Beware of a surprise, my dear general; beware of a surprise!"

Dicky Butler, risen to the rank of major-general, was with Saint Clair; President Washington had placed him in charge of the regulars. He at least was one man who could be depended on in the part of a soldier. As for Arthur Saint Clair, he was no better than he had ever been, an officer who had never learned the value of training troops, who might have had Scotch caution but not Scotch bravery. The years since the revolution had added

nothing to his worth, had detracted rather, for his joints had grown so stiff he could barely climb into his saddle on some days. Because of Dicky Butler, at least, Wayne hoped the expedition would be successful. But there was no telling whether it would be or not. Saint Clair, of course, would have the command. Butler was scornful of him, had been ever since he had had to serve under him in the Pennsylvania line. It might make trouble, of which there would be enough caused by the Indians themselves. There was no telling about the perplexing wiles of those aborigines: the daring, stealthy journey of Guristersigo from one end of Georgia to the other was too vivid in Wayne's mind ever to be forgotten.

Out in the west, from what he had heard, there were many warriors the equals if not the superiors of Guristersigo. There was Little Turtle of the Miamis who had so thoroughly cut up Josiah Harmar in the fall of the year before. Harmar had set out with nearly fifteen hundred men; going a couple of hundred miles north from Fort Washington on the Ohio he had, after a seventeen days' march, come upon the main Miami village. It had already been burned—which was what he intended doing with it—but the Indians had disappeared. Determined to find them, Harmar had sent out one hundred and eighty men under Captain Armstrong who, six miles from the destroyed village, were suddenly attacked by Little Turtle and seven hundred braves. At the war-whoop the militia ran without even lifting their muskets. The regulars, standing their ground, were all cut down except Armstrong and six others. Nor was that all. On the way back to Fort Washington the braves secretly followed Harmar and striking one of his detachments almost annihilated it.

Harmar's defeat raised the question of whether Saint

Clair was the better general of the two. Certainly he was none too good as a governor; like Alexander Hamilton he had no patience with democracy. That was against him in the backwoods West and would cause him trouble if ever Thomas Jefferson's party came into control of the country. And as for his earlier behavior toward the Indians he had not the inner strength to tell them boldly what the government was determined to have of them—a withdrawal up into a corner of the wilderness so that the white settlers could peacefully occupy their lands. No, his weakness caused him to call for treaties of all the tribes and when but a few sachems attended to make those treaties as if the head men of all the tribes had been there to sign them and to act on the assumption that they had done so.

And added to the troubles made by the Indians themselves was the support given them by the British along the lakes. Stirred up enough to go careening through the forests and launch their shot and burning arrows against the cabins, and small forts built by the settlers, they were urged by the British Indian Service at Detroit to insist that all the Americans retire across the Ohio River and leave that land to them forever.

Clearly enough it was not to revenge scalped and tomahawked white settlers that Harmar, then Scott, then Wilkinson and now Arthur Saint Clair marched against the Indians. Their object was to subdue the braves until they were helpless to stop the Americans from taking the Ohio country away from them. And the Northwest Territory was not only of worth because of its fertile meadows and tall, straight forests, it was of value, of greatest value, for the reason that only through its narrow paths and waterways could the settlers reach to the endless plains beyond.

With the Indians beaten and driven into one corner of the great tract, the Ohio country almost automatically would become integral with the Thirteen States, but now it was no more than a precarious appendage. Another war, of which there were many possibilities, might sweep it into the hands of any nation strong enough to grasp it, leaving the United States a long, lean strip beside the eastern seaboard. Aware of this and anxious to retain the trading-posts south of the Great Lakes the British worked earnestly to make the Ohio country such a slaughter-house that the white settlers would be glad to return to Pennsylvania and Kentucky. Since 1778 his Majesty's Indian Service had been engineering marauding parties against the American border. And now, though the treaty of peace at the end of the revolution had required them to abandon all trading-posts south of the Great Lakes, they were still in the Northwest Territory, aiding the Indians with ammunition, muskets, food, bolts of cotton for clothing.

All of these ramifications loomed in a bulky shadow behind the clear, hopeful words of President Washington as he spoke his opening address to Congress in the fall of 1791. Doubtless he neither knew nor felt them, for he was growing old and more than ever his heart lay in Mount Vernon where he journeyed as frequently and stayed as long as the affairs of government would permit. Moreover, conditions in the Northwest did not engross him as they might well have done. For to him the Indians were not much more than a bother that Providence would somehow dispose of. Had they been French or British or any obviously civilized people he would have taken them seriously, but as they were simply aborigines thrown into confusion by a highly materialistic society encroaching upon them his attitude toward them

was, as he expressed it to Cornplanter, a Sachem of the Senecas: "The United States requires only that these people should demean themselves peaceably. But they may be assured that the United States are able, and will most certainly punish them severely for all their robberies and murders." Considering that the robberies and murders and even massacres were as great on the part of the Americans as on that of the Indians and that it was the white settlers who had provoked the first offense by driving the natives from their lands, that arrogant manner was more fitting as applied to purchased slaves than to proud, red warriors.

The immediate effect of all these rioting interests would soon be known.

Major-General Arthur Saint Clair, Governor of the Northwest Territory, left Fort Washington early in September with his large but poorly disciplined army and began slowly cutting his way up through the wilderness. With a propensity for building forts where they would be of little use to him, he erected Fort Ludlow six miles from where he started, Fort Hamilton about twenty miles farther and Fort Jefferson forty-four miles north of Hamilton. By the time he had marched less than halfway to where the Indians were gathered it was growing too late for the series of manœuvres which he would have to make if his expedition were to be successful. In addition he had hampered the movements of his men, in old British style, by taking along as many women as cared to sleep on snow-covered ground among a host of border hoodlums. There were about two hundred women with the army. As for the men their adjutant-general thought them to be without "the essential stamina of soldiers. Picked up and recruited from the off-scourings of large towns and cities, enervated by idleness, de-

bauchery, and every species of vice, it was impossible they could have been made competent to the arduous duties of Indian warfare." Few of them were anxious to fight and within six weeks after leaving Fort Washington several hundred of them had deserted. Then, as if his army was not already weakened enough, General Saint Clair detached the 1st Regiment of regulars to march back and corral the deserters.

Now Saint Clair was reduced to about fourteen hundred men. With these he went into camp on the night of November 3 on the south bank of a bend in the Wabash River. Having posted a part of his militia on the farther side of the stream and surrounded his main body with sentries patrolling within fifty paces of each other, Saint Clair settled down for the night in his tent. He felt miserable, for his gout was bad; he was cold and outside it had begun to snow. How near he was to the Indians he could not tell, but he doubted that they would have remained within an area to which his artillery and troops had come. Major-General Butler was lying asleep in another tent. The women, too, were doubtless sleeping, save one to whom a child was born while on the march. The child lay squalling through the cold, snowy night.

At daybreak the camp was wakened not by the sound of drums beating reveille, but by the reports of shots from the body of militia across the creek. Saint Clair sat up in bewilderment, dressing slowly and painfully while the call to arms was being raised. He had not brought his uniform, but wore instead a coarse cappo coat and civilian breeches while on his head was a three-cornered fur hat below which his long, gray hair drooped lankily.

Major-General Butler, the resourceful Colonel Darke

and others were up and about among the troops who were forming awkwardly on the soft, snow-covered ground as Saint Clair dressed.

The sound of musketry on the other side of the creek was stopped. The militia were retreating, scarcely able to keep their arms, they were in such disorder. Behind them came the leading riders of from eleven to fifteen hundred Indian braves, Wyandots, Shawnees, Miamis and Delawares. They were whooping wildly, flourishing swords and firing muskets as their horses splashed across the stream close after the frightened militia.

General Saint Clair came wearily out of his tent. In front of him, Major-General Butler was trying to form a detachment in line that would hold the Indians back from the artillery-park and camp. Colonel Darke, on horseback, had assembled his regiment and was about to charge. A few artillerymen were grouped around their shining brass cannon. But the Shawnees, led by Chief Blue Jacket whose six-foot bulk was stark with hatred for the white man, the Wyandots under Simon Girty, a swarthy renegade from Fort Pitt who wore a red silk handkerchief tight around his skull and bright rings hanging from his ears, the Delawares under Captain Pipe and the Miamis urged on by the stocky, light-skinned Little Turtle drove fiercely in among them.

General Butler fell shot from his horse near where his front line stood with fixed bayonets. He sat helplessly, waiting to be carried away. Dismounted braves deployed widely, under cover of trees and logs they crept forward with bow and arrow, musket and tomahawk. Colonel Darke charged into them with his loping men. They ran out of his way, but returned again as he drew back into the camp.

Some men stood, still fighting. But behind them the tents were being deserted. Women, the militia, regulars

whose units had been broken were darting wildly through the tightening cordon of Indians, gaining the road on which the army had advanced and beginning the long flight toward Fort Washington. And General Saint Clair was giving orders for the remaining regiments to charge their way to this same road, retreating as soon as they were able.

Dicky Butler, tomahawked and scalped, lay dead near his tent. General Saint Clair stood in mortal anguish beside the horse which his orderly was helping him to mount. But under the shot, the screams and howling the mare was frightened, the General's leg was stiff and before he could get his foot into the stirrup it had jerked away and joined in the panic. It was on a packhorse that refused to be stirred out of a slow walk that Saint Clair finally took his way along the road which his pioneers had cut a few days before.

Behind the fleeing army about six hundred and fifty Americans lay dead or dying; by the tents were the bodies of thirty women. The cannon stood alone, curious prizes for the exultant conquerors. Horses, baggage, supplies and ammunition made so rich a plunder that the covetous braves, who might have followed and completed the massacre of Saint Clair's army, stayed close by the bloody camp, each grasping eagerly for his share. Or perhaps they felt they had done enough: never before had they seen so many white men dead; never again would they see so many. Six hundred and seventy-odd killed. Nearly three hundred wounded. The casualties were more than two-thirds of the force that had encamped by the creek on the preceding night, more, many more, than those from the battle of Monmouth.

One evening, it was on December 19, a tired, mud-stained rider came quickly up before the door of Presi-

dent Washington's house in Philadelphia and stopped. He went inside, but was barred in the hallway by the porter who informed him that his Excellency was at dinner. The officer irritably shook his head; he had an urgent message from the army in the West.

The porter sent an under-servant into the dining-room to whisper to Mr. Lear, the President's private secretary. Mr. Lear was excused and went into the hall with inquisitively raised brows. The officer repeated that he had urgent despatches for the President from the Western army.

The secretary, dubious but obliging, disappeared; returning to the dining-room he bent over the President's dark-clad shoulder and spoke in a low tone. Major Denny, General Saint Clair's aide, he said, had just ridden in with important despatches from the Western army.

Washington rose at the name of Saint Clair; begging to be excused, he went into the hall to greet the tired messenger, then came back and sat down again, saying he was sorry he had interrupted dinner.

The formal meal continued as before. Once the President was heard to mutter to himself: "I knew it would be so!" then resumed his grave urbanity of countenance. The dinner was a long, quiet function with many people at the board. After it was over Mrs. Washington led the way into the drawing-room. The men followed and remained until ten o'clock. After all had gone and his wife was in bed the President began walking in silence up and down the room with long, slow strides. His secretary, Mr. Lear, stood watching him. Finally Washington sat down on the sofa by the fire, kept still a moment longer and then burst out vehemently: "It's all over!—Saint Clair's defeated!—routed: the officers

nearly all killed, the men by wholesale; the rout complete; too shocking to think of, and a surprise into the bargain!" He stopped short, got up from the sofa and began walking about once more, muttering, pacing, ready to break into storm.

"Yes, *here,* on this very spot, I took leave of him; I wished him success and honor. 'You have your instructions from the Secretary of War,' said I, 'I had a strict eye on them and will add but one word, *beware of a surprise!* You know how the Indians fight us. I repeat it, *beware of a surprise.*' He went off with that, my last warning thrown in his ears. And yet! To suffer that army to be cut to pieces, hacked, butchered, tomahawked, by a surprise—the very thing I guarded him against—O God! O God! He's worse than a murderer! How can he answer it to his country! The blood of the slain is upon him—the curse of widows and orphans—the curse of heaven!"

The tones were appalling. Secretary Lear remained silent, almost frightened. But the rage of the President had abated. He sat down on the sofa and said with an effort toward calmness: "This must not go beyond this room"; and then after a pause: "General Saint Clair shall have justice. I looked hastily through the despatches; saw the whole disaster, but not all the particulars. I will receive him without displeasure; I will hear him without prejudice; he shall have full justice."

A few days later the fate of Saint Clair's army was generally known. To the country at large the governor's defeat meant that the taxes which they had been sourly paying for the upkeep of the army had gone for nothing and that there would be other bills to be met for this latest and most expensive failure against the Indians. To the people on the frontier, in western Pennsylvania,

northern Kentucky and the temerarious settlers who had crossed to the far side of the Ohio it meant that they would have to keep close to their cabins, carrying their muskets whenever they went out the door and be ever in fear that when they returned they would find the logs smouldering and the scalped bodies of their families lying across the threshold. Still others, of whom there were thousands, were sharply disappointed because they had been waiting for the Ohio country to be at peace so that they could take up the cheap, rich lands which would open the way to the end of the West.

When Anthony Wayne heard the news of Saint Clair's defeat he doubtless was not surprised. Aware of the boldness of the Indians, he had long known that Saint Clair was not active enough to command a successful army in the field, and the failure of the expedition might have been expected from the start. But the death of Dicky Butler shocked him, accustomed as he was to war. One of the most daring officers of the Revolution, always popular with his men, he now was lying far out in the West in a clearing by an insignificant creek. Wayne could remember how he and Butler and Walter Stewart had followed the insurgent soldiers of the Pennsylvania line, pleading with them to break off the mutiny, watching them in fear that they might be led to desert to the British. He could remember Dicky Butler charging into the rear-guard of Lord Cornwallis at the opening of the Battle of Monmouth there in front of the court-house. Seeing Butler hustling his regiment through the marsh and up that rise of ground where British grenadiers and dragoons waited had been a sight for delighted awe, like a proof that a man need never die.

But now Butler was dead. Nathanael Greene was dead. Lord Stirling was dead. Since 1779 Sullivan had been in retirement. Charles Lee was dead. Most of

the officers of the Revolution were either gone or scattered. And meanwhile Wayne had discovered that his seat in Congress was to be contested by James Jackson and that there was a rising scandal over an illegal election of the details of which he had known nothing.

Two days after the President's opening speech had been read to Congress James Jackson had appeared. Not of his own initiative but through the interest of his friends an investigation had been started after his defeat. There had been discovered the forged returns of Judge Osbourne, legal trickery in Effingham County and illegal management of the campaign by Thomas Gibbons. James Jackson, accusing Wayne of no dishonesty, had nevertheless come with a protest.

Anthony Wayne was dumfounded, then furious. He stood in disgrace. Light Horse Harry Lee turned on him with scorn none the less vigorous for being heavily tinctured with envy. But James Jackson himself, making no charges against Wayne, pointed toward Thomas Gibbons of Savannah of whose knavery affidavits had been gathered.

Wayne kept his seat through the winter, sputtering that Jackson's efforts to supplant him were both ungrateful and idle. He could not believe in the illegality of the election. And Catharine Greene, though having troubles of her own with Congress, hurried to be his advocate with the President; for "no character is out of reach of envy, malice and detraction," she warmly told him and insisted that her friend was guiltless.

Down in Georgia Judge Osbourne was arraigned before the next meeting of the State legislature which with the evidence at hand impeached him, tried him and expelled him from Superior Court. James Jackson called Thomas Gibbons to account with pistols.

The winter passed. And during the early months of the new year President Washington looked about for a new commander-in-chief of the remnant of the army, a man who could recruit another force of regulars and confidently lead them into the Ohio country against the Indians. In the hope of peace with them arrived at by treaty he was beginning to lose faith. First they must be beaten and then made to submit to a ruling which, by the ordinance of 1787 of the Northwest Territory, must nevertheless show "the utmost good faith toward the Indians" and be in accordance with "laws, founded in justice and humanity which shall, from time to time, be made, for preventing wrongs being done to them, and for preserving peace and friendship with them." The man who could best accomplish this, Light Horse Harry Lee believed, was himself. And President Washington, fond of his younger fellow Virginian who was the son of the woman whom his Excellency had once felt romantically toward, felt likewise. But in the Revolution Henry Lee had been only a colonel and to be raised from that rank to command of the army would look too much like favoritism. Another officer would have to be found.

The winter ended and there was neither army nor commander. Wayne waited with anxiety to hear what Congress would decide regarding his election, whether he would be permitted to sit among them as a representative from Georgia or whether he would be cast out in favor of James Jackson. His plantation going to his creditors, Waynesborough impoverished, his name under a scandal and that pain in his leg often shooting unbearably through swollen flesh, he was at the edge of despair.

On March 16 Congress resolved that "Anthony Wayne was not duly elected a member of this house." He could, however, stand for re-election. Instead, he stalked indig-

nantly out, finished with Congress. So was James Jackson, for he too refused to run again.

But, while the doors were closed to Congress a way was being opened for more important service. In the President's cabinet it was suggested that with General Wayne out of politics he was free to take command of the army. His Excellency, however, heard the proposal without much pleasure. Memories not of the Brandywine, Germantown, Monmouth and Stony Point, but of the night at Paoli, of Wayne's failure as a man of commerce, of the scandalous election stirred him. Forgetful that when Arnold had betrayed West Point and Washington, standing hopelessly beside Lafayette, had muttered, "Whom can we trust now?" he had answered his own question by sending for Wayne who came with his brigade in four hours over sixteen miles of mountains through the night;—forgetful that it was Wayne who had retaken Georgia and had made treaties with the Cherokees and Creeks—"A brave general and nothing else," said President Washington.

Not loyal, then? Not resourceful? Not untiring? Not popular with whatever troops he had commanded? Not amiable and tolerant in peace as he was violent and intractable in war? There were people who had thought he was. And if he were given the command he would at least have the fortitude to fight his way out of any ambush which the Indians might set for him. And he would also, with volunteers and levies furnished from the same source that made up the expeditions of Harmar and Saint Clair, be enabled through drills and discipline to convert the third gleaning of "off-scourings of large towns and cities, enervated by idleness, debauchery and every species of vice" into soldiers capable of enduring without complaint the long marches through the wilderness trails of the West.

Though Wayne had shown much more than bravery he had not failed to make a flourishing display of his faults. Washington believed that he was "more active and enterprising than judicious and cautious," which, in the main, was true. But then there was no soldier in America who had been more active and enterprising. Another objection of Washington's happened to be that he feared Wayne was no economist. Doubtless that, too, was true. It was also the President's opinion that he was "Open to flattery, vain; easily imposed upon and liable to be drawn into scrapes." Perhaps. Also his inability to keep his Georgia estate, the scandalous nature of his election, his often expressed "insuperable bias in favor of an elegant uniform," his blithe disregard of the trap which Cornwallis had prepared for him at Green Spring all were well remembered proof that the valorous general was also deplorably human.

Weeks passed by while the recommendation for Wayne's appointment to the head of the army was being considered. Meanwhile Arthur Saint Clair, unabashed by the fact that he had lost more than two-thirds of the force which he had been given to fight the Indians, was writing to President Washington, requesting that he be permitted to retain the rank of major-general and command of the West. The President's fury was long since gone. Now he was more than kind. Unable to humor Saint Clair's wishes, he made his refusal sound almost like praise: Except under the present, he said, he would be only too glad for General Saint Clair to retain his commission, "but the establishment of the troops allows only of one major-general. You have manifested your intention of retiring, and the essential interests of the public requires your successor should be immediately appointed in order to repair to the frontiers." To that Gen-

eral Saint Clair acquiesced with the usual remark under such circumstances. He would be pleased to afford his successor all the information he possessed with regard to the Indians and Indian fighting.

Finally in April the appointment of General Wayne was placed before the senate for confirmation. It was, Light Horse Harry Lee and others said, an unpopular measure. But that, President Washington answered, was not for him to decide. "The appointment was not the determination of a moment, nor was it the effect of partiality and influence; for no application (if that in any instance could have warped my judgment) was ever made in his behalf by any one who could have thrown the weight of a feather into his scale, but because, under a full view of the circumstances, he appeared to be the more eligible."

At once the senate began to expostulate. What, give Anthony Wayne command of the American Army! That man who was always so eager to fight? Unthinkable, or at least unadvisable. The first thing he would do would be to get the country into another war. America had had enough of expeditions. Why not try a few more treaties with the Indians first? A few presents, a little talk about the Great White Father and then their lands would be given to America without further conflict. At last the objections were quieted. General Wayne could have command of the army, but he was not to go forth with his sword until all other means of finding a peaceful conquest of the Northwest had failed.

CHAPTER XIV

Major-General Anthony Wayne's genially tempestuous nature was growing a little sharp. Duly appreciative of the honor of being named Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the United States, he would have felt the distinction more forcibly if there had existed any army for him to lead and if, having enough men to form a corps, he had not been instructed that there was to be no war.

Within two months after his appointment General Wayne had reached Pittsburgh with the few of the army that remained. It was a hot June and the public houses on the straggling streets stood with open doors. Men in coarse linen shirts, breeches of deerskin or homespun cloth, wearing moccasins and serenely ruminating on tobacco leaf, leaned against the rough-hewn sides of the buildings and watched the unpainted wagons dragging past.

The hills surrounding Pittsburgh were green and quiet, but in the bottom lands beside the Allegheny coming from the north and the Monongahela running from the south farmers worked with ox-teams; and where the two rivers joined to make the Ohio the flimsy wooden docks were sparsely lined with barges and flatboats loading cargoes. Among all the people of the town, the hills, the fields and flatboats there was not a man but had a frontier tale with which to fix his listener. A few could remember back as far as the expedition under Colonel Boquet who in the fall of '64 had gone up into the Ohio country to force the Indians into a treaty of peace and retrieve the two hundred captives which they had taken from the neighborhood. There were others who had been with Colonel An-

drew Lewis who had fought the Shawanese and Senecas ten years later down the river at Point Pleasant. Some of them had gone with Daniel Brodhead when he led eight hundred men against the Delawares and Wyandots in the summer of 1780 and had done no better than to burn several cabins and to murder a Delaware chieftain who had come to ask for peace. The next year a hundred frontiersmen from the neighborhood of Pittsburgh had come upon ninety-four Christianized Delawares and two Wyandots gathering corn; and herded them into cabins where they murdered all of them, men, women and children. Revenge for that had followed in another season when a larger expedition against the Delawares had been half-destroyed and completely broken, its leader, Colonel William Crawford, had been burned with excessive torture at the stake.

In every month through the succeeding years there had been lurid murders and defeats. Flatboats floating down the Ohio had been assailed and boarded from the banks, stockades and cabins burned, families separated and men left charred inside a circle of faggots. And though five American generals—George Rogers Clarke, Josiah Harmar, Charles Scott, James Wilkinson and finally Arthur Saint Clair—had gone to subdue them the Indians were not only unconquered, they had become stronger and the tribes were more closely confederated to fight their common enemy.

All of this was first-hand knowledge at Pittsburgh, the town at the edge of the gigantic forest where Anthony Wayne went to train the new army of the United States. And the volunteers and levies, dribbling in from the East, heard the stories of routs and murders and began fearfully to wonder whether they wouldn't have done better if they had stayed at home and had found or kept on with

jobs in the fields, the shipyards and the stores. Many turned back before they ever reached the town. Fifty deserted from Major Ashton's recruits on their way west from Carlisle and seven dropped out of Stakes's dragoons. None of the columns arrived full strength.

Collecting his troops, drilling men and officers alike, Wayne did not yet know whether his growing army would ever be ordered to engage the Indians with their bayonets or whether their organization was to end as merely a threatening gesture. Ordered to seek another treaty, he sent Colonel John Hardin and Major Alexander Trueman, of the 4th Sub-Legion, as peace envoys to the confederated tribes, but both men were murdered on their way to one of the Shawanese towns between Piqua and Wapatomica, from which it seemed obvious that the Indians would cease fighting only on their own terms—which were that the Americans should at once withdraw across the Ohio and leave the Northwest Territory free to the natives who then held it. But in spite of that the Congress, the Senate, and Henry Knox, the Secretary of War, believed that they might more easily win their object by a treaty than by a cavalry charge supported with bayonets.

Organizing this expedition, Wayne found during the summer and fall, was more difficult than recruiting and holding troops had been in the worst days of the Revolution. The men came reluctantly. On their way to Pittsburgh they heard the villagers say as they marched by, "What a pity that such a likely parcel of young men are going to be slaughtered by the Indians as General Saint Clair's army was." And when they reached headquarters they found half the people in mourning—for the death of Major-General Richard Butler, it was explained to them. Intimidated by tales of border fury, the recruits disap-

peared, or remained to drink up their bounty money in the Pittsburgh saloons.

Those that stayed in camp were scarcely soldiers. On the night of August 8 a report came into Pittsburgh that the Indians were about to attack. Wayne ordered the troops to form for action and rode along the outer line to give them confidence. The men in the redoubts, he said, were to maintain their posts at whatever cost; meanwhile he would gain the enemy's rear with the dragoons. But fortunately the alarm was false, he had no sooner left them than a third of the sentries sneaked away in the darkness.

Nor were his officers of much assistance in training the men. His second-in-command was Brigadier-General James Wilkinson, childishly pompous and uninstructed as ever. Thomas Posey, the other brigadier, though of greater worth than Wilkinson, was slow in action, drank heavily and was hot-tempered. And the men who held lesser commissions quarreled among themselves, got drunk, were insubordinate to their colonels and neglected the dress and equipment of the soldiers. Captain Ballard Smith of Virginia took Mrs. Sprague, the wife of one of his own sergeants, into his tent where they lived happily until Sergeant Thorpe, also of his company, got into a drunken brawl with Smith which caused the lady to take up the captain's pistols and threaten to kill the sergeant on the spot. Ensign Gasaway scorned to carry a weapon while mounting guard. Captain John Platt behaved so scandalously he had to be cashiered. Lieutenant Nathaniel Huston of the Rifle Corps was frankly disobedient of orders . . .

Equipment was slow to come and inadequate when it arrived. Yet somehow an army had to be raised and furnished. When the days grew cold Wayne, disgusted

with the frontier town, broke camp and marched the few volunteers and levies down the Ohio twenty-seven miles where he quartered for the winter.

The new encampment was called Legionville, named after the Legion of the United States, which was the title of the army he was attempting to raise. There was wood and water and a flat meadow. Immediately Wayne settled down to build a cantonment of log huts, first for the men, then for the officers, and to keep the soldiers, when they weren't swinging axes and pushing cross-cut saws, drilling with their unwieldy muskets over the bare, brown earth. They skirmished, shot mark, sprinted with fixed bayonets toward imaginary Indians who hid behind stumps and in clusters of trees. Wayne watched them with a warm, critical eye. Their muscles were hardening, they were less of an awkward squad, but they hadn't the necessary fervor yet. Before he was finished with them they would have learned to load their muskets while on the run and to make even their imaginary attacks with such vehemence that they would go splashing through an icy river unless called to a halt.

Heavy snows fell, but the skirmishing continued. In the freezing weather the men looked chilled and ragged under cloth hats. Wayne sent marksmen across the river into the deeper forest and they brought back dead bears from whose shaggy hides the army tailors made fur caps. Surmounting these the first sub-legion wore white plumes, the second red plumes, the third flaunted yellow and the color of the fourth was green—it was their nearest approach to a distinctive uniform.

With such troops to equip and discipline it was not till after Christmas that more personal affairs crowded into General Wayne's mind. Then he realized that seven months had passed and there had been no word from

Waynesborough. Polly hadn't written, though he had sent letters to her. Margaretta hadn't written. And Captain William Hayman, a connection of the family whom he had left in charge of the Easttown estate, had remained exasperatingly silent. Captain Hayman had promised to see that satisfaction was entered upon all judgments obtained in court against his muddled financial affairs. Had Hayman done so? He was worried and felt the uncertainty of life, particularly that of his own. For he was ill with old complaints and the menace of the wilderness harried his mind. His breast, he informed Captain Hayman, wasn't bullet-proof, nor could he step a single foot aside to shield it; and as he wanted what property remained to be legally settled before he died, he begged the captain to write him of what had been done.

March came and the drills continued. On Saint Patrick's day there was a general review with skirmishing. General Wayne sat on his horse watching Edward Butler, his adjutant, gallop about shouting orders to the wheeling troops. Officers and men alike, usually quick to feel themselves affronted, were growing jealous of their capacities as soldiers. Wayne could hear Butler storming at Captain William Eaton of Connecticut who commanded the left column for the day. Under one of the commands Eaton had got his rear rank in front and both flanks in the centre. He would have to countermarch to straighten himself out of the inverted order, which he now was doing. But the adjutant had forgotten Eaton's position and was railing at him for disobedience of commands. They came toward Wayne, still arguing.

"You've disobeyed a positive general order, you know damned well you have," accused Edward Butler.

Eaton made hot denial and in a moment they were on the verge of a fight, the adjutant jerking his sword from its scabbard and Eaton raising his espontoon and daring him to come further.

General Wayne, speaking briefly but emphatically, interrupted. The drill ground, he said, was no place for an altercation. The parade went on, Wayne watching critically from the saddle. Quarrelsome his men might be and ill he might feel, but they knew enough to stop when he spoke. Seeing him there, and in camp, they believed he was austere, almost forbidding. He let them think so. For so long as they knew he intended to be just in rewarding them, that he would fight Congress and the Secretary of War to increase their welfare and that he was personally valiant—that was all that mattered and they would be ready to go wherever he sent them.

Two days later, at Wayne's invitation, Chiefs Cornplanter, New Arrow, Big Tree and the old sachem Guasutha visited Legionville for a friendly council. But the meeting discovered nothing Wayne hadn't known before. All of the Indians insisted on the Ohio River as the boundary between the two races and Guasutha, dining at the general's table, flung out his braceleted arm and intoned: "My heart and my mind is fixed on that river. May that water continue to run and remain the boundary between the White and Red People on its opposite shores."

General Wayne—doubtless—sighed, then went on building flatboats in which his army would descend the river to Fort Washington. War, he had begun to feel again, was a dreadful trade. And those men of his: within less than a month Butler and Eaton had been at dueling point; Captain Benjamin Price had challenged Lieutenant Piercy Pope who had shot him through the breast;

and Lieutenant Daniel Saint Thomas Jenifer had killed young Ensign Gasaway in still another affair of honor.

Later in the spring more volunteers arrived. One hundred and one came from Virginia and a like number from New Jersey. Maryland furnished thirty. But most of the men were from the border, for while eastern Pennsylvania sent but one hundred and nineteen, Westmoreland County alone raised a hundred and sixty-four, which was the same number that came from Washington County. Fayette and Allegheny raised as many between them and one hundred and sixty-six volunteers crossed the river from the wilderness cabins of the Northwest Territory.

The army was growing and soon it would be on the move. That it was going to war, Wayne believed, but he would not know for certain until he had heard what Beverly Randolph, Timothy Pickering and Benjamin Lincoln had accomplished on the shores of Lake Erie.

For those three men had been appointed United States Commissioners to meet the Indians and arrange for another treaty of peace by which, it was hoped, the Northwest Territory would be gained for the restless Americans waiting to occupy it. And while Wayne was building a barge for his staff and ninety-five flatboats to transport his men down the Ohio to Fort Washington the commissioners were embarked on Lake Erie, sailing toward the mouth of the Detroit River, a few miles up which stream they were to meet the Indian chieftains. Arriving, Pickering, Randolph, and Lincoln went to the house of Matthew Elliott which was on the right bank of the river some miles south of the British fortress at Detroit which His Majesty was still holding despite the treaty of 1783. From the house of the snub-nosed Elliott they sent a message to the Ohio Indians and waited for

them to come to an appointed place, an island in the river near the mouth.

With Simon Girty as their chief interpreter, the warriors and sachems came. Simon himself showed his insolence by appearing with a quill bristling beneath his wide nostrils. The Indians stood sober and frowning. Knowing of General Wayne's gathering army they protested to the commissioners. The British also thought the general's position "unwarrantable and unfair." Vain of their success over other expeditions which had come to destroy them, having to some extent confederated the principal Northwest tribes so that they could expect to raise at least two thousand warriors to fight, given supplies and ammunition and promised the support of British troops, the braves believed themselves strong enough to defeat any army which the Americans would send against them. Now, they said, if the emissaries of the Long Knives would agree that all of the Americans should withdraw across the Ohio River then the sachems would be happy to treat. Otherwise there was no use.

The United States, Pickering, Lincoln and Randolph informed the Indians, had sent their settlers to stay and the Ohio River could never be considered as a boundary line. The sachems, they suggested, had better go back to their people and bring another answer, for which the commissioners would wait.

Meanwhile Wayne was moving his army down toward Fort Washington. Shipping from Legionville late in May, his long train of flatboats floated down the Ohio, which was at high flood. When halfway to his destination a shot of greeting was fired from among the heavy trees, on the north bank, and standing on his barge he saw five lanky frontiersmen who eagerly waved their coonskin caps. He turned in for half a day which was

occupied by his marksmen and the woodsmen shooting at a target which they had set up in a clearing. The frontiersmen with their long squirrel rifles won. "My brave fellows, you are damned fine shots," said the general and had the brandy passed around. The squirrel rifles, as he knew, were better weapons for hunting game or for target range, but unfortunately they were not moulded for the bayonet . . .

The boats poled on. In his barge General Wayne was remembering the most recently reiterated orders from Henry Knox who had written that the people of the country were profoundly opposed to another war. He was wondering, but not too vaguely, what would come of the effort of Lincoln, Pickering, and Randolph. Knox, he knew, would inform him as soon as the answer to their peace proposal had been given.

On May 8 the boats turned slowly in over the high water toward Fort Washington where on high ground one mile down the shore they landed. Below where they disembarked a sallow backwash hid the treetops of the bottomland. It was Hobson's Choice—nowhere else to go.

The army, now more than a thousand trained men, pitched their camp. General Wayne stayed on his barge, the Federal. He was gloomy and felt afflicted. At last he had had word of Waynesborough—the letter came from Billy Atlee, Margaretta's husband, who lived at Chester. Breaking the red wax on the flap he read a few scrawled lines which told him that Polly, after an illness of about ten days, was suddenly dead. And the general's old mother, the letter from Billy went on to say, might follow after her. Everybody for whom he cared was going away from him. Greene was dead. Margaretta was married. Polly was dead. His mother dying. And he

was out in the wilderness with a swollen river behind him, a wide marsh in front of him and the village of Cincinnati, filled with whiskey and caitiff wretches to smuggle it to the army, to his right.

At the encampment near Fort Washington the interminable drills were recommenced, but lagged somewhat on account of epidemics of influenza followed by smallpox. June came and July, still the general waited for word from the commissioners. If they didn't hurry the summer would be gone and even though Charles Scott brought as many mounted militia from Kentucky as he hoped for there would be no campaign for another year . . .

Up ahead of Wayne through nearly one hundred and fifty miles of forest crossed by many streams and boggy marshes the braves of four strong tribes were gathering. And over the wilderness trails between ran sharp-eyed Shawanese and Miami spies whose zestfully vindictive pleasure it was to watch the movement of the Long Knives' army, to observe its manners and to speed the news when it approached more closely.

On August 13 Pickering, Lincoln, and Randolph, waiting along Lake Erie, received the final word of the confederated Indian tribes. It was short and left no opening for further treating: "Brothers, we shall be persuaded that you mean to do us justice, if you agree that the Ohio River shall remain the boundary line between us. If you will consent thereto, our meeting will be altogether unnecessary." The tone of the note was of the Indians, but the words were furnished by men of the British Indian Service who were stationed near the rapids of the Maumee River a few miles south of where it emptied into Lake Erie. There the English, under John Graves Simcoe, were completing a well-made fort which would be

garrisoned by their own men and protected by their own artillery; there they had their trading-posts and received their shiploads of supplies which they distributed each season among the hundreds of braves who had made the locality their rallying point against General Wayne's army.

For at last the general was on the move. In the morning of September 11 a message arrived from Henry Knox who wrote:

"Every effort has been made to obtain peace by milder terms than by the sword; the efforts have failed under circumstances which leave nothing for us to expect but war." And then the obese but jovial old gentleman whose roaring voice had helped so well to lose the battle of Germantown continued: "Let it therefore be again, and for the last time, impressed deeply upon your mind, that as little as possible is to be hazarded, that your force is fully adequate to the object you purpose to effect, and that a defeat at the present time, and under the present circumstances, would be pernicious in the highest degree to the interests of our country."

Wayne answered immediately that he would advance with the force at hand and take up a position in front of Fort Jefferson until opportunity came to strike with effect. Meanwhile would General Knox, the honorable secretary of war, please be a little less concerned about this army and, instead, send on "certain legionary distinctive decorations; also, a legionary standard, and sub-legionary and battalion colors—*they shall not be lost.*"

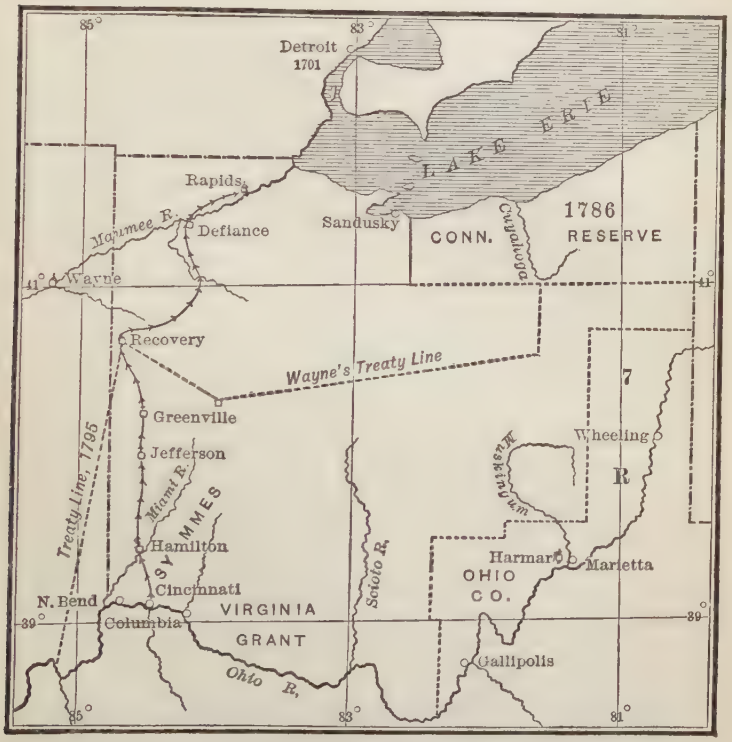
General orders for that day were brief: The Legion must be in perfect readiness to march at a moment's warning. And young Lieutenant Thomas Taylor Underwood of Petersburg, Va., on hearing the news, scribbled an exclamatory note in his journal:

"We now have but one alternative left and this is we must meet the savage foe; the Emortal Washington at the Head of our Government, and the Old Hero, Gen'l Wayne and his well discipline legion. We have little to fear, accept our god and fear him in love!"

The army fixed bayonets, threw away its scabbards and began to push forward, first to Fort Hamilton where it encamped for one night behind a breastworks at the upper end of a prairie, then on again. One day's march was short, the following a little longer. Roads were bad even for that country where no solid beds had ever been laid. The wagons sank up to their hubs, the horses strained, the men lagged, sometimes stringing out for nearly five miles. But each night the rear-guard brought them compactly into camp where they all lay down under earthworks and a fence of felled logs which encircled the camp against a surprise attack. On those nights General Wayne slept on the ground with nothing to cover him but a blanket. Ever alert despite that shooting pain in his left leg, he would often be found stalking around the picket-lines at three and four o'clock in the morning.

There must be, he knew without the advice of Henry Knox, no possibility of surprise permitted to remain. Marching against the Indians was not like going to meet a civilized army. The conventions were different; the aborigines came not with a roll of drums, but stealthily, letting out a sudden whoop only when they were already within gunshot distance. It was not enough that he remain constantly awake, his men must be prepared. Toward the end of the sixth day out from Fort Washington and a mile or more from Fort Jefferson, Wayne ordered Colonel John Francis Hamtramck, a Canadian and one of his most dependable officers, to manœuvre the

1st Sub-Legion in front of the main body as a test, making sham battle which would appear as an attack upon the advance guard. That night, John M. Scott, one of the soldiers, wrote back to Cincinnati: "The sham at-



WAYNE'S CAMPAIGN AND EARLY SETTLEMENTS IN OHIO.

tack really frightened a good many; but we all said let them come, for we are ready for them. We had marched hard this day and, I think, not so well prepared. However, it was at length discovered to be a sham fight, and everybody knew it then. Oh it was Hamtramck's usual practice, said they. But it was all in my eye, they never thought of Hamtramck."

By October 9 the Legion had passed Fort Jefferson and were encamped six miles to the north in a wide prairie which was fronted by a southeasterly running stream. Seventy miles north of Cincinnati and Fort Washington, more than a third of the way through the wilderness toward Lake Erie, it was the position Wayne selected for winter quarters. The men set to work with axes and cross-cut saws; as at Valley Forge and Morristown there soon were rows of six-by-fourteen feet log huts, built first for the soldiers, then for the officers and last a house for the commander-in-chief. Bastions and blockhouses went up and were connected by a solid wall which squared the camp. It was a safe position for the winter, and would serve as a valuable base when the army moved still farther ahead. When it was finished General Wayne thought it secure enough to be named after Nathanael Greene.

Already the Indians were stirring along the Legion's trail. While the logs of Fort Greenville were still being raised Cornet William Blue with twenty dragoons was grazing the horses in the prairie when he saw the tall grass stirred by creeping figures. "Turkeys," whispered one of the troopers beside him. But Blue was doubtful. They might be Indians, but . . . "Charge!" he shouted. While all but two sergeants and a lone private ran back into camp, Blue ran forward with sword and pistol. Two sleek braves scrambled up from the grass and were immediately killed.

On the following day there was a more serious encounter. A string of wagons under Lieutenant J. Lowry of the 3d Rifle Battalion and Ensign Samuel Boyd were being convoyed back for supplies by ninety riflemen under Captain Joseph Shaylor and Captain Prior. Passing along over the forest trail the riflemen and teamsters

stopped stiff with dread as the air about them filled with a bitter, vengeful, deep-lunged howling. They saw red-streaked faces and glinting tomahawks—a sight more menacing than any for which they had prepared themselves. Though Lowry, Boyd and about twenty enlisted men stood to fire by the wagons as the Indians rushed upon them the rest of the escort, terror-driven out of all control, ran swift as if the jaws of certain death were snapping at their heels. Deserted, Lowry, Boyd and the few who remained fought briefly with their backs to the motionless wagons, but were knocked to their knees and tomahawked by assailants who were twice as many as themselves. And while they lay dying the bulk of the convoy fled toward camp, the Indians closed in and carried away sixty-four horses and as much of the wagon train as they could transport.

It was an inexcusable rout, for the number of attacking Indians was thought to have been not over fifty. A court-martial followed but too many men were convicted to make punishment feasible.

But General Wayne was not looking backward so much as toward the north. Twenty-five miles in front of Fort Greenville ran that crooked little branch of the Wabash on the near side of which the bones of Dicky Butler and more than six hundred other soldiers who had gone with Arthur Saint Clair lay whitening under the sun and snow and rain. Guarding his winter quarters with four hundred men on sentry duty every day and night, General Wayne made ready to go forward with a heavily protected working party and build on that site a fort which merely a small detachment could hold with safety. Fort Recovery! How many old scores and of what a variety of sorts he could pay off with that name! He would be repossessing the ground where Dicky But-

ler had fallen. . . . Congress, Henry Knox, the Indians and the British would then see where he stood. And Arthur Saint Clair, who had passed him humiliatingly in the years gone by, Arthur Saint Clair, he too would see.

On December 24 of that year, 1793, General Wayne rode forward with eight companies under Major Henry Burbeck. With him went his adjutant, Major Mills, the Marylander, Captain Henry De Butts, Dicky Butler's brother, Captain Edward Butler, and Lieutenant William Henry Harrison, a youthful, thin-faced, wiry person with dark, deep-set eyes and a heavy thatch of hair, whom Wayne had taken as one of his aides. Arriving on the ground, Major Burbeck's companies began to pitch their tents, but found they had to scrape the bones away in order to have smooth beds beneath the canvas.

Through the winter Burbeck gathered skulls and bones, more than six hundred heads of Americans. He built a fort which stood insolently on the ground and used the four brass six-pounders which Saint Clair had lost and which one of Wayne's scouts had found hidden in logs and in the creek, to defend the little garrison.

General Wayne spoke most sincerely in his general order which the soldiers heard that winter:

"The commander-in-chief returns his most grateful thanks to Major Henry Burbeck, and to every officer, non-commissioned officer and private belonging to the detachment under his command, for their soldierly and exemplary good conduct during their late arduous tour of duty, and the cheerfulness with which they surmounted every difficulty at this inclement season, in repossessing General Saint Clair's field of battle, and erecting thereon Fort Recovery—a work impregnable by savage force; as also, for piously and carefully collecting and interring the bones, and paying the last respects and

military honors to the remains of the heroes who fell on the 9th of November, 1791, by three times three discharges from the same artillery that was lost on that fatal day, but now recovered by this detachment of the Legion."

Through the winter and spring of 1794, Fort Recovery stood in the Ohio wilderness perpetually challenging the Indian warriors. There by the bend of the Wabash over which Shawanese and Delawares, Miamis and Wyandots had so furiously driven upon Arthur Saint Clair's army, destroying more Americans than had fallen on the plains of Monmouth,—there determinedly squatted a square stockade of logs with a blockhouse at each corner and a massive gate at one side. Cut in the blockhouses and walls at the height of a man's shoulders were small holes through which muskets could be thrust, sending their bullets spattering over the shallow creek and the encircling clearing.

During the cold, bare months the heavy gate was rarely opened, for the horses and cattle were kept inside and the slender garrison under Captain Alexander Gibson drew their rations from Fort Greenville, a long day's journey to the south where General Wayne grimly went on with his drills and inspections. Such wheeling, deploying and countermarching neither the Ohio country nor the whole of the Northwest had ever seen before. The Indians were accustomed to straggling invasions which, like those under Harmar, Scott, and Wilkinson, could easily be eluded, or which, like those of Colonel William Crawford and Arthur Saint Clair, could be surprised and routed. But here was an army of men which held itself in a compact body and stayed for months in the midst of the wilderness. And above the fort where the American general massed his soldiers was this other

stronghold, Fort Recovery; on the very ground where their guns and tomahawks had made so great a slaughter, it was a daring, humiliating, confusing pledge of the white man's victory and the Indian's defeat.

While the gridiron flag hung above the long rows of low stockaded huts at Fort Greenville and the forest was still glittering with snow and ice a group of sachems and warriors came down from the Maumee Valley to speak with General Wayne. Drawn by the silent menace of Fort Recovery and the bigger garrison below, they hoped to make some kind of treaty that would save the upper country from attack by this slow, relentless army. The Indians came out of the forest trail professing peace, were met and brought inside of Greenville where General Wayne listened to them. Wrapped in long blankets, their skulls bare save for a long, dark forelock which lay sleekly down the middle, they stood talking gravely, one after the other, to this stern, alert invader of their land. There had been, they said, enough of fighting. Many of the Indian people were weary and longed once more to lie in security beside their cabin fires. The White Captain was a great and vigilant man. He saw everywhere. Each night from the time he had left the Ohio River there had been Indian spies within sight of his encampment, but none had been cautious and agile enough to get inside where his men and stores and fine horses lay. Even the courage of the best had not prevailed against the great White Captain; now the warriors and their families desired peace.

General Wayne heard them to the end, then answered that the White Captain was also disposed toward peace. But the Indians had been so often deceived by the British, the men in scarlet jackets beyond the lake; how did the White Captain know that now they were unde-

ceived, that they would not continue to make war if promised help from the British? First, before a treaty could be written, the Shawanese, Miamis, Wyandots, and Delawares must bring to the White Captain all of the American prisoners who were living with them, must deliver them up in proof that they were earnest in their search for peace. If the sachems and warriors were to agree to this the White Captain would give them thirty days in which to return with their American captives. Then a treaty of peace would be made that should last forever.

The Indians filed out of the fort and turned north again. And the general in the powdered hair and blue coat faced with red was left in doubt as to what would be the result of their meeting. He could have wished for something definite, for during the long winter he was worried now and again. Communications were difficult and many weeks passed without word from anywhere. Supplies from the Cincinnati traders were slow to come and when they did arrive the commonest sugar was seventy-five cents a pound and whisky five dollars a gallon.

As the weeks passed it became apparent that there would be no further answer from the Indians, that the peace envoys had represented only themselves in coming. Either that or else the tribes who had sent them had refused to surrender the prisoners or, yet again, that their journey had been the opening move for some trick which was soon to be played. For no more words of peace were heard at Greenville.

However the mystery was then explained, it seems most likely that the Indian messengers who came to General Wayne did not represent the assembled tribes on the Ohio country. For while they were at Fort Greenville Little Turtle of the Miamis was journeying from the

Maumee Valley to Canada to ask the British for the long-promised aid in defeating this latest and most resolute American army which, it was hoped, would be driven back across the Ohio. And by February 10 Little Turtle and a number of other powerful chiefs had met Lord Dorchester who not only assured them that they would be aided by British guns and British soldiers, but told them also:

"From the manner in which the people of the United States push on, and act, and talk, on this side; and from what I learn of their conduct towards the sea, I shall not be surprised if we are at war with them within the course of the present year; and if so, a line must be drawn by the Warriors . . . I have told you that there is no line between them and us. I shall acknowledge no lands to be theirs which have been encroached on by them since the year 1783 . . . All approaches towards us since that time, and all the purchases made by them I consider as an infringement on the King's rights. And when a line is drawn between us, they must lose all their improvements and houses on our side of it. Those people must all be gone who do not obtain leave to become the King's subjects."

Lord Dorchester's promises were heartening to Little Turtle. Possessed of less fury and more sagacity than the majority of the Indian war chiefs, he had been enabled to see in Wayne's prudent but vigorous advance the destruction of the assembled tribes. But with British assurance of men and supplies and the Canadian governor's allusion to another war, or rather resumption of the old one, he could once more hope as buoyantly for Indian control of the Ohio country as before General Wayne left Fort Washington. And when he returned to the Maumee Valley, bringing the words of Lord Dor-

chester, Little Turtle found the people who had crowded into that locality more eager than ever that Wayne's army should be attacked.

The Shawanese having been pushed upward from the southeast, the Miamis from the southwest, the Wyandots and Miamis from the east and middle east of the Ohio country, there were about two thousand warriors and their families gathered along the Maumee River between its mouth, where it emptied into Lake Erie from the south, and its junction with the Auglaize fifty miles up-stream. Away from the banks the ground was rolling and heavily timbered with huge oaks, black walnut, ash, elm and hickory; but close to the river the land was low for a width of several rods which were overflooded every spring and made exceedingly fertile. It was near this bottomland that the Indians, tying saplings together and covering them with bark strips, had built their cabins, while closer to the water they had planted corn and little vegetable gardens until either bank had become a narrow, cultivated field that stretched uninterrupted for nearly fifty miles.

About a mile from where the Auglaize joined the Maumee lay the village of Chief Blue Jacket on the latter river. For several years Blue Jacket had been war chief of the Shawanese, had led them against Saint Clair and Harmar and in numerous smaller battles. Among all the Indians there was none more earnestly nor more vehemently eager to fight the Americans so long as he lived. Two of the chiefs of his own tribe had been unscrupulously murdered by Kentucky borderers in a fort on the Ohio to which they had gone to warn those very men of an intended attack from some renegade Indians; that was but one of Blue Jacket's many grievances against the Long Knives who had driven him from his land. Blue Jacket would fight

at any time, trusting less in numbers than in his great bronzed arm to defeat the Americans.

Farther along the Maumee toward its mouth were the villages of Captain Pipe, under whose command Colonel William Crawford, at the head of a greater force, had been cut up and burned at the stake twelve years earlier on the banks of the Tymochtee. Near Captain Pipe were the towns of Tarhe the Crane and his Wyandots, Bockongahelas and his Delawares, the then youthful Tecumseh, Red Pole, Black Wolf, Lame Hawk, Captain Johnny and Blackhoof—all noted warriors.

Stringing along the Maumee toward Lake Erie, the Indian towns ended at the foot of the Rapids, a few miles from the lake. There it was that several officers and interpreters of the British Indian Service had their quarters. Close to the rapids on the north bank was the trading post of Colonel Alexander McKee, a Loyalist who had left Pittsburgh in the spring of 1778 and had urged the Indians against the Americans ever since; of Simon Girty, who was hated by the borderers down the entire length of the Ohio River, and of many others in the service of King George.

Infuriated Indians, reckless renegades and energetic officers of the British Indian Service; yet those were not all that General Wayne would have to meet if he reached as far as Lake Erie in his march through the Ohio country. For in April, which was not long after Little Turtle returned from Lord Dorchester—nor was it a great while after the sachems had gone to Fort Greenville to ask for peace—in April John Graves Simcoe, then Lieutenant-Governor of Canada and formerly leader of the Queen's Rangers, arrived at the foot of the Maumee Rapids. He came by boat, bringing men, tools and artillery and began erecting a fort. The ground beside the river, not far from

Alexander McKee's trading post, was broken at once. Logs were cut and piled into a heavy structure that only a large cannon-ball could penetrate; blockhouses were made for a sweeping fire of rifles and artillery; a wooden chevaux de frise was built up around the walls and surrounding this protecting device appeared a deep trench.

The fort was on territory which the British, by their treaty of 1783, had acknowledged as belonging to America. When it was completed three companies of English regulars under Major William Campbell and a number of Canadian militia marched inside it—the final barrier which General Wayne would have to pass in his long march through the wilderness.

Fascinated by the brass cannon, the scarlet coats and the rolling drums, the Indians put their trust in the British fort and faced the south with strengthened confidence. Theretofore they had been unable to sneak inside the American general's camp even while he was on the march, but now, though his men were protected by log walls and blockhouses, they thought it plausible that a sudden whooping onslaught might successfully be made against the nearer garrison. And if that could be done it might bring the death of the Long Knives' enterprise and save the Indians' ripening fields from the torch.

The scheme to attack Fort Recovery was supported as soon as it was suggested. Blue Jacket and many of his warriors were eager for a fight. Captain Matthew Elliott and Simon Girty remembered the four brass cannon which they had taken from Saint Clair and had hidden in some hollow logs between the creek and the battlefield. With these four six-pounders the gates might be hammered in, making a free passage for the warriors and their tomahawks. As for the lesser braves they were lured toward the fort by the thought of the horses, blan-

kets, clothing, guns, ammunition and food supplies which it would be their right to pillage once they had defeated the garrison.

But Alexander McKee, who was then furnishing the tribes with goods from the King's stores and who supervised the Indian's movements at that time, doubted that a surprise assault would be advisable. Anxious that an attack be made, it was a better plan, he felt, to go softly down between Forts Recovery and Greenville and make an ambush for the convoys which would be sure to travel from General Wayne's headquarters to his advance post. The trains of supplies and the men who guarded them could be taken and killed, whence small parties of braves could appear under the walls of the fort and by a galling, incessant sniping infuriate the garrison beyond all caution so that the soldiers would open the gates and charge their assailants and thus be drawn into a trap of hundreds of waiting Indians.

McKee's design was agreed to by Blue Jacket, who was to lead the war party. And the word that there was soon to be an attack traveled from brave to brave on either side of the river between the Maumee Rapids and the forks at the Auglaize. It went with an enthusiasm that was nearly gleeful. Braves smiled, jumped, thumped each other on the back as they thought of the incomparable opulence that would be theirs after the attack. A fine horse to ride, a warm blanket for covering through the fall and winter nights, a store of flour and salt and plenty of ball and powder with which to keep a fresh supply of venison, wild turkey and coon! Their hopeful interest was so infectious that even some of their adopted children, the white youths captured in maraudings along the Ohio, decided of their own accord to go down with them to the assault.

The war party was ready by the latter part of June. With more than a thousand braves assembled under the general command of Blue Jacket, they started filing southward through the forest trails. On the 29th of the month they encamped within three miles of Fort Recovery. A convoy, they found by tracks, had recently passed. They waited.

On the following morning, which was June 30, 1794, Major William MacMahon of the 3d Rifle Battalion—a raw-boned frontiersman who stood six feet six inches—rode out of the gate at Fort Recovery with ninety of his men and an empty wagon train which they had convoyed from Fort Greenville. They had gone but about two hundred yards over the south trace when the tall grass in front of them began to move in wavy, tortuous paths as if wild turkeys were rustling through it. A bare head with an oiled forelock and a paint-streaked face appeared. There was a shout from the head of MacMahon's column: "Indians! Indians!"

The leading riflemen wheeled. Horses collided with each other and a number of the inexperienced riders slid from their saddles and ran back toward the gate. From the grass in front of MacMahon had arisen a long file of whooping savages who came forward with leveled muskets which they fired recklessly. Several of the returning convoy fell dead or wounded. Lieutenant Isaac Craig, Captain Hartshorne and Cornet Torry were killed. James Neil, one of the pack-horse drivers, was overtaken and captured, but most of the rest spurred back to the fort where Captain Alexander Gibson, the commandant, had already ordered the garrison to stand to the loopholes in the blockhouses and behind the walls.

The Indians followed in a fury and the noise they made brought all of their warriors in the neighborhood racing

toward the fort. Inside, the men at the loopholes could see seventeen columns driving in upon them from as many different directions while Major MacMahon and his escort scrambled for the heavy gates.

MacMahon fell with a bullet through his forehead before he reached the gate, which the garrison waited desperately to push shut. Then the bars were dropped inside. Beyond the walls riderless horses ran aimlessly, their bridles hanging loose.

The Indians, their powder-horns and pouches slung over their bare shoulders, stood behind trees and stumps, sighting over their hot gun barrels. Near the creek several men who dressed in hunting shirts and moccasins and had painted faces, but spoke in English, ran anxiously about, examining all the fallen logs for the four brass cannon which had been hidden there three years before but which had been recovered by General Wayne and were now mounted inside the fort.

Within fifty yards of the outer walls the braves were running in a circle after the frightened horses while shot spat out at them from the loopholes. They ran with their torsos forward, almost parallel with the ground, their dark arms outstretched to catch the elusive bridles. Back of them the sterner warriors stood watching those same loopholes over their musket barrels, firing, reloading and firing as the sun rose high on a warm, brilliant day.

A white youth who had been a prisoner of the Indians for nearly fourteen years stood behind a tree with his unused musket beside him. A brave behind another tree close by, firing as rapidly as his awkward weapon would permit, asked, "why don't you shoot?"

The white youth explained that he saw nothing to shoot at.

"Shoot at them holes in the front, and perhaps you will kill a man," the brave informed him.

But the white youth had no desire to shoot and said so.

"Then you had better get out of here or else you'll be killed. Didn't you see the bark fly above your head a moment ago?"

The boy nodded.

"Well, just fall back out of reach, if you will not shoot, or you will get killed." Then the brave calmly raised his rifle again and peered around the side of the tree, but the weapon fell to the ground and he clapped one hand to his chin where a lead ball had struck him.

The youth stood dazed and unreflecting. Above him the sky filled with the whirring noise of a shell from a mortar. There was a brief silence. Then behind him the ground shook with a roar and when he turned around the horses which had been gathered near by lay on their sides, rolling their dumb imploring eyes in pain.

Half a mile back in the forest James Neil, the packhorse driver, stood with his hands behind him, tied to a stump. Couples of sweating braves carrying wounded warriors walked steadily past and returned quickly without their burdens. The crackle of musketry and the explosions of occasional shells sounded plain, but the wood was filled with Indians that treaded back and forth in an endless stream to gather their dead and wounded.

Inside the fort the garrison stood firing from the loopholes. But for every man that remained upright there was another who lay torn by a gunshot wound. Captain Hartshorne was dead. Lieutenant Craig was dead. Captain Taylor of the dragoons and Lieutenant Darke of the Legion were wounded. Nineteen others among the officers and non-com's alone would never see the sky again.

The assault was continued doggedly throughout the day, but by late afternoon there were fewer and fewer braves appearing from behind the stumps and trees. Because of the number of killed and wounded and the inabil-

ity of the braves to reach the walls, Blue Jacket himself at last drew back into the forest, taking his warriors about a mile down the creek where they encamped around their fires and cooked their scanty meal.

Though Blue Jacket had withdrawn from the fort he had not yet admitted failure. Gathering a few hundred warriors around him, he held them until nearly midnight and then led them forward in a surprise attack. The sky was misty and the moon obscured. It was the hope of all of them that they could steal upon the fort and climb the walls before they were discovered.

They went forward stealthily among the stumps and underbrush, into the clearing and within a few yards of the walls. But they did not go quietly enough. Before a single hand had touched the chinked pile of logs the musket of a wakeful sentry blazed into the darkness and the fire from the loopholes swept around in a circle from which Blue Jacket's warriors could do no more than crawl away.

The last hours of the night were still. The garrison slept with their muskets in their laps and their backs to the walls. Outside Blue Jacket and his men were carrying off the dead and wounded. By morning the field had been cleared of all but a few and the bulk of the Indians were on their way back to the Maumee. Fort Recovery, though half its men were casualties, stood strong and unimpaired.

A messenger rode hurriedly down the south trail to Fort Greenville that day. General Wayne was not surprised at the information that was brought. But it was interesting: A few months earlier the Indians had come talking of peace; he had met them in an honest spirit, but had heard no more from them until now. To the question of peace this, then, must be their final answer.

CHAPTER XV

The months of waiting and incessant training would soon be over now. Attacking Fort Recovery, the Indians had made an unmistakable sign: they were for war. And General Wayne was a little relieved that they had shown themselves so palpably. For the weather was fine and Charles Scott was on his way to Greenville with nearly a thousand well mounted Kentucky militia.

Through that hot, still month of July General Wayne sat in his house which faced the grand parade. Around it a picket fence enclosed a garden which the sun-tanned soldiers could be seen walking with respectful carriage, as they passed the Legionary flag itself. In the house the general talked with his adjutant, John Mills, with Henry De Butts and his other aide, William Henry Harrison. Thomas Posey had resigned and the remaining brigadier, James Wilkinson, did not habitually frequent the company of the Commander-in-Chief. His advice, he felt, was being neglected and he was irritated because of that. Sometimes two dusty riders who dressed like Indians would dismount at the general's gate and go up the walk unchallanged by the sentry. They were Captain William Wells and Lieutenant Robert McLellan, the leading scouts, and once they came to tell him of the British fort at the foot of the Maumee Rapids.

Thinking of the British fort, the general grew indignant. They were, in their policy, a set of liars, deceiving the tribes about the Northwest which they claimed not to have ceded, promising to help them drive the Americans out of all the country which had not been settled previous to 1783! Let them try it. If they used their arms

to impede the Legion's progress they would be shot down, whether another war came of it or not. But if they remained passively behind their guns it might be wise to let them off with a few insults of an especially provoking kind. For their power in the Ohio country, once the rascally Indians had been completely defeated, would be gone.

Charles Scott and his militia rode into Fort Greenville on July 26th and two mornings later the gun from the east bastion roared the signal for the line of march to begin at once. Equipped with bread, beef, whiskey and ammunition, the four sub-legions and the mounted Kentuckians began their journey into the upper Indian country.

The day was hot and breathless. Jogging in his saddle, the general could feel the powder dissolving from his hair and washing down his cheeks in little trickles. There had been a time when he would have turned to one of the officers riding beside him and observed that he was damned near fried, for he liked to talk and pass genial confidences. But that time was gone; now he was outwardly austere and spoke chiefly when orders had to be given.

Tents were pitched on dry ground that afternoon about halfway to Fort Recovery and while a chain guard of sentries patrolled the camp the general sent scouts out on his flanks to look for signs of Indians. That night he slept with only a blanket under him as he had so often done before. Before daybreak he had dressed, and had his left leg, which was swollen again, cared for, had powdered his hair and was watching the blazing campfires over which the Legion was to eat an early breakfast.

Plodding steadily through the morning and the full heat of the day, the columns passed Fort Recovery at

noon and encamped a little beyond it. Wells and McClellan, who had gone out with their scouts, returned that afternoon. They had discovered tracks on the right flank from which it was apparent that Indian runners from the Maumee had learned of the army's advance and that henceforth spies would be creeping through the meadows and forests, reporting every movement of the Americans to Blue Jacket, Little Turtle and the other chieftains near the British fort.

To keep his army impenetrable against a surprise attack, to build roads, bridges and cut down miles of trees, to plan his route so that there would be suitable water supply for each encampment, to hold the troops and provisions close together, those were difficulties that would have to be considered every day of the long journey until Wayne had turned back again toward Fort Greenville. But his industry was as great as ever and there was no thought in his mind of failure. He might be killed, he had often thought of that and had made his will before leaving winter quarters, but his death would not come until after he had faced the enemy and had given the order for the charge.

The long, slow march continued. On August 2nd a deputy quartermaster named Newman disappeared; whether it was desertion or whether he was captured, Newman vanished and all that was found of him were the tracks of four horses near the camp, eight pairs of hoof marks which showed to the observant scouts that four riders had come close to the Americans, wheeled quickly and bolted. Newman, it was likely, would be taken directly to the Maumee where he would either willingly or through force tell the warriors of the direction of the army and inform them of the number and equipment of the men.

The absence of Newman brought to mind an annoying fact, one that Wayne had tried most of his life not to admit. It was that people were not to be trusted. Those sentries that night when he was encamped near the Paoli tavern, waiting to attack the British in the morning; if one or two of them had been a little more alert; if General Smallwood hadn't dawdled at the White Horse Sir Charles Grey and his bayonets would never have got so close to the Pennsylvanians. And Colonel Humpton; who could have thought that he would parade his men between the British and the campfires, that he would have to be ordered to march three times before he finally moved off! And these very soldiers with him now; how they had shied and run at Legionville when they believed that a party of Indians were about to attack them! There was, undoubtedly, a defection in the human heart that a man had to guard against with incessant vigilance. A man could not depend completely on himself; he had learned that, though it had taken years. And now, if he lived, that meant night after night of stumbling about unfamiliar camps inspecting sentries so that they would take on the habit of watching for him and not dare let their heads fall sleepily on the logs or stumps by which they sat through the night. That would not be too rigorous for him, however, if only the twinges in his leg abated and if it kept its usual size instead of swelling as it had often done since that night in front of Yorktown.

From the time of Newman's disappearance until August 6th there were no discernible tracks of Indians along the line of march, but on the morning of the 7th the head of the Legion crossed over the footmarks of twenty Indians and at the end of that day's journey a scout reported that the army was within six miles of one of the Auglaize villages.

That an Indian town was only six miles distant made the Kentucky militia exuberant. "Everybody," according to William Clark, who with Meriwether Lewis was to survive the campaign and make certain explorations at a later day, was "flushed with the Idea of Supprizing them in the moment of providing for theire Wives & Children the Scheme was perposed & certain Suckcess insured if attempted." And General Wilkinson, coming in from the right flank, felt that the Kentucky volunteers were very perspicacious: the Indians should be attacked at once and he would suggest such action to General Wayne.

But General Wayne had no intention of throwing his whole command upon a few half-deserted tents. When he met the enemy he would meet them in a mass if possible.

General Wilkinson, as usual, felt snubbed. And Lieutenant Clark observed sourly that perhaps it was not Wayne's "wish to Embrace so probable a means for ending the War by compelling them to peace."

Another march of twelve miles with a nine-mile journey following brought the army on August 8th to the confluence of the Maumee and Auglaize Rivers. It was still morning when General Wayne rode through the edge of the forest and the day was bright and sunny. Standing in the low bottom land where the cornstalks waved green pennons he could see ahead of him to the north a long, high strip of wooded ground washed on either side by the rivers; coming to a point where the Auglaize joined the Maumee, the water below was wide and shining between sloping, grassy banks. A more peaceful scene had never been looked upon. Cornfields with pumpkins growing among the rows stretched for miles. There were beans and garden patches of cucumbers and potatoes. The birds were talking inquisitively from the limbs of tall oak and wal-

nut trees and in the shade of the willows that drooped over the water by the point the bullfrogs baronked incessantly. Only the flimsy cabins of bark, skins and saplings showed there was anything amiss. They stood mournfully deserted in the midst of the luxuriance their owners had expected to enjoy.

As he stood there, Wayne was not thinking of war so much as of peace. To him there was a sudden beauty in the sinuous shore, the expanse of river and the loftily rising trees. The grand emporium of the west. It was the kind of place, he felt, for the coming settlers; nature had dealt with a bountiful hand, had arranged her materials so that a man might make his house from the surrounding forest, supply his table with fish and game and by scratching the surface of the bottom land and planting seeds raise sufficient crops for his own provision and have enough left over to ship down the Maumee and through Lake Erie in exchange for the goods which he couldn't make.

But all that lay in the future. Meanwhile a fort had to be built and the Indians brought to battle and defeated. For the site of the fort there was no better place than the point opposite where Wayne stood. Protected by water on the front and at both sides, it was open to a heavy attack only from the rear; there the ground was narrow and half the Legion could successfully defend it. With workmen carrying axes, cross-cut saws, picks and shovels, he passed over on the morning of August 8th and began to make a stronghold in the heart of the Indian country. It was to stand squarely, to be built of heavy logs and to have a blockhouse at each corner.

The soldiers watched, sure of themselves as the work went on. Behind the walls there would be safety so long as they had to stay. Vegetables were abundant enough to

last a month and there was plenty of forage for the tired horses and cattle. Within eight days the stockade was completed, the blockhouses, which had portholes, a chimney and a door, were finished; there were officers' quarters and storehouses; outside, the log walls were protected by a line of pickets, a thick earthwork and a deep, wide ditch which could be crossed only over the drawbridges that were raised and lowered by pulleys from inside. It was a fort that no Indian would ever enter unbidden.

Those eight days had passed quietly. There had been no appearance of the natives. The only shot that was fired came from the musket of a flustered militia sentry who shot his own officer by mistake. Looking about him, listening to the soldiers, General Wayne was assured that his men were ready for the attack. He also was satisfied to know that now for the first time an American army was in the midst of the Indian country where it was prepared to remain until a final treaty of peace had been enforced. Equipped for whatever was to occur, the Legion was strong enough to march undeterred through any section of the country. It was not only secure in its present position, there was a string of garrisoned forts stretching behind it in a direct line south to Cincinnati and Fort Washington.

It was while his latest stronghold was being built that General Wayne made his final offer of peace to the warriors. Only a few weeks earlier they had shown themselves bent on combat by assaulting Fort Recovery, but if they now were of a different mind he would give them a chance to prove it. On the afternoon of August 13th he wrote a letter to the Shawanese, Delawares, Wyandots and Miamis in which he suggested that they appoint deputies to meet him anywhere between their camp and his own so that a new and final treaty might be under-

taken. Warning them that they were being deceived by the British, who had neither the ability nor the desire to protect them, he urged, "No longer shut your eyes to your true interest and happiness, nor your ears to this last overture of peace. But, in pity to your innocent women and children, come and prevent the further effusion of blood. Let them experience the kindness and friendship of the United States of America and the invaluable blessings of peace and tranquillity." Then, calling for Christopher Miller, one of his scouts who had been adopted by the Shawanese but who had left them, he sent him forward under a flag that afternoon.

The message was no more mellifluous than sincere. And Wayne believed the warriors would listen to it. They had everything to lose and nothing to gain but vengeance, as it was unthinkable that the Ohio River would ever be the dividing line between America and the Indians or between America and the British. But if they should remain stubborn, then their blood be on their own heads; he would be willingly damned before he would permit another insult to American arms. Let the British and the Indians gather if they must; he had built his stronghold and had named it Fort Defiance.

Two days passed. Christopher Miller did not return. On the third morning assembly beat and the main body of the Legion with Scott's mounted volunteers went forward along the north bank of the river. Nineteen miles from his fort, the army was joined by Miller who returned with the answer to his offer of peace. Let the white captain, the warriors had replied, wait ten days before coming farther. Then the Indians would inform him whether they were for peace or war. But if he came toward them earlier then they would surely give him battle.

Ten days! Ten days for gathering more warriors from the north and east! General Wayne answered by advancing on the 17th to the head of the Maumee Rapids. During that day and the next his scouts rode into two small skirmishes with the enemy spies and the night of August 18th found the Legion encamped ten miles from where the Indians lay at the foot of the rapids near the British fort.

Under Blue Jacket the warriors had taken position near the river bank in the midst of a forest which had been partly uprooted by a cyclone some time past. There the great trees lay heavily on splintered limbs, their roots reaching out like coiling tentacles. They sprawled in all directions, in piles or levelled almost with the ground where they had sheared their branches in the violent fall. No paths led through this jagged entanglement; there was no way for a horse or for a platoon of men in formation to break through.

Behind this impassable fence of timber the Indians had lain throughout the morning of the 18th, expecting to see American uniforms and bayonets moving through the trees in front of them. They had had no food since the night before, all of them being afraid of a shot in the intestines. As no enemy had appeared at midday, they left their posts for their steaming kettles behind the British fort where their squaws and children were encamped on the grassy plain. On the next morning at daybreak they returned to their positions and passed another hungry day, thinking surely that the Long Knives would attack. But again they were disappointed, also disgusted. Young Jonathan Alder, one of their early captives, heard them say, "This thing of eating only one meal a day would weaken the men, so that they would not be fit for action." There was no knowing how long General Wayne would

hold off; and if this thing continued eight or ten days they would be almost worthless. Consequently they breakfasted on the morning of the 20th and arrived at their posts a little later than usual.

August 18th and 19th were used in Wayne's camp to make an earthwork which would secure his baggage and offer protection in case of a retreat. For he was going into action stripped of all unnecessary equipment. And when evening of the 19th came the Legion and the volunteers were aligned to listen to general orders which informed them that they would march in combat formation at daybreak. Attack at daybreak! Old General Wayne had said it! Gravely or boisterously, but all exultantly, they heard the words which some of them had been expecting for a full two years.

Hot and murmurous, the night went slowly by with men waiting anxiously for the dawn. So much depended on the morning. More than the lives of those that lay there, more than the decision which had been over two years in preparation. From this one day's meeting hung the fate of the whole Northwest. Defeat of the Legion, as Henry Knox had often written, would mean the complete despair of the country; it would confuse and embarrass John Jay, the American envoy then in England negotiating for a new treaty in which the rights of America were to be respected. It would hamper him from insisting upon one of his main points, which was that the trading posts along the Great Lakes, the fort at Detroit, this fort at the foot of the Maumee Rapids and the others be turned over to the United States in accordance with the treaty of 1783 which Britain had thus far ignored. For if the advisers of the Crown found that the aborigines, aided by redcoat soldiers, could hold the Northwest by force they would never relinquish it by treaty.

All that hung taut on the thread of the morning's encounter. And more than that, the waiting settlers in Pennsylvania, New England, the eastern seaboard, looking toward unspoiled lands made safe from the tomahawk, might be held back interminably. The country had bitterly protested against the enormous expense and failures of the earlier campaigns; and if this last one was to be like the others it was probable that the public would refuse to support another.

The night ended. The atmosphere between the trees was a floating wall of gray. General Wayne was one of the first to awake, for the pain in his leg was intolerable. Rousing an orderly, he had the limb bandaged in flannel clear up to the thigh. Even as he dressed the drums were beating the assembly and the mist from the river was rising before the sun. The barber came into headquarters' tent; the general sat on a camp-stool while his hair was powdered and arranged. Then he slowly drew on his old blue coat and adjusted the ruffled cravat, primed his pistols and fastened his leather sword belt about his increasingly rounded waist. Lieutenant Harrison and Major Mills came in. Wayne walked with them to where the men were forming among the trees.

By seven o'clock the day was bright and the men were standing in attack formation, stripped down to little more than cartridge box and bayonetted musket. Their linen shirts were open at the throat and they carried no packs or blankets. Of these, all but the canteens had been piled up behind the earthworks which made a dark ridge around the encampment and which Captain Zebulon Pike was detailed to guard.

Near by in a clearing Captain Robert MisCampbell was wheeling the Legion cavalry into formation. Down in front of him stretched a long cornfield in the bottom land

between the river and the fallen timber. Through Major Mills General Wayne gave the order to march, stood by his own horse lifting his foot to the stirrup. An agony of pain shot through it and the tears started dribbling from his eyes. Two servants hurried over, took hold of his arms and boosted him up. He winced as he swung his leg over the horse's back, but soon he was squarely in the saddle.

The Legion was first to move. Sharp-eyed men tightly gripped their trailing muskets and stepped with hesitant eagerness forward, down in a line to form with their flank resting on the right bank of the Maumee. On the left Brigadier-General Todd, who had come with Charles Scott from Kentucky, was moving a brigade of mounted volunteers, with the rest of the Kentuckians under General Barbee to support him closely.

As the Legion began to march Major Price was sent ahead with a cavalry detachment as the front guard. He was to take the first skirmish with the enemy and thus give time for the infantry to deploy for action and march into the attack in battle formation.

Thus in two main columns, the Legion on the right by the river bank and the Kentucky militia veering through the wood to the left, each led by parties of horsemen, the army went forward. General Wayne held his reins slack for a while, his three aides, Henry De Butts, William Henry Harrison and Thomas Lewis, waiting beside him. One of them rode down to Captain MisCampbell with orders that he was to keep closely in support, ready for a charge where the fire was heaviest if there could be found an opening for his cavalry.

General Wayne nodded his powdered head and took up the bridle reins. His aides and orderlies clapped their mares' flanks and followed him on the slow journey for-

ward. He would not know whether the Indians were formed to meet him until he heard the sound of heavy firing, but from what his scouts had told him he believed they lay between his men and the British fort.

Through the trees to the right the steam was lifting from the river, floating lazily, diaphonously, sometimes sparkling from the penetrating rays of the rising sun. The general and his aides, the column of the Legion to the right, the volunteers to the left, MisCampbell in close support and Scott and Wilkinson with their men in rear, moved on. They journeyed three miles, four miles, five without the stillness being interrupted. The general sat in his saddle, his shoulders stiff and his jaws like a vise to check the feeling of pain in his swollen left leg.

Now it was about ten o'clock. Up ahead Major Price with the volunteer cavalry in front of the Legion infantry was moving through high grass toward another strip of wood. His leading horsemen riding in among the trees saw a square of bright sky ahead of them, as if they were about to enter another clearing. They spurred forward, but when they broke through the shade they stopped abruptly, for the clearing was only half-way down and the ground was littered with timber that made an impregnable breastwork against cavalry. As they paused the cluttered wood in front of them seemed to tremble and give out bright jets of fire. There was a roar that stunned the horses and a shout that blenched the men. Then painted faces wildly grimacing showed above the logs. Major Price's volunteers wheeled, stampeding back upon the Legion infantry.

But the Legion was deploying, their arms carried at the trail, and General Wayne, at the first outburst of musketry, was riding forward, unmindful of everything but that he was in battle again. In front of him Price's

mounted militia were approaching in their retreat, dashing through the front guard of regulars under Captain Cook and Lieutenant Steele. But back of the front guard Captain Howell Lewis of the light infantry was falling his company back and reforming them, checking the disordered volunteers. General Wayne halted. He sent an aide to General Scott on his left rear to bring up the supporting Kentuckians and drive into the Indians' right flank, which extended two miles north of the river. Another order drove both lines of the Legion charging into the fallen timber. As Wayne sat there the musket balls were whirring through the air from hidden barrels, clipping the leaves and the bark from the trees. His pain had disappeared and it was difficult to remember that the place of the Commander-in-Chief should be one of safety. His own sword and pistols were as good as any.

It was then that Lieutenant Harrison looked at General Wayne apprehensively. "General Wayne, I'm afraid you'll get into the fight yourself, and forget to give the necessary field orders."

Wayne scarcely turned his head. "Perhaps I may. And if I do, recollect the standing order of the day is, charge the damned rascals with the bayonets." He sat wondering how soon Scott would be able to get around. The men were going forward, that much was certain; and he still had MisCampbell's cavalry ready to plunge through when the opening came.

The crackling, splintering sound of musketry grew more ragged and came almost entirely from the centre and right. Scott and his Kentuckians could not be getting up. General Wayne rode on. To the right appeared a clearing and down below a wide stretch of cornfield that edged the river bank. He sent an order for MisCampbell to drive into the enemy left flank and turn it. The Indians would run from the Legion cavalry fast enough.

Meanwhile the middle and right of the Legion infantry were following commands; hot-tempered officers prone to duels were rousing the Indians from the timber with their espontoons and the men were firing into the enemy's backs as they fled. Before the Indians could reload the Legion troops had charged, driving two miles in less than an hour. And though Scott had not yet come up, the battle was moving violently on the extreme right. Given a long sweep of cornfield in which to act, Captain Mis-Campbell galloped ahead with the Legion horse. Cut down and killed at the first line, his place was quickly taken by Lieutenant Leonard Covington, under whose sword two Indians fell while the cavalry broke on through the second and third lines of defense and came within sight of the British fort on the prairie below.

As the Legion cavalry swung around by the river bank toward the wood the infantry were already stumbling from among the trees and appearing on the slope which was sprinkled with Indians sprinting toward the British fort. General Wayne rode up and sat watching the fleeing enemy. Now, he thought, was the time for the English commandant to prove how thoroughly he intended to support the savages. Through the wood in which the Legion had attacked, Wayne had seen a number of white men, armed with muskets belonging to the crown, lying dead. Others had been taken prisoner. That the Indians had white auxiliaries was undoubted. But that the British would now give the natives shelter from a victorious army which now stood in plain sight was a matter for General Wayne to speculate on belligerently.

The British commander's position was unenviable. If he opened the gates to the savages General Wayne would attack him. If he kept the gates closed it would break the confidence of some hundreds of braves in the Great White Father across the sea. But losing faith with the

Indians was preferable to the responsibility of starting another open war with America. The braves who had gathered at the gates were prodded away by a sentry's bayonet and forced to run farther for safety. Past Alexander McKee's trading post and the few log cabins around it they went down to the river and across to the forest on the other side of the rapids.

As the Indians disappeared Wayne marched forward with the Legion and halted on the slope within gunshot of the British garrison. Less than two hours had passed since Major Price's advance guard of horsemen had been shocked by the Indian front line fire. The four surgeons of the Legion were busy with a hundred wounded soldiers. Captain Prior of the first sub-legion, Captain Slough and Lieutenant Campbell Smith of the fourth and Van Rensalear of the dragoons were among them. MisCampbell and Lieutenant Fowles were among the thirty Legion dead. It had been, Wayne knew, a successful day, but whether the Indians were broken or not would remain for time to show. If they had gone into the British fort, or had looked for cover under its walls he would have driven them off even though it had been necessary to storm the surrounding trench and picket. He stared resentfully at the British flag, drifting lazily a few hundred yards away.

Through that night and the following day the Legion remained encamped on the slope at the foot of the Rapids. No Indians were to be seen. In the afternoon the gates of the fort were opened and a man was observed carrying a white flag toward the general's headquarters. He came to Wayne with the respects of Major William Campbell of the Twenty-fourth British Regiment, commanding Fort Miami.

Major Campbell, the note made it clear, was indignant. He wanted to know why it was that an army of

the United States of America, said to be under the command of Major-General Wayne, should for the last twenty-four hours have taken post within reach of the guns of a fort belonging to his Majesty, the King of Great Britain. He knew of no war existing between the two countries, he said, and he would like to be informed in what light he was to view this action of General Wayne's.

What damned dissembling and caitiff insolence, thought the general, and got out his quill pen. If Major William Campbell, he said, were entitled to any answer as to the present position of the American army, which was far within the military jurisdiction of the United States, he had had the most full and satisfactory one announced to him yesterday from the muzzles of General Wayne's muskets! And had the action of August 20 continued until the Indians and the rest were driven under the influence of the post and guns commanded by Major William Campbell they would not have much impeded the progress of the victorious army under General Wayne's authority.

The flag was returned with a lively answer and General Wayne continued to occupy the ground within half a mile of Fort Miami. Irritated by Major Campbell's note, against whom his orders would not permit him to make the first direct move, his annoyance was increased because his contest with the Indians might not be finished. If they still felt themselves unbeaten the fort had power to give them aid. Even now the warriors might be gathering somewhere in the surrounding wilderness.

But if he couldn't destroy the fort he could at least humiliate the garrison and keep it inside its protecting walls. And the day after his reply to Major Campbell he advanced with a detachment of Legion infantry, not halting until he was near enough to see the black rings of

the cannon thrust through the portholes in the logs. Then he began a leisurely inspection of the position. Some of the men had been ordered to carry torches; marching down to Alexander McKee's trading post, they kindled a blaze beneath it and drew away while the smoke rolled out of the door and the flames hungrily licked the sides and the puncheon roof. More torches were lighted and borne through air to cornfields and outhouses adjacent to the fort. Eight miles below, somebody said, there was a Canadian and Indian village. General Wayne promptly sent a detachment of the Kentucky volunteers to go down and destroy it. Meanwhile he continued riding within pistol shot of the fort, hoping that his scornful disregard of the garrison might exasperate them into rashly firing. One shot from any of the two hundred Canadian militia would amply repay his exertions in riding around the fort, for then he would have cause immediately to attack.

But Major Campbell refused the goading invitation. When one of his officers pleaded permission to answer the insult he was shortly rebuked with: "Be a gentleman! Be a gentleman!" As he had felt when he had barred the gates against the Indians so he doubtless felt now: it was best not to risk an action that might produce another war, better to satisfy his honor by writing another expostulatory note which General Wayne received before returning to camp.

Altogether that correspondence was without effect. General Wayne answered by demanding possession of the fort, which was refused; he then continued another day burning the crops and buildings within range of Major Campbell's guns and afterward, giving a military funeral to the dead and loading the wounded into the supply wagons, began his march back toward Fort Defiance.

Desolation was left by the army on its return. The fields of corn which had stood so straight and green on either side of the river were now burned and trampled down. All of the huts and traders' cabins along the line of march were destroyed.

Toward the rear of the moving column the wounded groaned as the wagons jolted over the uneven roads. General Wayne, who might have been happy for his victory, was not delighted. Success was there, but had not unquestionably revealed itself to his eyes. For he could find no proof that the Indians were not preparing to fight again. That they had dispersed, leaving a couple of hundred dead and wounded among the fallen timber—he knew no more than that; and so his constant vigilance was continued.

Those days after the battle were confusing and exasperating. The march was like stumbling through unfamiliar surroundings in the dark. On the second evening after Wayne had left the encampment in front of the British fort a party of Indians came upon the rear of the army near where the Kentucky volunteers were marching. The Kentuckians fired, killing one and wounding two. Nor was it known what they had come for, whether to spy or to look for peace. And none of the scouts or officers were persevering enough to find out. Their immediate need was to reach Fort Defiance where there was shelter, food, and a supply of whiskey. It had begun to rain and it continued raining, sometimes pouring, sometimes drizzling, but the sky was never clear during the march. The wounded lamented, the wagons mired and had to be dragged out by the infantry and every moment General Wayne felt the menace of the Indians hiding in the forest.

Straggling through the rain the army reached Fort

Defiance on the afternoon of August 27. But ever present was the feeling of the minatory power in the forest. While the court-martial board sat trying prisoners, three soldiers, going out through the picket line to gather vegetables, disappeared and were not seen again inside the fort. That they had been killed was likelier than that they had deserted.

Three weeks longer the Legion remained at Fort Defiance. In that time the walls were strengthened to withstand a bombardment and the fields burned of all provisions except enough to supply the garrison. They were in an excellent position, controlling the centre of the Indian country and there was a long string of forts behind them. But there remained the seat of the Miami tribe still unoccupied. It was Ke-kiong-gay, several days' march to the west by southwest of Fort Defiance at the confluence of the Saint Mary's and Saint Joseph's Rivers. It had often been attacked, but had never been held. Wayne knew that to bring the Indians to a final treaty their country must first be fortified and possessed. And leaving yet another strong garrison behind him, he began the march toward Ke-kiong-gay early on September 14, leaving Fort Miami and the hidden Indians still lying in his rear.

The Legion marched away, its back still toward the silent enemy. Leaving Fort Defiance, Wayne led his army westward along the low shores of the Maumee westward to the prairie at the river's source which was called by the Indians Ke-kiong-gay and by the white men the Miami Villages. There it was that the last savage capital of the Ohio country remained without an American garrison and flag and there it was that General Wayne intended to flaunt one before returning to Fort Greenville.

When the fort was built all would have been done that could be done. The graying, testy, vigilant general had offered amity and had fought a battle, had routed the confederated tribes, had sharply insulted the British colors, and had established a wedge of strongholds that split the Indian country midway between the Mississippi River and the Allegheny Mountains. Yet on the day he arrived with the Legion and the grumbling militia at Kekiong-gay four deserters from Major Campbell's garrison joined him with word that the tribes were gathering again, sixteen hundred warriors and their families encamped eight miles below the Maumee Rapids.

Whether those braves were for war or peace still puzzled the general. They had gone into council, he was informed a few days later by other runaways; then in the red and ochre prairie where the Saint Mary's and Saint Joseph's met he began building his last fort. Started late in September, the walls were still being raised when Wayne learned that Lieutenant-Governor John Graves Simcoe had come hurrying from Fort Niagara to the tribal gathering on the Maumee where he urged the warriors to accept no terms of peace that failed to grant them the Ohio as their southern boundary. The Canadian, moreover, had promised them that he had ordered Major Campbell to fire upon the Americans if ever they dared to reappear; and, he counselled them, meanwhile they should ask for an armistice until the following spring at which time his Majesty, the Great White Father across the waters, would send his soldiers against the Fifteen Fires and thrust the brazen interlopers off the Indians' favorite hunting-ground forever. And Captain Brant, who had accompanied Simcoe with one hundred and fifty of his fellow Mohawks, added that it would be well for the warriors during the winter to de-

lude General Wayne with disingenuous offers of peace and thus be enabled to strike him with surprise when spring came.

General Wayne continued building his fort. Hampered by the individualistic Kentucky militia who felt that if there were any trees to be cut and logs to be shaped it would be of better advantage to cut and shape them on the other side of the Ohio, the work went on slowly, yet despite frequent insubordination the stronghold was made defensible by October 21 and on the next morning Colonel John Francis Hamtramck, who looked like a frog on horseback, his soldiers said, with six companies of infantry and two light batteries paraded to rolling drums through the gates and then, after firing a salute of fifteen rounds, took possession as the commandant and named the place Fort Wayne.

That was the general's answer to whatever the British and Indians might do—Fort Wayne on the ground of the ancient Miami capital, Fort Defiance in the heart of the confederated tribes, Fort Recovery on the scene of Saint Clair's defeat and Fort Greenville within supporting distance of them all. And if Brant or any other warrior believed he could be lulled from constant vigilance—they were welcome before the walls of Greenville whenever they had the temerity to present themselves.

For General Wayne was making ready to return to winter quarters. Following many days of rain, the skies were blue again, hazy with autumn weather and with dispersing smoke from the perpetual fires of camp and garrison. What remained of the army after the Kentuckians had been discharged and the numerous forts garrisoned would have clear sunshine in which to begin their march back to the long rows of huts at Greenville.

The journey was brief, a mere six days, for the trace had been cut before. Riding along beside the scanty column of wary, hardened men, Wayne could have seen on his way the bleaching bones of some of Josiah Harmar's army among the trees where the Shawanese had struck them from the rear. That tribe, Wayne had learned while still at the Miami villages, would agree to nothing but continued warfare. He had also heard that a band of warriors had come stealing upon a working party under the walls of Fort Defiance and had killed a number of the garrison. And on the same day that had been reported there had been discovered sixteen braves within the lines of his own encampment. . . . The general had grown weary of fighting. He wanted peace. Two years and a half had already gone since he had begun to recruit and train the Legion at Pittsburgh; two years and a half in the wilderness. And meanwhile Polly had died and his mother also. And that good sister Peggy was mistress in the house of Billy Atlee down at Chester. What Waynesborough would be like without them he could only wonder, feeling an old pain make a jagged thrust in his breast.

The last few days of the march to Greenville were chill and drizzly and there was a sweeping wind from the northwest. On November 2 the column broke into the clearing that circled the fort; from the gray log walls came a shout, then a deep-toned roar and the sharp smell of gunpowder as the first of twenty-four rounds of welcome were fired from the cannon. The general straightened in his saddle; the old campaigners set their legs to a brisker step as they swung through the cheering garrison that had been left behind while they had gone to fight the Indians.

And thus another winter was begun. Through the

snow and ice of December the soldiers of the Legion cut logs, stood guard and warmed their hands over smoky hearths; and the general, with increasing stiffness in his legs, stalked unwary sentries through the midnight hours and frowned into the most secretive future he had ever faced.

Officers came up to ask for leave, thinking the campaign had ended. Wayne stared at them as if they were mad. One sunny winter day several captains and lieutenants were standing outside his gate when Lieutenant Francis Johnston passed by to ask the general for a furlough. The men laughed as Johnston went through the gate and waited until he came out again. "Of course old Mad Anthony gave you the furlough?" one of them asked sarcastically.

"No, no, by Saint Patrick," Francis Johnston ruefully admitted, "the old coon is stark mad."

"Well, what did you say to him?" asked one of the men.

"By Hokey, my lads, I will tell you. I damned him for the worst tyrant that was ever raised in Pennsylvania and called him everything but a coward—that I would not call him, as you all know the Irish do not ever lie—but my lads, you must know I got out of the gate before I spoke a word and then in such a low voice that if he had been in six inches of my nose he could not have heard me."

Inside his house the general sat waiting. There was nothing else for him to do. He knew that. The success of that brisk encounter of August 20 was not to be estimated, he realized, by the number of the enemy killed or the expanse of ground possessed. It reached much farther: to London where John Jay was urging a new treaty on the British ministry, a treaty the second article of

which was to reaffirm America's right to the Northwest Territory and to insist on the withdrawal of the British garrisons on the south side of the border. That day when Little Turtle, Blue Jacket, Captain Pipe and their warriors fled it meant that Fort Miami, Detroit, Oswego, Michilimackinac, Niagara and lonely Presque Isle would either have to be abandoned or else appear henceforth in open challenge to American arms. For the Indians could no longer be depended on to stand between the British garrisons and the American armies.

Whether the British would withdraw or remain to fight was the question that exasperated General Wayne that winter. No final peace could be made while they were at hand to stir the warriors and offer specious assistance. But there, too, his victory had made a lever for him. Because the braves and their squaws would need more help than the British had ever given them else they could not retain their purpose through the dreary winter in a devastated land. They would have no corn or beans or pumpkins, no favorite gathering place save that at the foot of the Maumee Rapids. Elsewhere they would find American flags drooping about their ancient haunts and soldiers of the Legion ready to fire if they came for war, to treat them kindly if they came for peace.

Snow came, and the ice. Good to be at Greenville rather than farther up in the Indian country, it would be still better to be at home. Two days before the new year, 1795, the Legion standing on grand parade heard their general speak of his heartfelt pleasure at being able to announce a message from the Department of War in which President Washington directed "the Unanimous thanks of the House of Representatives to You, Your Army, and the Kentucky Volunteers." "This Approba-

tion," John Berkley, Clerk of Congress, had written, "the most exalted and Precious which could be offered by a grateful Country. . . . It is but justice to observe, that the President had formed the most favorable Judgment of your Incessant industry, in Disciplining The Troops for the Mode of Warfare incident to the service in which they are engaged, and for your Judicious Arrangement, and Vigilance in Marching and Encamping the Troops, and for your care in obtaining the Necessary supplies for an Army in the Wilderness——

"Congress in the U. S. in the House of representatives —Resolved that the thanks of this House be given to Major Gen'l Wayne for the Good Conduct and Bravery, displayed by him in the action of the 20th August last, with the Indians——"

That resolution was doubtless accepted with a shout, for praise went well among the hot-headed soldiers of the Legion. But afterward the days were the same again. Every morning there was a hard, crystal film on the water, every day the soldiers cut logs, drilled or stood inspection. At night they lay in their small huts and listened to the wind sweep into the meadow from the wilderness. What were they kept there for? they grumbled; why didn't old Mad Anthony either lead them against the Indians or take them home! But the general's only answer was to stalk them watchfully or to sit by his smoky fire, resting his legs and waiting.

December passed with doubt as deep as ever, but early in January a messenger arrived from Colonel Hamtramck who informed the general that the chiefs of several families had come with a white flag to Fort Wayne and had asked resignedly if the White Captain who never slept and who drove his soldiers like a hurricane was still willing to talk of peace. It might, of course, be a false overture, such as Brant had counselled; or

again, no more than the sentiment of one or two tribes. But the Indians themselves were on their way to Greenville and soon Wayne would discover what it was they wanted.

The general himself would be satisfied with nothing short of an all-embracing treaty. This business of making a pact with only half the tribes concerned, as had been consistently done in the past, led nowhere but to fresh causes for war. For in that way the tribes represented at the parley relinquished what was not theirs by usage, land which belonged to the families of absent chieftains, who thus could not be expected to be bound by the transactions. General Wayne would have none of that. There would be no trickery or adventitious attempts. If the warriors and sachems came they should find him ready to make only a preliminary treaty—for all the tribes and families represented by their accredited chiefs would have to be present before the final word could be given. Backed by the Legion, his forts and his own integrity, he felt too strong to make use of further threats or subterfuge.

Late in January the sachems and braves who were in quest of peace rode down over the frozen ground and appeared before Fort Greenville. They had gone through months of meagre comfort, without food for themselves or forage for their horses. The ribs of the animals showed like barrel staves beneath their rough hides and the Indians who sat astride of them stared gloomily ahead, their shoulders hunched beneath thin blankets or faded army coats which they had once so proudly worn. Halted by the sentries who stood at the opened gates, they waited for a lanky interpreter in a coonskin cap and fringed hunting-shirt to take word to the White Captain that they had come to treat.

The general nodded, buckled on his silver-hilted sword,

adjusted his cocked hat with the gay cockade and went out the gate from his house. Giving an order for his guests to be brought inside, he strode from his quarters out past the artillery-park near the parade ground which was squared by the low, gray huts that housed the Legion. Young William Henry Harrison, Henry De Butts, Captain Wells and other scouts and interpreters went with him, gravely watchful as the long, slow procession of dark-faced chieftains ambled toward the meeting place.

Wayne's round gray eyes were mildly challenging. They seemed to say to the uneasy men from the Miamis, Delawares, Wyandots, Shawanese, Chippewas, Ottawas, Sacs and Pottawatomies that it would have been better for them if they had listened to him in the summer when he warned them that the only aid they might expect from the British were false promises. They should have done so when, in the phrase of his time, he had invited them to join him in council to prevent the further effusion of blood. Now it was winter; the warriors and their families were cold and hungry, the British pledges were like so many broken arrows and the necessity of a treaty was distressingly evident as ever. What did the Indians want, he asked them. Surely it must be plain to them now that they could no longer hope for the Ohio as their southern boundary, that the American flags and forts and people had come to stay. This land was theirs; it had been ceded them nearly twelve years before by the British, the men who posed as the Indians' friends. Now what did the Indians propose to do? Fight another battle and be beaten again? The general, who was a man of peace, saw nothing but folly in the further effusion of blood. . . . He stood there in the January sunlight, the most ener-

getic soldier the West had ever seen, baffling the natives with sincere talk of peace.

The other commanders whom the Indians had met came into their country either as long, punishing arms which, with good fortune, killed a few squaws and braves, set fire to their villages, and then withdrew—either as men like George Rogers Clark, Josiah Harmar, Scott, Wilkinson and the rest, or, like the American commissioners at Fort McIntosh, Fort Stanwix, Fort Finney, like Arthur Saint Clair at Fort Harmar, tried to defeat them merely by the writing on a piece of paper. But here was a White Captain who, having first charged them out of the securest ambush an Indian force had ever chosen, now candidly renewed his words of peace.

There were those among the tribal emissaries standing before the general who could remember what Little Turtle said the night before the battle in the fallen timber. Light-skinned, short and sturdy, he had faced the warriors and had told them that the man who led the Long Knives now was a chief that never slept: "The night and the day are alike to him. During all the time he has been marching upon our villages, notwithstanding the watchfulness of our young men, we have never been able to surprise him. Think well of it. There is something counsels me it would be prudent to listen to his offers of peace." And now these same men were inside the high walls of Greenville, an arsenal garrisoned by an imposing army.

To the braves and sachems waiting there the Ohio River as a boundary became flimsier than a dream. And when the White Captain proposed a six-months armistice at the end of which time all the head men of the interested tribes were to come to Greenville for the final treaty there were only a few who objected to leaving the

hostages which he had asked as evidence of their good faith.

It must have seemed to General Wayne as his bold hand wrote out the terms on which the armistice was based that he could afford to smile again, to stretch his legs and think of mellow days to come at Waynesborough. Polly wouldn't be there, it would be wofully different without her; but sometimes he would see Margaretta and there would be Isaac and his wife Elizabeth at home—but that was months and months in the future. Now he was writing: "That, until articles for a permanent peace shall be adjusted, agreed to, and signed, all hostilities shall cease, and the aforesaid sachems, and war chiefs, for and in behalf of the nations which they represent, do agree to meet the above-named plenipotentiary of the United States at Greene Ville, on or about the fifteenth day of June next, with all the sachems and war chiefs of their nations, then and there to consult and conclude upon such terms of amity and peace as shall be for the interest and to the satisfaction of both parties."

The preliminary treaty was signed. The sachems and warriors, save those that were held as hostage, returned to their barren encampments northward. And it remained for General Wayne, no less than for the chieftains, to make an end of murder in the wilderness during the interval. As for their part they had promised to return all white prisoners and to warn their young men against taking up weapons; but, they had added frankly, the Ohio country was vast, there might be stray hunting parties who would not learn of the provisional treaty for months and who in the meantime might pursue their noted ways of vengeance as before. But if this were to happen the general would please not feel angry at the respectable tribes.

No, the general wouldn't. He sought no pretext for further war. His desire for peace had never been sharper and he realized that his part of the bargain was less likely than theirs to be kept. As Colonel Hamtramck had said and as every one in the Ohio country knew, the greatest danger to the security of an Indian-American treaty were the frontiersmen, not the braves. The people of Kentucky, Hamtramck had said, would carry on private expeditions against the natives and kill them whenever they met them; and it was inconceivable that there was a jury in the land which would punish a man for so doing.

But if the treaty were broken by vengeful Kentuckians or settlers in the Ohio country they would pay for it with whatever means of justice could be raised against them, Wayne decided. And to the indignation of Arthur Saint Clair, who after all was Governor of the Northwest Territory, he had William Henry Harrison, his sharp-faced aide, take down the words of a proclamation whereby, in the name of the President of the United States, he prohibited all persons from killing, insulting or injuring any Indians belonging to the tribes which had signed the treaty, and forbidding any men from crossing the Ohio with hostile intentions, contrary conduct to be engaged in at their peril.

But words, no matter how threateningly used, were not powerful enough to bring obedience and lawfulness onto those hundreds of miles of the Ohio wilderness. While the exchange of prisoners continued and while Wayne divided his Legion so as to garrison all the forts from lonely Presque Isle on Lake Erie southwest to the Illinois country many Kentuckians continued their celebrated maraudings, which sent the Indians leaping for revenge. Late in the spring Captain Postner and Major Mills

brought word to Greenville that a Mr. Whitesides and some others had gone to the Illinois country and had taken two prisoners from the civil authorities and then had murdered them. And though there were witnesses, though the crime, Wayne thought, was notorious as it was atrocious, the killers were unmolested by law. And soon afterward Parson Findlay and a Mr. Massie led a party along the Scioto where they attacked and plundered a Pottawatomie camp.

Unable to do more, Wayne protested to Governor Saint Clair. This disregard of his proclamation was embarrassing and dangerous. The time for the final treaty was only a few weeks distant; meanwhile the far-flung relations of the murdered Indians had gone out for vengeance. They lay along the Ohio's shores, attacking flatboats and barges that drew too near the north bank, they tracked the hunters on the forest trails and for some days the Shawanese were thought to be making ready for the warpath.

This Parson Findlay, the general averred grimly, was certainly no disciple of the meek Jesus; otherwise he would not thus wantonly bring war and desolation upon the innocent by the aggressions of his guilty horde of plunderers. If Findlay and Massie had honestly intended to form a settlement on the Scioto—which was their excuse for going there—they took a poor way of gaining the friendship and confidence of the people among whom they would have to live! And he sent a messenger down to Cincinnati to tell Arthur Saint Clair that these repeated acts of aggression were very unpleasant, alarming and serious and that unless some effectual methods were adopted to prevent predatory Kentuckians from crossing the Ohio, then the inhabitants of the Northwest Territory, over which Saint Clair pre-

sided, would hold their lives by a very precarious tenure and a permanent peace with the Indians would not only be retarded but eventually frustrated.

The murder of the Pottawatomie prisoners, Saint Clair answered, was an offense equally deserving of punishment in war or peace; he had issued a proclamation regarding it, but as for the Findlay-Massie affair it did not come within the same description, but if the governor could obtain any evidence whereon to proceed against Massie—

By the last of June Saint Clair was still hoping to "get some evidence against Mr. Massie, who, in that case," he would "order to be prosecuted immediately." And with regard to the threatened attack of the Shawanese he would notify the settlements to keep watchful; "yet, in truth," he added, "what they have suffered is but a just punishment for their wanton disregard to order and humanity, and if it fell on the guilty only I should not regret it one moment." He had, he said, complained of it to the Governor of Kentucky, but expected no effect therefrom.

While these murderous forays were threatening to destroy the long months of peaceful work accomplished by General Wayne the Indians were streaming into Greenville, where a long council-house had been built to receive them. Even before the appointed day there were braves and sachems of the Delawares, Ottawas, Pottawatomies and Eel River Indians encamped inside the walls of the fort, waiting for the engrossing parley to begin.

But the bulk of the warriors were still absent. And there was talk that Chief Blue Jacket, who led the strong and vindictive Shawanese, would never come to Greenville except in war-paint. Regarding the movements of

that chieftain the officers of the Legion felt that he could come in whatever manner most appealed to him. Now that summer had arrived the soldiers of the garrison were content with life and ready for another skirmish under Mad Anthony. Through the efforts of James O'Hara, the Quartermaster-General, a man at camp could have his choice among French brandy, whiskey and sherry at thirty shillings a gallon. Madeira wine was only ten shillings higher. The best brown sugar was only three-and-ninepence, while coffee, chocolate, rice, cheese and tobacco, roll or pigtail, all sold reasonably. Mad Anthony, they knew, had a regard for his men. And nine-tenths of those whose period of enlistment had expired that spring, had re-entered the Legion after a short spree in Cincinnati.

On June 16 Wayne kindled the council fire and with lingering hopefulness looked over the sleek heads of the gathered Indians toward the gates through which the recalcitrant warriors had not yet come. Beside the heap of smoking embers he stood with young Harrison, Major Mills, scouts Wells, Miller, Zane and several other officers. Opposite him was a group of sachems and surrounding them all watched a great, quiet circle of chieftains, their dark, ringleted arms placed brawnily across their chests.

The general welcomed them, saying, "I have cleared this ground of all the brush and rubbish, and opened roads to the east and west, to the north and to the south, that all nations may come in safety and ease to meet me. The ground on which the council house stands is unstained with blood, and is as pure as the heart of General Washington, the great chief of America, and of his great council—as pure as my heart, which now wishes for nothing so much as peace and brotherly love. I have this day kin-

dled the council fire of the United States; we will now cover it up, and keep it alive, until the remainder of the different tribes assemble and form a full meeting and representation." He paused and took from the arm of an officer standing beside him a handful of deerskin strips worked in white beads. "I now deliver to each tribe present a string of white wampum to serve as record of the friendship that is this day commenced between us."

The wampum was gravely given and accepted. The council dispersed for the time and the general, ordering the banked fire to be tended and kept smoldering, continued his anxious days of waiting. He had seen enough of war; now, as he had said, he wished eagerly for the final peace, which would enable him to quit the wilderness and return to Philadelphia and Waynesborough. It would be pleasant to be going back, leaving the Ohio country subdued and orderly, completely amenable to the American government. That peace, if he could grasp it, would constitute as great a victory as any his sword had ever helped to win.

The long June days passed by, but Chief Blue Jacket and his irascible Shawanese did not appear. Little Turtle, however, had come. And Tarhe, the Crane, and Mashipinashiwish. More were said to be on their way. And on July 15 Wayne met the increased number in the council house where he advised them that the fire would be raked up within a few days and that meanwhile they were to consider the treaty which Governor Saint Clair had held with them at Fort Harmar as the basis of the new agreement.

At mention of Saint Clair's treaty Little Turtle scowled and a restless whisper went round among the braves. Saint Clair's treaty indeed! It was no better than a fraud. And on the 18th when Wayne raked over the coals

and replenished the flames, Little Turtle sharply informed the council that the treaty at Fort Harmar "was effected altogether by the Six Nations, who seduced some of our young men to attend it, together with a few of the Chippewas, Wyandots, Ottawas, Delawares and Pottawatomies" and, he added indignantly, "Little Turtle is entirely ignorant of what was done at that treaty."

As for Mashipinashiwish he knew nothing of the treaty at all. But Tarhe, dissatisfied with the vagueness of the date of meeting, arose and cut short the wrangle by requesting the general to name the day for the next hearing and appoint the tribe which was to speak.

Wayne answered all of them: "Two days hence the council will meet again." Then with his eyes on Little Turtle and Mashipinashiwish he continued, "and at that time I shall endeavor to explain to the Wyandots, the Delawares, the Ottawas, the Chippewas, the Pottawatomies and the Sac nations what they did at the treaty which Governor St. Clair held at the Muskingum."

Once more the ashes were spread over the council fire, once more the braves and sachems dispersed, filing out to their own camps in the forest shaded clearing. Wayne was left thinking of Saint Clair's treaty which halved the Ohio country, giving only the upper part to the natives. No Shawanese had been present at that palaver; none of the important men of their tribe were at Greenville now. If only Blue Jacket came and could be won. His success, the general was able to see, depended mainly on his ability to out-talk the acute little Turtle and to impress the stalwart Blue Jacket.

But Blue Jacket, too, was on his way. Vengeful, proud, urged and flattered by the British to resist, he came to Greenville on the night of July 18 with some lesser Shawanese braves, resigned to the need of making

his mark below the final treaty. Besides the thirteen other Shawanese chieftains in his train there were the Chippewa leader Massas and twenty of his tribesmen. Stiff-backed and quiet they all rode through the gates to the council house.

Now all of the important Indians of the Northwest Territory were at Fort Greenville. Both men of war and men of peace, they numbered hundreds. And when on the morning of July 20 General Wayne went into the long, bare building he faced the most impressive gathering that had ever come to debate their claims west of the Allegheny mountains. Of the Wyandots there were the old Tarhe and the Half King's son; of the Shawanese, Blackhoof, Red Pole and Blue Jacket; of the Delawares, Bockongahelas, Queshawskey (or George Washington), Kishkopekund, Tetabokshke, Chief of the Auglaize country, the Black King, Red Feather and Moses, who had learned to make the letter M; from the Miamis came Little Turtle, the White Loon and Le Gris; for the Weas and Piankeshaws had come Little Beaver, Little Fox and simple Francis; for the Huron Pottawatomies, Chemung, Marchand, Wanameac and Okea; for the Saint Joseph branch, the Sun, the White Pigeon and Nawac; La Malice, Augooshaway and Secau stood for the Ottawas, while for the Chippewas had come Mashipinashiwish, Little Thunder and Peshawkey.

With the general were young Harrison, Henry De Butts, Thomas Lewis, Major Mills and half a dozen interpreters. Wayne began by reading to the silent assemblage the message he had sent to the confederated tribes a few days before the battle of Fallen Timber, now nearly a year past. "Brothers," he had told them, "be no longer deceived or led astray by the men in the fort at the foot of the rapids. . . . No longer shut your eyes to your

true interests and happiness, nor your ears to this last overture of peace." But the warriors had not heeded. Perhaps, he said grimly, they would listen now. Then he began to read the treaty of Fort Harmar, which none of them seemed to remember, and to point out those chiefs who had made their marks at the bottom of the writing.

Peketelemund arose and spoke. Mashipinashiwish followed him. Then Massas addressed the council. It was true, they admitted, that Indians had signed the Fort Harmar treaty. But as for the Ottawas, Chippewas and Pottawatomies, who had made their marks, they had not known what they were signing, for they had been represented by poor interpreters. And, said Massas, if his uncles, the Wyandots, and his grandfathers, the Delawares, had been paid for the land which they had given away it must have been in their sleep.

"Humph," said the general. All their speeches were mere palaver; they wanted peace badly enough. For two days he listened patiently to their talk until the shadows met across the earthen floor and the fire was a glowing heap in the encroaching darkness.

But on the 22nd the discussion sharpened, for it was Little Turtle's time to address the council. Rising, he began pacing with slow dignity back and forth along the Miamis' side of the fire "General Wayne: I hope you will pay attention to what I now say to you. I wish to inform you where my younger brothers, the Miamis, live, and also the Pottawatomies of Saint Joseph, together with the Wabash Indians. You have pointed out to us the boundary line between the Indians and the United States; but I now take the liberty to inform you that that line cuts off from the Indians a large portion of country which has been enjoyed by my forefathers, time immemorial, without molestation or dispute. The prints of

my ancestors' houses are everywhere to be seen in this portion. I was a little astonished at hearing you and my brothers who are now present telling each other what business you had transacted together, heretofore, at Muskingum, concerning this country. It is well known that my forefather kindled the first fire at Detroit; from thence he extended his line to the headwater of the Scioto; from thence to its mouth; from thence down the Ohio to the mouth of the Wabash; and from thence to Chicago, on Lake Michigan. At this place I first saw my elder brothers, the Shawanese. I have now informed you of the boundaries of the Miami tribe, where the Great Spirit placed my forefather a long time ago and charged him not to sell or part with his lands, but to preserve them for his posterity. This charge has been handed down to me. I was much surprised to hear that my brothers differed so much from me on this subject; for their conduct would lead me to suppose that the Great Spirit, and their forefathers, had not given them the same charge that was given to me; but, on the contrary, had directed them to sell their lands to any white man who wore a hat, as soon as he should ask it of them. Now, elder brother, your younger brothers, the Miamis, have pointed out to you their country; and also to our brothers present. When I hear your remarks and proposals on this subject I will be ready to give an answer. I came with an expectation of hearing you say good things, but I have not yet heard what I expected."

Little Turtle paused, swung deliberately from General Wayne in his blue coat and sword belt to the Indians seated about the fire. "Brothers, the Indians! I expected in this council that our minds would have been made up and that we should speak as one voice. I am sorry to observe that you are rather unsettled and hasty in your con-

duct." Little Turtle returned to his place and sat down again, his dark eyes glowing from an impassive face.

Old Tarhe the Crane, first chief of the Wyandots, stood up in the silence, looking either perplexedly or sorrowfully toward Little Turtle. This land which the Little Turtle claimed for the Miamis, he said, belonged only to the Great Spirit and all Indians had an equal right to it. And for his part he had always considered the Fort Harmar treaty as a fair one, binding upon the Indians and the United States alike. Not trouble, but peace, was what he wanted.

Peace, sounded a throaty voice, peace was what all the Indians desired now; and the one man whom Little Turtle might have expected to stand defiantly beside him—Blue Jacket, who had fought in and out of season—arose and aligned himself with Tarhe.

To bury the hatchet was also the advice of Agooshaway of the Ottawas, Massas, Mashipinashiwish and New Corn whose speeches before the council droned away the rest of that day and the next.

Thus it was not until July 24 that Little Turtle's speech was answered by General Wayne. And then he began not by refuting them but by disarming the company with the statement that it had always been the intention of the Fifteen Fires to pay for the lands acquired by treaty, that if the Indians had not received a due proportion of the goods delivered them as part of the agreement of Fort Harmar it was not the fault of the United States; and though the lower Ohio country land had been twice paid for—once at Fort McIntosh and again at Fort Harmar—the United States would willingly pay for it a third time so that no tribe might be slighted. But as for Little Turtle's claims—he turned and said:

"Brothers, the Miamis! I have paid attention to what

the Little Turtle said two days since concerning the lands which he claims. He said his father first kindled the fire at Detroit and stretched his line from thence to the Scioto, thence down the same to the Ohio, thence down that river to the mouth of the Wabash, and from thence to Chicago on the southwest end of Lake Michigan; and observed that his forefathers had enjoyed that country undisturbed from time immemorial.

"Brothers! These boundaries enclose a very large space of country indeed; they embrace, if I mistake not, all the lands on which all the nations present now live, as well as those which have been ceded to the United States. The lands which have been ceded have within these three days been acknowledged by the Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawatomies, Wyandots, Delawares and Shawanese. The Little Turtle says the prints of his forefathers' houses are everywhere to be seen within these boundaries. Younger brother! It is true these prints are to be observed, but at the same time we discover the marks of French possessions throughout this country, which were established long before we were born. They have since been in the possession of the British, who must, in their turn, relinquish them to the United States, when they, the French and the Indians, will all be as one people."

In that country, continued Wayne, there were conspicuous prints of French and British soldiers and traders throughout. So that, his voice assumed a sarcastic note, "it appears to me that if the Great Spirit, as you say, charged your forefathers to preserve your lands entire, for their posterity, they have paid very little regard to the sacred injunction, for I see they have parted with those lands to your fathers the French—and the English are now, or have been, in possession of them all; therefore I think the charge urged against the Ottawas, Chip-

pewas and other Indians comes with a bad grace indeed from the very people who perhaps set them the example. The English and French both wore hats; and yet your forefathers sold them, at various times, portions of your lands. However, as I have already observed, you shall now receive from the United States further valuable compensation for the lands you have ceded to them by former treaties.

"Younger brothers! I will now inform you who it was who gave us these lands in the first instance—it was your fathers the British, who did not discover that care for your interests that you ought to have experienced." They, he proceeded to show them by reading excerpts from the treaty of peace made at the close of the Revolutionary War, had granted to America all of the northwest country and had promised to withdraw their garrisons from all their posts therein. "I told you some days ago that treaties should ever be sacredly fulfilled by those who make them; but the British, on their part, did not find it convenient to relinquish those posts as soon as they should have done; however, they now find it so, and a precise period is fixed for their delivery. I have now in my hands a copy of the treaty made eight months since between them and us, of which I shall read you a little." It was, of course, the treaty made by John Jay with the British Ministry, but not yet ratified by America. In the first two articles of that agreement the English promise to retire from Michilimackinac, Fort St. Clair, Detroit, Niagara and all other places on this side of the lakes.

"Brothers! All nations present, now listen to me!

"Having now explained these matters to you and informed you of all things I judged necessary for your information, we have nothing to do but bury the hatchet and draw a veil over past misfortunes. As you have

buried our dead with the concern of brothers, so I now collect the bones of your slain warriors, put them into a deep pit which I have dug and cover them over carefully with this large belt, there to remain undisturbed. I also dry the tears from your eyes, and wipe the blood from your bodies, with this soft, white linen. No bloody trace will ever lead to the graves of your departed heroes; with this I wipe all such away. I deliver it to your uncle, the Wyandot, who will send it around amongst you." He held out a large belt to which was attached a long white string.

Wayne continued in the same language, "I now take the hatchet out of your hands and with a strong arm throw it into the centre of the great ocean, where no mortal can ever find it; and I now deliver to you the wide and straight path to the Fifteen Fires, to be used by you and your posterity forever. So long as you continue to follow this road, so long will you continue to be a happy people. You see it is straight and wide, and they will be blind indeed who deviate from it."

The long speech was virtually ended; all had been said that needed saying. There would be a day of rest and a double allowance of whiskey, enough to warm the Indian's heart but not enough to befuddle his thoughts. Then the treaty would be signed and the eleven hundred and thirty Indians who had gathered at Fort Greenville would, except ten chieftains who were to be held as hostages until all white prisoners had been given up, return to the land that was left to them.

It was only a little of what had once been theirs. The Ohio River, for which they had contended as their southern boundary, was several days' journey below where their territory ended; to the east their farthest point was the Cuyahoga River—what was left to them was no more

than the upper third of the Ohio country; and out of that General Wayne had reserved sixty square miles which commanded the principal waterways on which his forts now stood; also "the post at Detroit and all the lands to the north, the west and the south of it of which the Indian title has been extinguished by gifts or grants to the French or English Governments"; also "one piece of land six miles square at the mouth of the Chikago River, emptying into the South West end of Lake Michigan where a Fort formerly stood" and a number of other squares of ground with free passage to all of them.

A triumphant day for new America, it was a lugubrious one for the Indians, but there was a store of presents to be given out to them then and each year thereafter the Wyandots, the Delawares, the Shawanese, the Miamis, the Ottawas, the Chippewas and Pottawatomies would each receive a thousand dollars in goods while half as much would be delivered to the smaller tribes, the Weas, the Kickapoos, the Eel River men, the Piankeshaws and Kaskaskias . . . "in testimony whereof, the said Anthony Wayne, and the Sachems and Warchiefs of the beforementioned tribes of Indians, have hereunto set their hands and affixed their seals . . . at Greene Ville, in the Territory of the United States northwest of the Ohio River, on the third day of August, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-five."

And now at last the rule of the tomahawk and musket, which for more than twenty years had made the forests, the rivers and the plains beyond the Alleghenies a torture chamber and a burial ground for Indians and frontiersmen alike, had reached its end; and Anthony Wayne could look toward the East again.

CHAPTER XVI

Anthony Wayne at last was riding eastward, toward the Middle Ferry over the Schuylkill. It was February 5 of 1796 and the general was near the end of his long, cold journey from Fort Greenville where he had left the Legion under Brigadier James Wilkinson. Coming out of the wilderness at Pittsburgh days before, he was now on familiar ground, riding beside snugly fenced-in fields and stone houses already growing old. What a long time it had been since he had last seen Philadelphia. Three years and a half. More than that. Four years, it would be, the following June. In those days half the great men of the country had been anxious because of his appointment as Commander-in-Chief of the Army. Washington, Madison, Jefferson, Henry Knox, Governor Lee of Virginia —there were more that had than hadn't been. They had feared the expense of a disastrous campaign, had been afraid he would lead the nation into another war with England. How many timorous letters he had received from Henry Knox; as Secretary of War Knox had written so many precautionary phrases that a man who read them might blush for him and the country, too. But at that time the United States were profoundly opposed to war.

The sun was still high, almost hidden in the gray heavens, when Wayne rode into the last stretch of his journey. Only three or four miles now and he would be crossing the Middle Ferry into Philadelphia where his old friends Sharp Delany and Dick Peters were expecting him. But then as he continued a little nearer to the town he saw a troop come riding toward him along the highway

and as each drew nearer to the other he distinguished the flapping standard of the Philadelphia Light-Horse rising above the plumed caps of the volunteer dragoons. . . . Ah. Hmmm! So he was to be given the honor of an escort! No sneaking around the town this time as he had had to do when he came up from Charleston in the summer of '83.

The neighborly smiles and friendly handclasps from the officers made him feel that he was close to home. No doubt his full cheeks smiled complacently and his gray eyes warmed with good humor. The sleek horsemen wheeling and leading him toward the Schuylkill at a trot, his return had already become more of an event than he had expected. But that was no more than the beginning. In town, so an officer informed with eager pride, the storekeepers from 8th Street clear to the dock had locked their doors and were gathering with their families along the streets through which he would pass as the procession marched from the end of town down to the City Tavern.

As the hoofs of the Philadelphia Light-Horse thudded briskly over familiar Market Street a sudden uproar crashed against the chill February sky. It was followed shortly by another, then a third, a fourth, a fifth. Three times five at measured intervals the town artillery massed in Center Square boomed out a loud salute while the general was drawn into Philadelphia and among the hailing people.

There were men in the throng who called his name, men who had been with him at Ticonderoga twenty years before and remembered him as Dandy Wayne; men who had stood beside him on the banks of the Brandywine, the plains of Monmouth, who had followed him through Germantown, up Stony Point, men whom he had defended

against Congress and men whom he had fought in mutiny—to them he was Mad Anthony. But all that had been ended nearly fifteen years before; since then a generation to whom the Revolution was only a distant memory had come to manhood and their bonneted wives beside them had given them youngsters of their own. And to these he was simply the Old Hero or, less pleasantly, the Old Gentleman, which was what William Clark had called him during the summer of ninety-four. Though just past fifty-one, it made the returning general seem ancient as antiquity to be still in the saddle after all those changing years.

In the long room of the City Tavern the servants hurried with goblets of wine that night and the polished tables, which had reflected the buttons worn by the first Continental Congress, by scarlet-coated British officers, then finally by free Americans, were enclosed by stiff-backed personages who, however doubtful in the past of General Wayne's erratic ways, were now assured that a more trustworthy man never carried arms for the United States. There were toasts, handclasps and reminiscences. And outside, with a display of fireworks, people were waiting to follow the general through the triumphal gateway on Arch Street, between 7th and 8th, where the flickering gas light supplied by Ambroise & Company illuminated female figures in papier-maché who represented Peace, Justice, Liberty, Plenty and Reason. . . .

Philadelphia's attentions to the victorious general continued. On February 18 the First City Troop, whose politics were of the Jeffersonian Democratic sort, gave a dinner in his honor at Richardet's Tavern. And one of the guests, General White of New Jersey, offered the sly toast:

"May the laurel plucked by the American Soldier in

the western wilderness be always worn in the bosom of the American Fair as their favorite evergreen."

The company in Richardet's dining-room turned their glasses bottoms up and looked toward General Wayne. Ardent Democrats, anxious for further popular support, they might have expected some toast that would favor state rights as opposed to Federal control, but when Wayne raised his bumper it was to a variation of his favorite theme:

"The First Troop of Philadelphia Dragoons! May their patriotic exertions and those of the other worthy citizens who composed the late volunteer army produce a conviction to the world that the Constitution of Laws of the United States cannot be resisted with impunity."

A week later he was still being honored by public dinners. This time it was by Morrell's Federalists, the Volunteer Greens, who chose Weed's Tavern at Grey's Ferry and invited General Morgan to be among the guests. . . . How the people had changed since Wayne had been away! Like whirligigs, most of them. Now that they had seen a little of victory they were for the most part eager for another war with England; and a majority of Congress, risking the fate of the country they represented he may have felt, were determined not to ratify John Jay's treaty with the British Ministry. Such actions he could discuss and condemn with Morrell's Federalists.

But through the days of entertainment and troubled talk of politics Wayne must have looked sometimes toward the luxuriant vista of mellow days that should have lain before him at Waynesborough. He had not seen the solid old stone house since Polly died. It would perhaps be melancholy without her, but Isaac and his wife, who had been plain Elizabeth Smith, were there and he was certain to find comfort. And it was still his home.

He rode out to Waynesborough in late February. Friendly and familiar, the old house stood close by the roadside with the broad fields rolling away among the low hills. When he arrived the ground was dark and barren-looking, but soon green sprouts would be pushing up through the snow-spotted soil and he could imagine himself, when the pasture land, the oats and wheat had grown again, riding slowly over ditch and fence as a gentleman farmer. That would be a pleasant life and a comfortable one, an end he had had in mind for fifteen years. And what a contrast after those years in the wilderness! A good high bed away from crawling insects; water in a pitcher close at hand; the luxury of clear window panes of which there was scarcely one west of Pittsburgh; blue plates and sparkling glasses on the table, claret and madeira instead of raw, commissary-issue whiskey! And only a day from Philadelphia.

No more politics, he thought; no more panicky months in search of money that couldn't be had; no more wrestling through untracked swamps and forests. He had seen enough of the country, had marched with fighting men over most of the two thousand miles that lay beside the wide Saint Lawrence and the hot sands of Florida, had crossed from the seaboard into the heart of the western wilderness. Now he would have the days of tranquillity that he had hoped for. How he would ride when his leg was free of pain! Not yet fifty-two, there was still time for that amused little smile to come back again and curl the corners of his wide mouth. No more army either; that presumptuous jackass of a Wilkinson could have the Legion if he could get the appointment.

Yet even during those first few weeks at Waynesborough he was not without some uneasiness. That treaty effected by John Jay more than a year before was still an

unsettled document. General Washington had had it since early in March in '95, had found it acceptable and hoped the Senate would approve it so that he could give it ratification. And on June 25 the Senate had made its passage possible, though objecting to the twelfth article which prohibited exportation of cotton, a product growing increasingly important in the south. Though passed, the President was requested to re-open negotiations with the British ministry. Nevertheless Wayne, in August of '95, had used the treaty as it stood, for cotton, molasses, coffee and cocoa and the West India trade had nothing to do with the Ohio country, to show the native chieftains that by the first two articles the British had agreed to withdraw from their posts maintained on United States territory. But because of public clamor against it—with the paper burned before Jay's door in New York and President Washington hooted by mobs along the seaboard—the agreement was not signed by the President until after the middle of August. Then, returned to the British Ministry for revision, it did not reappear until February, 1796, when on the last day of that month, as England had countenanced the Senate's objections to the twelfth article, General Washington proclaimed it a legal document.

But since Wayne had returned to Philadelphia Congress had become a lively menace to the treaty. They would not accept from England, they said, they would demand. President Washington, the House of Representatives asserted, had no right to conclude a treaty without their sanction and they showed their strength by refusing to pass the laws by which it must be carried into effect. There was a preliminary brush with the President, from which he came out more resolute than before; agitation became general and it began to look as if the majority of the people approved the treaty after all.

It was this protracted contention that stole away the peacefulness of those spring days at Waynesborough. For, so long as the provisions for carrying out the treaty were obstructed by Congress the British would retain possession of the frontier forts; so long as the British flag and his Majesty's garrisons continued at Michilimackinac, Detroit, Fort Miami and the other posts along the Great Lakes there would be Indians whom Englishmen could persuade to raise the tomahawk again throughout the Northwest Territory. Those forts, Wayne knew, would have to be surrendered before peace in the Ohio country was assured.

Throughout March he sat at Waynesborough, exasperated with Congress for its attempts to smother that treaty of Jay's. Not the most that could have been hoped for, the result of the negotiations were apparently the best that Jay had been able to get; but those Representatives wanted everything and felt America had a right to demand it. It was their belief, moreover, that President Washington carried on with too high a hand, that he favored the English more than the French and was no friend of the people and their aspirations toward self-government.

March passed and by April there was a change which made supporters of the treaty hopeful. For a resolution had been introduced into the House of Representatives to provide for carrying out its terms; there had been a long, bitter debate and the outcome of it was that more than half the country had grown excited and each village was holding meetings of its own in order to show which way the popular will was then directed.

Finally, on the 30th of April the resolution to make the treaty immediately active was voted on by Congress, the minority became the majority by a margin of three out of

ninety-one and before the troublesome House had adjourned its session, which ended on June 1, Anthony Wayne had been ordered to take over those border-line strongholds whose position had been a constant threat to the new country ever since its independence was declared.

Whether or not Wayne was pleased to be leaving Easttown again, he would be glad to see an American flag spreading out from the staffs above the walls and bastions of the citadel at Detroit and the fort on the Maumee. It was an honor to be going and the sight was worth another year in the wilderness. And, once the business was over, he could be reasonably sure that there was nothing more to endanger the permanent success of the treaty for which he had worked so long.

CHAPTER XVII

It was June and he was going West again, with only four months' leisure out of four tedious years. But this time it would not be long; and the worst Wayne had to look forward to was the journey. For the menace of the wilderness had ceased to exist. At Pittsburgh, where he was joined on his barge, the *Federal,* by Winthrop Sargent who was to establish civil authority in the new land, the stories of horror which the Legion recruits had heard were already of the past. Farther down the river flatboats were mooring on the once dreaded north bank of the Ohio. And up along the shores of Lake Erie a corps of surveyors of the Western Reserve were on their way westward to mark out a city at the mouth of the Cuyahoga which was to be named for the land agent, Moses Cleaveland. Going from Pittsburgh down the Ohio to Fort Washington, he could see the increasing traffic on the river, the flatboats loaded and bound for New Orleans, the barges coming slowly up against the current. And out at Greenville Chief Blue Jacket, the almost indomitable, had been acting as Wayne's messenger.

At Fort Washington the general left the *Federal* and rode over the old trail northward to Greenville. Before he arrived he heard from Wilkinson, who offered him the use of his quarters while he remained at the fort. Perhaps he knew of the overweening general order which the brigadier had written two days after Wayne left, wherein it was asserted that "The return of his Excellency the Commander in Chief to the Seat of Government having Devolved the Command of the Department on Brigadier Genl. Wilkinson, he Embraces the earliest Occasion to

Announce to the Army his regard for its Fame and Welfare, by Avowing his Determination to inculcate, to enforce and to maintain an Uniform System of Subordination and Discipline through all Ranks, without Partiality, Prejudice, Favour or Affection & he calls on his Officers one and all for their aid and Cooperation in the Arduous undertaking." No, General Wayne would not think of troubling General Wilkinson.

But it would be no trouble at all. For General Wilkinson was preparing to leave Fort Greenville to go to Philadelphia. And on that account the commander-in-chief granted a favor rather than accepted one: he gave Wilkinson use of the *Federal* which would carry him to Pittsburgh and thus, as it happened, saw that strange, pompous little figure for the last time.

Greenville itself had already outlived its value, and would soon be no more than a group of vacant huts surrounded by a stockade. Leaving it with a garrison of about a hundred men, Wayne continued northward, moving with leisure but not in comfort, for his leg was swollen again. Early in August the cannon at Fort Defiance boomed a salute to his party and on the seventh of the month he was sitting on a flatboat which floated down the Maumee toward Fort Miami where Lieutenant-Colonel Hamtramck had already placed an American flag.

Meanwhile Governor Saint Clair had established by proclamation a new county in the Northwest Territory. It was named for the campaigning general and its extent included the land which would encompass most of northern Ohio, the north strip of Indiana, the corner of Illinois where Chicago stands, the eastern side of Wisconsin and all of the state of Michigan. But widely as the county stretched there remained one northern fort outside its boundaries. It was Presque Isle, an old place, brush-cov-

ered and tumbledown, which had been built by the French, occupied by the British and now in possession of a few Americans—Presque Isle under Lieutenant Russell Bissell of the Legion, on the south shore of Lake Erie just inside the Pennsylvania line.

Floating down the Maumee, the general's party went ashore at the head of the rapids and rode horseback down to Fort Miami, where they remained while the Legion carpenters built a keelboat in which they were to journey down the bay and across the lake to Detroit. While they were waiting Wayne and Henry De Butts, his aide, sauntered with Winthrop Sargent and Peter Audrian, one of the quartermaster generals, along the bottom-land beside the fallen timber and down the slope toward the British fort, which now had an American garrison. At the scene of the victory Wayne grew expansive; though war, he felt, was a horrid trade, his face flushed pleasurably as he pointed out where Robert MisCampbell had made his charge through the cornfield and where Captain Howell Lewis had stopped the retreat of Major Price's horsemen in the clearing.

By August 11 the keelboat, named *The Adventure*, was ready and three days later General Wayne was at Detroit where Colonel Hamtramck had placed yet another American flag and garrison. It had gone smoothly, this exchange of the long-disputed posts. The British rode politely out; the Americans rode politely in. There was no more war, no more necessity for blustering. The English were not bad people, not so long as they kept their soldiers out of the United States. Having never fought in hatred, Wayne's warlike temper ended when the battle ended and now, from Detroit, he could look across the river to the British posts on the Canadian side without rancor.

Through the summer and autumn Wayne continued at

Detroit, putting the new garrisons in shape to be left under their separate commanders. Captain Daniel Bradley was to have charge at Fort Massac, Major William Winston at Fort Defiance, Major Henry Burbeck at Michilimackinac. Meanwhile the weather was growing cold, soon the snow would be whitening the surrounding forests and the rivers would be stiff with ice; it would be a poor time to be travelling back to Philadelphia now, especially if he wanted to favor that left leg of his. Besides, where was the hurry? . . .

Then unexpectedly came strange news that had to do with that caitiff and coxcomb Wilkinson. The damned rascal had had the brazenness to make charges to James McHenry, the new secretary of war, against Wayne's character and military conduct! Bad weather or not, game leg or well, the general began to look ardently for a boat that would take him down the Detroit River and southeasterly across Lake Erie whence he could continue his journey on horseback or by carriage to Philadelphia.

He had surmised Wilkinson's capacity for trouble-making all along, had guessed his disgruntled whisperings from the way young William Clark had behaved during the march to the Fallen Timber. Wilkinson had always possessed a covert smirk which seemed to say for its owner: Here am I but second in command or but a poor though worthy aide, yet if I were the general in charge there would be twice the glory at half the cost! Added to his conceited smile was his practice of talking behind the backs of his betters. And now he was shouting for attention at Philadelphia as he had done when he hinted to Lord Stirling of the Gates Conway effort to undermine and supersede General Washington. But this time, if Wayne reached the capital, Wilkinson would be answered fully and well and not by a man like Horatio Gates.

Toward the middle of November the chafing general had the sloop *Detroit* made ready for him. He was, he gave out officially, determined to take post at Pittsburgh because the waterways to Detroit would soon be closed. But his friends at the post knew better. Wilkinson, they felt, wanted General Wayne got out of the way so that he might take a freer stride toward military advancement. He was, moreover, a rascal. That the general had not been vigilant, or fair, or honorable; whatever charges Wilkinson might make would be "unfounded and malicious."

Leaving Hamtramck in command of the garrison, General Wayne on the sloop *Detroit* made headway down the river. The citizens of the post were sorry to see him go; coming down to the dock, they had presented him with a testimonial of their regard. And there was another given him at parting, a quaint, perhaps unique memorial which signified fondness and respect for the general and was simply signed "The American Army."

The sloop *Detroit* turned to the south and east across the gray-blue of Lake Erie's sharply ruffled surface. Out of sight of shore the waves struck the vessel not in a long, slow, rolling motion, but pummelled the stern and bow with devilish exuberance. And fretting at the thought of Wilkinson, upset by the play of the shallow, gusty lake and the chill of early winter away from the solid earth, Wayne began on the morning of November 17 to feel his leg aflame again.

By nightfall the importance of answering Wilkinson's spurious charges had gone from the general's mind and he was in a torment of jagged pains and burning inflammation. Lying out before him, the leg seemed to be swelling to the size of a monstrous log, to be possessed by a spirit whose malignance no amount of white flannel windings could appease. Through the long night he lay with

moist eyes and his jaws gripped tightly together, feeling torture at each heave of the sloop.

By morning the *Detroit* had sighted the wide bay in front of Presque Isle and as the day brightened the old fortress could be seen surmounting the high banks flaming with red ivy and gold and ruddy underbrush. Toward noon the *Detroit* anchored in the quiet water and Henry De Butts helped carry the general over the side to a rowboat in which he was taken to the beach, then slowly up the forty-foot rise to the entrance between the gray, pentagonal walls. Lieutenant Bissell and the apprehensive soldiers of the little garrison came hurriedly out to meet him. A salute was fired and a bed hastily arranged in the main blockhouse.

The general gritted his teeth. That old caitiff disorder, exquisite with agony, was back again full force. It made him think, when the pain abated momentarily enough not to check the sequence of his thoughts, of that night before Yorktown on his way from Westover to Lafayette's headquarters when that nervous sentry had banged into the darkness, numbing his thigh with the musket ball that hadn't the powder behind it to make the shot go through. It had been that wound, not any of the half-dozen inflicted on him by the enemy, that had left the liveliest mark. And then General Washington, while Wayne was still hobbling from the effects of it, had sent him from Yorktown down to Nathanael Greene in the South. The long ride in that jolting, springless carriage had been enough to test the prince of stoics.

How slowly the days passed at lonely Presque Isle! The sloop *Detroit* had sailed away, its receding stern the last Wayne saw of any moving object beyond the fort. Presque Isle's interior had a gloomy magnificence fit for a man to die in. There was underbrush growing up out

of the clearing where soldiers once had formed; garden plots that had once been fine were now covered over, hiding the few currant bushes and parsnip beds that remained; the walls were loose and sagging, but most melancholy of all were the tall chimneys of brick and stone, solitary marks of the houses which had stood there years before. In this scene of Nature's effort to obliterate the signs of men the few soldiers of the garrison were like figures made of sick imagining.

For General Wayne November crawled by with incessant torture. Thus far the inflammation had not gone beyond his useless leg, but no amount of bleeding had been able to reduce the pain; likely it was to be the last attack. . . . But he had stood too often under the Black Vulture's wing to be dismayed. If only something would ease this torment, anything; it made him want to yell, but that he would not do.

The first two weeks of December passed. Outside the blockhouse in which he lay there was snow, crisp leaves from the second growth of chestnut trees that surrounded the cutover land about the fort, whirling winds in which trunks and branches creaked and ground. Around the general's bed Henry De Butts and Lieutenant Bissell of Connecticut stood quietly and looked uneasily at the tortured face and protesting eyes. That leg bulged up beneath the blankets monstrously. Such suffering, they knew, couldn't continue much longer; Nature would refuse to bear it. The gout flamed under every inch of flannel in which his body was wrapped from the tip of his foot to his chest.

Through the night of December 14 Wayne lay under the incessant torment, his mind clear but unable to think of anything but pain and death, for with the agony mounting to his stomach he no longer expected to live. He had

hoped for many more years; only fifty-two he would be, if he kept on till January. His grandfather, the first Anthony, had gone on well into his seventies. So had his father and his mother. But he had no desire to keep on until January; not like this. He could think neither of past joys nor regrets. His life with Polly, the glory of Monmouth and Stony Point, his maddening experiences with the Georgia plantation, that election to Congress which began in good faith and ended close to humiliation, his victory at the Fallen Timber and his greater triumph at Greenville—those things were all of equal indifference to him now. Even if he had known of the years to come, that many of his forts would grow into cities, that there would be Wayne counties, Wayne townships, Waynesvilles and Waynesburgs throughout America, that a century later youths of the country he had won from the Indians and British would feel strong with valor at evocation of his name—even had he fully known the achievements that had been his they would have been as nothing then, for his suffering was great and more than he could withstand.

Nevertheless there was one thought that came into his death-conscious mind: some time before ten minutes past two of the morning of that cold December 15 the general separated his twisted lips to say, "Bury me at the foot of the flagstaff, boys,"—which doubtless was as close to home as if he had died at Waynesborough.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

"Annals of Congress," 1791–1793.

Armstrong. "Life of Anthony Wayne." By John Armstrong. (Sparks's American Biography Series.) New York, Harper & Brothers, 1854.

Audrian. "Journal of Peter Audrian, Esq." Burton MSS. Detroit Public Library.

Bancroft. "Transcript of Wayne's Letters." 3 MS. vols. New York Public Library.

Boyer. "Daily Journal of Gen. Wayne's (1794) Campaign." Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society Publications.

Burnet. "Notes on the Early Settlement of the Northwest Territory." By Jacob Burnet. New York, Appleton, 1847.

Carrington. "Battles of the American Revolution." By H. B. Carrington. A. S. Barnes Co., New York, 1876.

Clark. Diary of William Clark. Mississippi Valley Historical Review.

Defiance. History of Defiance County (a Compilation). Warner, Beers, Chicago, 1883.

Denny. "Military Journal of Ebenezer Denny." Philadelphia. J. B. Lippincott, for the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, 1860.

Eaton. (Diary in) "Life of the Late General William Eaton." Brookfield, E. Meriam, 1813.

Futhey and Cope. "History of Chester County."

Glenn. "Some Colonial Mansions." By Thomas Allen Glenn. Philadelphia, 1900.

Graydon. "Memoirs of His Own Time." By Alexander Graydon. Edited by J. S. Littell. Philadelphia, 1846.

Greene. "Life of Major-General Nathanael Greene." By George Washington Greene. 1871.

Headley. "Washington and His Generals." By J. T. Headley. 2 vols. 1847.

Howe. "Howe's Historical Collections of Ohio." By Henry Howe. Centennial Edition. Columbus, Ohio, 1900.

Irving. "Life of Washington." By Washington Irving. New York, G. P. Putnam. 1855–1859.

Jones. "History of Georgia." By C. C. Jones. Houghton, Mifflin, 1883. Boston.

Kapp. "Life of Friedrich William von Steuben." By Friedrich Kapp. New York, Mason Brothers, 1859.

LEACH. "History of the Penrose Family of Philadelphia." By J. G. Leach. B. Biddle, 1903.

LEE. "The Lee Papers." New York Historical Society Collection. 3 vols. 1872.

LOSSING. "Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution." By B. J. Lossing. Harper & Brothers, 1859.

MICHIGAN. "Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections." Vol. 34. State Printers, Lansing, Michigan.

MOORE. "Diary of the American Revolution from Newspapers and Original Documents." 2 vols. Scribner's, New York, 1858.

MOORE. "Life and Services of Gen. Anthony Wayne." By H. N. Moore. Philadelphia, John B. Perry, 1845.

MORGAN. "The True Lafayette." By George Morgan. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott, 1919.

MORISON. "Sources and Documents Illustrating the American Revolution, 1764–1788." By S. E. Morison, Oxford (England), 1923.

"NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER," August, 1814.

OHIO. "Ohio Archæological and Historical Society Publications," Columbus, Ohio, 1900.

PENNSYLVANIA ARCHIVES. Series: one, two, three and five.

PENNSYLVANIA MAGAZINE OF HISTORY.

ROWELL. "Historical and Legal Digest of All the Contested Elections in the House of Representatives from the First to the Fifty-sixth Congress." By Chester H. Rowell. Government Printing Office, 1910.

SARGENT. "Life and Career of Major Andre." By Winthrop Sargent. Boston, Ticknor & Fields, 1861.

SELLERS. "English Ancestry of the Wayne Family of Pennsylvania." By E. W. Sellers. Allen, Lane & Scott, Philadelphia, 1927.

SMITH. "The St. Clair Papers." 4 vols. By W. H. Smith. Cincinnati, Robert Clarke & Company, 1882.

SPEARS. "Anthony Wayne." By John R. Spears. New York, D. Appleton, 1903.

STILLE. "Major General Anthony Wayne and the Pennsylvania Line." By Charles Janeway Stille. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott, 1893.

STONE. "Life of Joseph Brant." By William L. Stone. New York, George Dearborn & Company, 1838.

THACHER. (American Revolutionary) "Military Journal." By James Thacher. Cincinnati, 1857.

TRUMBULL. "Autobiography of John Trumbull." New York and London, Wiley & Putnam, 1841.

UNDERWOOD. "Diary of Lieutenant Thomas Taylor Underwood," Draper MSS. Vol. 3. Wisconsin Historical Society.

WAYNE. "Col. Wayne's Orderly Book of the Northern Army at Ticonderoga and Mt. Independence." Published by Joel Munsell. Albany, 1859.

WAYNE. "Correspondence of Major-General Anthony Wayne." MSS. Dept., Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

WILKINSON. "Memoirs of My Own Times." By James Wilkinson. 3 vols. 1816.

WINSOR. "The Westward Movement." By Justin Winsor. Houghton, Mifflin, Boston, 1897.

INDEX

Abercrombie, Lieutenant-Colonel, 195
Adventure, The, 333
Alder, Jonathan, 287
Alexander, Major, 206
Allen, Billy, 29; at Three Rivers, 23, 24; resignation of, 35, 36
Allen, Ethan, 132
Ambroise & Company, 325
American Constitution, 228
André, John, 140, 144, 169, 223; secret correspondence with Arnold, 165; satire by, 167; hanged, 171, 172
Archer, Henry W., 135, 151; at Stony Point, 157, 158; brevetted captain, 162
Armstrong, John, 61, 235; at council of war, 81, 82, 109; at Germantown, 83–85
Arnold, Benedict, 13, 17, 18, 27, 29–31, 54; at Ticonderoga, 36 ff.; at Ridgefield, 39; dissatisfied with promotions, 133; commanding at Pennsylvania capital, 163; commandant at West Point, 165; treason, 169
Arnold, Peggy Shippen, 170
Ashton's recruits, 252
Atlee, William Richardson, 232, 259, 301
Audrian, Peter, 333
Augooshaway, 315, 318

Baillie, Mr., 231
Barbee, General, 290
Bartholomew, Benjamin, 9
Bawser, William, 174, 176
Bergen Heights, 165, 166
Berkeley, William, 181, 182
Berkley, John, 304
Biddle, Edward, 133
Biddles, the, 9
Big Tree, Chief, 256
Bird, Mark, 134
Bissell, Russell, 333, 336, 337
Black King, 315
Black Wolf, 272
Blackhoof, 272, 315
Bland, Theodoric, 65, 66, 92
Blue Bell Tavern, 59
Blue, Cornet William, 264
Blue Jacket, Chief, 240, 271–275, 278, 287, 303, 311–315, 318, 331
Bockongahelas, 272, 315
Bond, Dr., 11, 12, 50, 107
Bond, Miss, 130
Boquet, Colonel, 250
Boston, Washington near, 4, 7; port closed, 9, 13, 14
Boyd, Samuel, 264, 265
Boyer, Lieutenant, 210
Bradley, Daniel, 334
Brandywine, the, 60 ff.
Brant, Captain, 299
British, Philadelphia occupied by, 78, 93; aid Indians, 236, 237, 270, 273–279, 293, 299; disrespect of American rights, 279, 288, 320
British Indian Service, 236, 237, 260, 272
Brodhead, Daniel, 251
Brooks, Nicholas, 11
Brown, Lieutenant-Colonel, 204, 205
Brown's Coffee House, 232
Brunswick, 55, 56
Buller, Major, 231
Burbeck, Henry, 266, 334
Burgoyne, John, 28, 52
Burwell's Ferry, 189
Bushby, John, 40
Butler, Dicky, 119, 120, 123, 124, 128, 130, 133, 190, 217, 252, 265; in charge of regiment of Light Corps, 145; at Stony Point, 150–154; and the mutineers, 176, 177; in Northwest Territory, 234, 235, 239, 240; death of, 241, 244
Butler, Edward, 255, 256, 266
Butler's riflemen, Richard, 115
Byles, Major, 121
Byng, Mrs., 220
Byrd mansion, the, 188

Cadwalader, John, 9, 111, 113
Calhoun, the widow, 152
Campbell, Wm., 273, 294–296
Canal, resolution for, between Chesapeake and Delaware, 223
Carleton, Sir Guy, 28, 36, 37
Caron, the, 193

Carr, Patt, 200
Cavan, Thomas, 40
Chadd's Ford, 61 ff.
Chambers, James, 68, 69, 94
Chamblee, 28, 29
Champion, Henry, 146
Charleston, 212; Battle of, 11; British evacuation of, 213, 214
Chemung, 315
Cheney, Thomas, 66
Chestnut Hill, 85
Chew, Chief Justice, 83, 86; his mansion, 88–90, 92
Chew girls, the, 130
Chippewas, 306, 316, 322
Chrystie, James, 151
Clark, William, 283, 325, 334
Clarke, George Rogers, 251
Clarke, Sir Arnold, 197, 201, 202, 204
Cleaveland, Moses, 331
Clinton, George, 53, 171, 192
Clinton, Sir Henry, Howe replaced by, 110; march to New York, 110 ff.; capture of Stony and Verplanck's Points by, 143; in New York, 163, 188; proclamation to insurgent Pennsylvanians, 178; fails Cornwallis at Yorktown, 191 ff.
Cochran, Doctor, 221
Coe, Captain, 47
Collier, Sir George, 143, 161
Committee of Safety, 9 ff.
Conway, 81, 86, 87, 133
Cook, Captain, 292
Cornplanter, 238, 256
Cornwallis, Lord, 65; at Philadelphia, 80, 111; at Germantown, 91; on march to New York, 115 ff.; engagement with Continental advance guard, 126 ff.; in Virginia, 180 ff.; at Yorktown, 192–196
Cotton, exportation of, 328
Council fire, 312
Councils of war, 81, 82, 96, 98, 109, 111–114
Covington, Leonard, 293
"Cow-Chase, in Three Cantos," 167
Cowpens, 180
Craig, Isaac, 43, 44, 275, 277
Craig, Miss, 130
Cranberry, 117
Crawford, William, 251, 272
Creeks, the, 200, 204; attack on Wayne, 207–210
Darke, Colonel, 239, 240, 277
De Barras, 191
De Butts, Henry, 266, 279, 290, 306, 315, 333, 336, 337
Declaration of Independence, America's, 35
de Grasse, Count, 188, 190, 191
De Kalb, 109
De Lancy, Oliver, 140
Delany, Sharp, 10, 11, 42, 130, 137, 217, 229, 323
Delaware, the, plans for fortification of, 9, 11
Delawares, the, 240, 251, 269, 272, 285, 306, 316, 322
Denny, Ensign, 185, 242
Detroit, 303, 330, 333, 334
Detroit, the, 335, 336
Dickinson, John, 4, 9, 222
Dickinson, Philemon, 111–115, 118, 119
Dill, Major, 203
Donderberg Mountain, 150, 154
Dorchester (S. C.), 212
Dorchester, Lord, 270
Douglass, Lieutenant-Colonel, 206
Dundas, Colonel, 184, 185, 195
Dunmore, Earl, *see* John Murray
Duplessis, General, 225
Duportail, 109

Easttown, 232
Eaton, William, 255, 256
Ebenezer, 198 ff.
Eel River men, the, 322
Elizabethtown, 134
Elliott, Matthew, 257, 273
Englishtown, 116 ff.
Espontoons, for Light Corps, 149

Fallen Timber, battle of, 315
Febiger, Christian, in Light Corps, 145; at Stony Point, 150–154, 157, 158
Federal, the, 331, 332
Findlay, Parson, 310
First City Troop, 325
Fishbourn, Major, 124
Fleeson, Plunkett, 10
Fleury, Louis, 97, 119; in Light Corps, 145; at Stony Point, 154, 157–159; medal awarded to, 162
Foreman, 82
Fort Defiance, 284 ff., 298–301, 332, 334
Fort George, sickness at, 33
Fort Greenville, 264 ff., 280, 300, 305; council with Indians at, 312 ff.
Fort Hamilton, 238

Fort Harmar, treaty of, 316
Fort Jefferson, 238
Fort Lafayette, 143
Fort Lee, 166
Fort Ludlow, 238
Fort Massac, 334
Fort Mercer, 96
Fort Miami, 294, 303, 333
Fort Mifflin, 96, 97
Fort Montgomery, 163
Fort Recovery, 265 ff., 300; attacked, 275–278
Fort Washington, 260
Fort Wayne, 300
Fowles, Lieutenant, 294
Francis, Tench, 12, 315
Franklin, Dr., 4, 6, 9, 10, 11, 14; his house, 140
Franks, David, daughter of, 140
Fraser, Persifor, 13, 21, 25, 41
Fredericksburg, 180, 181
French Alliance, 108, 109
French ships, at Newport, 165
Furloughs, granted disbanding army, 215

Gasaway, Ensign, 253, 257
Gates, Horatio, 82, 95; Sullivan superseded by, 33; his influence with Congress, 34; at Ticonderoga, 37–39; at council of war, 109; dissatisfied with promotions, 133; his division destroyed, 180
George, King, proclaimed Americans in state of rebellion, 14
Georgia, British in, 163, 197; regained by Americans, 212; plantation presented to Wayne by, 216; plantation presented to Nathanael Greene in, 222
Germantown, 80–92
Gibbons, Mrs. William, plantation of, 204, 206
Gibbons, Thomas, 230–233; at Stony Point, 157; brevetted captain, 162; illegal management of campaign by, 245
Gibson, Alexander, 267, 275
Girty, Simon, 240, 258, 272, 273
Gloucester, 187, 188
Glover, 171
Grant, General, 57, 87, 89
Grant's Light Infantry, 83
Graves, Admiral, 191
Grayson, 111, 112
Greatwood, Sam, 40
Greene, Catharine, 105, 225–227, 230, 231, 245
Greene, Nathanael, 53, 58, 98, 126, 180, 217, 230, 244; at Brandywine, 61, 66–68; at council of war, 81, 109, 112, 114; at Germantown, 82–85, 91; in New Jersey, 93; quartermaster-general, 105; quarrel with Congress, 169; at West Point, 171, 172; to Wayne, 187; in the South, 197, 198; at Dorchester, 212, 213; plantation of, 222, 225, 226; death of, 226, 227; fort named after, 264
Greenspring, 181–183
Greenville, 332
Grey, Sir Charles, 76, 91, 148
Grey, Sir Edward, 85
Griffiths, Hetty, 12, 50, 54, 107
Guards, the, 83
Guasutha, Chief, 256
Guristersigo, 207, 208, 235

Habersham, John, 200, 201, 211, 212
Hamilton, Alexander, 114, 126, 170, 236
Hampton, Wade, 199
Hamtramck, John Francis, 262, 263, 300, 304, 309, 332–335
Hand, Edward, 171
Hardin, John, 252
Harmar, Josiah, 235, 236, 251
Harrison, William Henry, 266, 279, 289–292, 306, 309, 315
Hartley, at Three Rivers, 22
Hartshorne, Captain, 275, 277
Hay, Samuel, 78, 146
Hayman, William, 255
Hazzard's Cowpen, 229
Heath, General, 188
Holiday, Jonah, 47
Hopewell, 114
Howe, Robert, 171
Howe, Sir William, 52; near Brunswick, 56; plans to capture Philadelphia, 57–69; at Germantown, 80–83, 87, 89; in possession of Philadelphia, 93; at Province Island, 96; replaced by Clinton, 110
Howes, the, 95
Hull, William, 146, 154, 162
Humphreys, James, 12, 107
Humpton, Richard, 75, 78, 94, 282
Huntington, 171
Huston, Nathaniel, 253

Indian Queen, the, 106
Indians, aggressions of, 233 ff.; sup-

ported by British, 236, 237, 270, 273–279, 293, 299; treaties sought with, 249, 252, 256–258, 260, 285, 286; engagements with, 251, 252, 264, 265, 275–278; peace sought by, 268; towns of, 272; a prisoner of, 276, 277; treaty with, 304–309, 312–322; atrocities against, 309 ff.
Irvine, William, 131, 132, 166, 217, 221; at Three Rivers, 19–22, 26, 27

Jackson, James, 115, 199, 201, 212, 217, 231–233; at Valley Forge, 111; Georgian representative, 230; contests election of Wayne, 245
Jacques, Benjamin, 146
Jay, John, treaty with British, 288, 302, 326–329
Jefferson, 323
Jenifer, Daniel Saint Thomas, 257
Johnny, Captain, 272
Johnston, Francis, 13, 22, 33, 302
Johnston, Henry, 140, 195; at Stony Point, 147, 158–160
Jones, Joseph, Washington to, 164

Kaskaskias, the, 322
Ke-kiong-gay, 298, 299
Kentuckians, 300; atrocities of, against Indians, 309–311
Kickapoos, the, 322
Killer, Adam, 40
King's Ferry, 143, 144, 147
Kings Mountain, 180
Kishkopekund, 315
Knox, Henry, 53, 81, 126, 169, 170, 252, 259, 323; at Germantown, 88, 89, 92; appeals to Congress for food and clothing, 103; at Valley Forge, 105, 109, 110; at council of war, 109, 112; at Stony Point, 157, 158; brevetted captain, 162; at West Point, 171; message from, 261
Knox, Mrs. Henry, 105
Knyphausen, General, at Brandywine, 65–68; at Germantown, 83–90; at Philadelphia, 111; on march to New York, 115, 118

Lafayette, Marquis, 105, 109, 169, 170, 190, 225; at Valley Forge, 110, 113; given command of advance-guard, 115; at Englishtown, 116 ff.; at André's examination, 171; and mutineers, 178; in Virginia, 180, 183–186
La Malice, 315
Lame Hawk, 272
Laudon, Marshal, 162
Laurens, Henry, 178
Lear, Mr., 242, 243
Lee, Charles, 244; at Valley Forge, 109, 110; at council of war, 111–114; in command of advance-guard, 115 ff.; retreat at Monmouth, 122 ff.; court martial of, 132, 133; criticism of Wayne, 132, 135; challenged to duel, 135, 136; congratulates Wayne, 162
Lee, Light Horse Harry, 119, 130, 146, 151, 166, 182, 186, 245, 246, 323
Legion of the United States, difficulties in organizing, 250 ff.; quarrels in, 255–257; volunteers to, 257; Washington's approbation of, 303, 304
Legionville, 254
Le Gris, 315
Leonards, Lucy, 142
Leslie, General, 212
Lewis, Andrew, 251
Lewis, Howell, 292, 333
Lewis, Meriwether, 283
Lewis, Thomas, 290, 315
Light Corps, American, formation of, 137, 138, 141, 142; Wayne in charge of, 145 ff.; broken up, 163
Lincoln, Benjamin, 180, 191, 192, 214, 257, 259, 260
Little Beaver, 315
Little Fox, 315
Little Setilla, the, 216, 222
Little Thunder, 315
Little Turtle, 235, 240, 269–271, 303, 313–315; speech at council, 316 ff.
Long, James, 102
Long Knives, the, 258
Lowry, J., 264, 265

Macleod, Doctor, 225, 226
MacMahon, William, 275, 276
MacPherson, William, 168
Madison, 323
Magaw, Robert, 14
Marchand, 315
Martin, Governor, 201, 211
Marylanders, General Smallwood's, 55, 72
Mashipinashiwish, 313–318
Massas, 315, 316, 318
Massie, Mr., 310, 311
Matthews, General, 143
Maumee Rapids, British fort at, 279, 330
Maxwell, General, 72, 73, 113–115; at

Three Rivers, 19–23; at Brandywine, 61–64; at council of war, 81, 112; at Valley Forge, 110; at Englishtown, 118; at Monmouth, 120
McCasty, James, 40
McCord, Mathias, 40
McDougall, 53, 81, 82, 87
McHenry, James, 334
McKee, Alexander, trading post of, 272, 273, 296; his plan for attack against Wayne, 274
McKinney, John, 40
McLane, Allen, 85, 146, 151, 152
McLellan, Robert, 279, 281
Meigs, Colonel Return Jonathan, 146, 151, 153, 154, 162
Mellink, William, 222
Mercer, Lieutenant-Colonel, 181–184
Miamis, the, 234, 235, 240, 269, 271, 285, 298, 306, 318, 322
Michilimackinac, 303, 334
Middlebrook, 176
Mifflin, Thomas, 7, 54, 105, 109, 111, 133, 230
Miller, Christopher, 286
Mills, Major, 266, 279, 289, 290, 315
Ming, Wollere, 10
MisCampbell, Robert, 289–294, 333
Monckton, Henry, 127, 128
Monmouth Court House, 116, 117
Montgomery, Richard, 13, 17, 133
Moore, Francis, 200–203
Moore's Alley, 106
Morgan, Dan, 119, 326
Morrell's Federalists, 326
Morris, Robert, 4, 9, 11, 134, 223
Morris, Samuel, Jr., 9
Morristown, 52; army cantonment at, 163, 164, 172 ff.
Moses, 315
Mount Airy, 85
Mount Defiance, 37, 38
Mount Independence, 37, 38, 43
Mount Joy, 99–101
Mount Vernon, 237
Moylan's dragoons, 199
Mulberry Grove, 225, 226
Murfree, Hardy, 146, 154, 155, 158
Murray, John (Earl Dunmore), 188
Musgrave, Colonel, 83, 86–89

Nash, of N. C., 81, 87
Nawac, 315
Neil, James, 275, 277
Neilson's company, Captain, 46, 47
New Arrow, Chief, 256
New Corn, 318
Newman, 281, 282
Newport, 165
New York, British in, 165, 167
Niagara, 303
Nicolete, 19
Nidets, Joseph, 40
Northwest Territory, 228, 233 ff.; American losses in, 241; land in, ceded to U. S. by Indians, 321, 322; new county established in, 332

Ogeechee, 198 ff.
O'Hara, James, 312
Okea, 315
Osbourne, Judge, 230–233; expelled from Superior Court, 245
Oswald, Colonel, 123, 124, 126
Oswego, 303
Ottawas, 306, 316, 322

Paoli Tavern, 8
Parker, Alexander, 204, 207, 209
Parsons, 171
Patterson, 171
Peketelemund, 316
Pendleton, Colonel, 225, 226
Penington's house, Edward, 140
Pennsylvania Journal and Weekly Advertiser, 13
Pennsylvanians, the, at Three Rivers, 17 ff.; dress of, 19; discontent among, 28, 40 ff., 131, 168, 174, 175; split-up of, 33; lack of clothing for, 40 ff., 55, 72, 101–103, 133, 134, 173, 174; sectional jealousy among, 40, 43; expired enlistments, 41, 44–47, 172, 174, 175; mutiny, 175–179; firearms of, 55, 56; skirmishing, 71, 72; panic at Germantown, 90, 91; their esteem for Wayne, 131, 133, 136, 156, 176, 177, 256; British propaganda sent among, 174; attack on British blockhouse, 165–167; Clinton's proposal to, 178, 179
Penrose, Bartholomew, 6
Perkiomen Creek, 92
Perrysburg, 231
Peshawkey, 315
Peters, Dick, 12, 50, 101, 102, 106, 130, 134, 137, 190, 217, 323
Peters, Rev. Richard, 11, 12
Philadelphia, 7 ff.; Military Association for City and Liberties of, 11; occupied by British, 78, 93; Cornwallis at, 80; Wayne's plan for attacking Howe at,

97; gaiety at, 106, 107; Wayne's visit to, 138–140; after the war, 219; Wayne's welcome to, 323 ff.
Piankeshaws, the, 322
Pickering, Timothy, 257, 259, 260
Pike, suggested by Saxe, 10
Pike, Zebulon, 289
Pike's School, 10
Pipe, Captain, 240, 272, 303
Pittsburgh, 250
Platt, John, 253
Politics, quarrels over, 139; after the war, 221
Poor, Enoch, 111, 112, 129
Pope, Piercy, 256
Porter, 81, 82
Posey, Thomas, 201, 204–206, 209, 210, 253, 279
Postner, Captain, 309
Pottawatomies, 306, 316, 322
Potts, Isaac, 8, 100
Potts, Jonathan, 134
Potts, Samuel, 134
Prescott, General, 110
Presque Isle, 303, 332, 333, 336
Price, Benjamin, 256, 290, 291, 294
Princeton, mutineers at, 177–179
Prior, Captain, 264, 294
Proctor, Colonel, 166
Promotions, discontent over, 131–133, 167, 168
Province Island, 96
Putnam, Rufus, 146, 151, 153, 154

Quakers, disfranchised, 219, 220, 223
Quebec, 16, 17
Queen's Light Dragoons, 123
Queen's Rangers, the, 83, 115
Queshawskey, 315

Randolph, Beverly, 257, 259, 260
Rawdon, Lord, 106, 198
Red Clay Creek, 60
Red Feather, 315
Red Pole, 272, 315
Redman, Miss, 130
Reed, Joseph, 7, 133, 134, 173–175, 178
Richardet's Tavern, 325, 326
Rifles, squirrel, 259
Robinson, Abraham, 54, 62, 102, 217
Robinson, Sally, 8, 12, 50, 54, 107
Rochambeau, Count de, 165, 190
Ross, James, 65
Rush, Benjamin, 11, 34, 54, 137, 162, 217
Ryan, Major, 51, 142

Sacs, the, 306
Saint Clair, Arthur, 14, 35, 230, 251, 266, 309; at Three Rivers, 17–23, 26; favoritism shown to, 33, 34, 40, 54, 132; major-general, 54; at Valley Forge, 111; at council of war, 114; at Englishtown, 119; at Monmouth, 120; Wayne superseded by, 131, 132, 134, 136; Wayne under, 165; at André's examination, 171; ousted by mutineers, 178; at end of war, 215; governor of Northwest Territory, 228, 234 ff.; asks for continuance of commission of major-general, 248; Indian treaty, 313, 314; new county in Northwest Territory established by, 332
Saint Leger, Lieutenant-Colonel, 52
Saint-Simon, Marquis, 188
Sandy Beach, 145, 151
Sargent, Winthrop, 103, 331, 333
Savannah, 200 ff.; British evacuation of, 211
Saxe, Marshal, 10
Schuyler, General, 33, 39, 48, 49, 54, 133
Schweidnitz, assault of, 162
Scioto, the, 310
Scott, Charles, 81, 82, 114, 115, 234, 236, 251, 260, 279, 280, 291, 292; at council of war, 98, 112; at Valley Forge, 109, 110; at Englishtown, 118; at Monmouth, 120–125
Scott, John M., 263
Secau, 315
Second Continental Congress, 9, 11, 13
Seneca Indians, 143, 251
Sham battle, 263
Shannon, Robert, 141, 217
Shawanese, 240, 251, 269, 271, 285, 301, 306, 310, 311, 314, 315, 322
Shaylor, Joseph, 264
Shee, John, 14
Sherman, Isaac, 146
Shippen, Edward, 140
Shippen, Peggy, 107, 130, 163, 170
Ships, manned by Wayne, 12
Shreve, Colonel, 125
Simcoe, John Graves, 114, 195, 260, 272, 299
Sister's Ferry, 199
Skippack Creek, 80, 81, 84
Slough, Capt., 294
Smallwood, 72, 73, 81–84, 94, 282
Smith, Ballard, 88, 89, 253
Smith, Campbell, 294

Smith, Elizabeth, 130, 326
Smith's City Tavern, 106
Society of the Cincinnati, the, 221
Sorel, 17, 26, 27.
South Carolina, under the British, 163, 197
Spicer, Major, 66
Sprague, Mrs., 253
Springsteel, David, farm of, 150, 154, 156
Stakes's dragoons, 252
Stark, John, 132, 171
State Assembly, in Georgia, 201
State Board of Censors, 218
State Society of the Order of the Cincinnati, in Georgia, 230
Steele, Lieutenant, 292
Stephen, Adam, 54, 81, 82; at Germantown, 87, 90
Sterne, Laurence, 12, 203
Steuben, 109
Steward, Jack, in Light Corps, 146; at Stony Point, 154, 157–159; medal awarded to, 162
Stewart, Walter, 119, 128, 139, 142, 176, 177, 194, 217, 244
Stirling, Lady, 105
Stirling, Lord, 54, 81, 97, 98, 105; at council of war, 109, 112; at Valley Forge, 109, 110; at Monmouth, 126; presides at trial of Lee, 133; at André's examination, 171; death of, 244
Stony Point, 143 ff.; taken by British, 143; British fortification of, 147; storming of, 147 ff.; casualties at, 161; storming of, a delayed climax, 163
Stretch, Peter, 10
Sullivan, John, at Three Rivers, 17, 18, 26–28; Thompson replaced by, 33; superseded by Gates, 33; at Brandywine, 61, 65–68; at Germantown, 82–91; dissatisfied with promotion, 133; in Seneca Indian country, 143; in retirement, 244
Sun, the, 315

Tappan, 165
Tarhe the Crane, 272, 313–315, 318
Tarleton, Banastre, 180, 182, 183, 186, 195
Taxation, 219
Taylor, Capt., 277
Tecumseh, 272
Test laws, 220, 223
Tetabokshke, 315
Thayer, Colonel, 97
Theatres, Wayne's resolution concerning, 223
Thomas, John, at Three Rivers, 17, 18; death of, 28
Thompson, William, at Three Rivers, 17–27; taken prisoner, 24, 26; replaced by Sullivan, 33
Thorpe, Sergeant, 253
Three Rivers, 16–27
Ticonderoga, 32 ff.
Todd, Brigadier-General, 290
Tories, conflict between Whigs and, 198, 203
Torry, Cornet, 275
Treaty, Saint Clair's, 313, 314
Trueman, Alexander, 252
Trumbull, John, 37, 38

Underwood, Thomas Taylor, 261

Valley Forge, 8, 100, 102–104
Van Berkle, P. J., 223, 224
Varnum, 115; at Valley Forge, 110–112; at Monmouth, 120
Vaughan, General, 143
Verplanck's, 143
Viomenil, Baron de, 194
Volunteer Greens, the, 326
Volunteers, lack of, in American camp, 165
Von Steuben, Baron, 105, 106, 171; at council of war, 112; his book, 149, 150
Vulture, the, 147, 148, 169

Wanameac, 315
Warren Tavern, 71
Warwick Furnace, 72
Washington, George, 323; at Boston, 4, 7; war regarded by, as private campaign, 48; at Trenton and Princeton, 49; attitude toward Wayne, 52, 82, 113, 138, 247, 248; at Brunswick, 56; at Brandywine, 60 ff.; council of war called by, 81, 82, 96, 98, 111–114; at Germantown, 89; seeks Wayne's advice, 95; follows Clinton, 115 ff.; angered by Lee, 125; Wayne commended by, 129; at West Point, 143; plans for storming West Point, 147–149; Wayne's message to, from Stony Point, 160; at Morristown, 163; melancholy, 164, 169; near Tappan, 165; hears of Arnold's treason, 169, 170; advice to Wayne concerning

mutineers, 177, 178; tour of southern states, 230, 231; opening speech to Congress, 233; at Mount Vernon, 237; hears of Saint Clair's defeat in Northwest, 242, 243
Washington, Mrs., 105, 242
Wayne, Anthony, at Waynesborough, 3–8, 14; his mother, 3–5, 259, 301; his father, 4, 5, 224; grandfather, 4, 5, 338; called to Safety Committee, 4–8; in Nova Scotia, 6; in Philadelphia, 8–12; leadership of, 13, 41 ff., 131, 155, 174, 254, 256, 304; given charge of Pennsylvania battalion, 14; at Three Rivers, 16–26; his instinct to attack, 22, 50, 56–60, 74, 81, 95–98, 112; characteristics, 25; goes to aid of Arnold, 30, 31; at Ticonderoga, 32 ff.; entertained, 32, 33, 137, 139, 140; his attitude toward advancement, 34, 35, 54; desire for smart regiment, 34, 149; to his wife, 36, 48, 79; war regarded as private campaign, 48, 49; counsel given by, 49, 50, 53, 59, 74, 95, 97, 99; appointed brigadier-general, 50; command of Pennsylvania line, 52; at Morristown, 52–55; gifts to, 54; self-satisfied, 53–55, 58, 70, 74–77, 149; organizes Pennsylvania militia, 58; at Brandywine, 60–69; skirmishing, 71, 72, 166, 180 ff.; near Waynesborough, 71 ff.; surprised at Paoli, 75–78; criticism of, 78, 79, 93, 132, 135; court martial, 79, 80, 93–95; at council of war, 81, 82, 98, 111–114; at Germantown, 82–92; wounded, 90, 158–160, 189; plans for attacking Howe, 97; Valley Forge suggested for camp, 99, 100; to Dick Peters, 101; foraging, 104, 165–167; at Englishtown, 116 ff.; attacks Clinton's rearguard, 121, 123, 127, 128; commendation from Washington, 129, 162, 303, 304; superseded by Saint Clair, 131, 132, 134, 136; esteem of his men for, 131, 133, 136, 142, 156, 198, 256, 335; challenges Lee to duel, 135, 136; called to Chester County Assembly, 134, 136, 138; plan for formation of Light Corps, 137, 138; visit to Philadelphia, 138–140; reunited with his family, 141–144, 163, 164; in charge of Light Corps, 145 ff.; at Stony Point, 147–160; melancholy, 156, 168; gold medal awarded to, 161; his praise of troops, 161, 266; congratulations received by, 162; resumes command of Pennsylvania line, 165; attack on British blockhouse, 165–167; command at West Point, 170, 171; quoted, 171; and mutineers, 175–179; in Virginia, 180 ff.; at Yorktown, 192–196; sent South to join Greene, 197, 198; campaign in Georgia, 199 ff.; and the Creeks, 200, 207–210; temporary humanitarian attitude, 203; illness, 213; among last to return from war, 215; plantation presented to, 216, 217, 221 ff.; again at Waynesborough, 216 ff.; appointed to State Board of Censors, 218; champions cause of Quakers, 220, 223; popularity at Philadelphia, 221; gives weapons away, 221; suggested for president of Pennsylvania Legislature, 222; borrows money, 222–224; resolutions presented by, 223; member convention which ratified Constitution, 228; finances of, 222–224, 227–229; becomes Georgian citizen, 229, 230; elected to Congress, 232, 233; at news of Saint Clair's defeat, 244; election contested, 245, 246; made Commander-in-Chief of Army, 249; difficulties in organizing army, 250 ff.; news from Waynesborough, 259; marches against Indians, 261 ff., 280 ff.; distrust of people, 282; in front of British fort, 294–296; peace with Indians, 304–309, 312–322; his welcome in Philadelphia, 323 ff.; takes over border-line strongholds, 330, 331 ff.; Wilkinson's charges against, 334; death of, 335–338
Wayne, Elizabeth, 308, 326
Wayne, Isaac (Anthony's grandfather), 4, 5
Wayne, Isaac, son of Anthony, 5, 142, 197, 202, 217, 228, 229, 308, 326
Wayne, Margaretta, 6, 58, 142, 197, 202, 217, 225–229, 232, 255, 259, 308
Wayne, Polly, 5, 15, 36, 46, 50, 54, 58, 59, 78, 79, 141, 156, 190, 197, 202, 217, 222, 225, 228, 229, 255, 259, 301, 308
Waynesborough, 5–8, 71, 73, 102, 140–144, 202, 326, 327; security jeopardized, 217, 218, 246
Weas, the, 322
Weed's Tavern, 326
Wells, William, 279, 281, 306
West Point, 143, 144, 169

Westover, 189
Wharton, Thomas, 102
Wharton, Thomas, Jr., 9
Whigs, Tories and Quakers aligned with, 12; conflict between Tories and, 198, 203
Whitcomb, Colonel, 43, 44
White, 204; toast to Wayne, 325
White, Miss, 130
White Loon, 315
White Marsh, 92
White Pigeon, 315
Whitesides, Mr., 310
Wilkinson, James, 29, 30, 34, 39, 40, 234, 236, 251, 253, 279, 283, 291, 331, 332; dissatisfied with promotions, 133; in charge of Legion at Fort Greenville, 323; charges made against Wayne, 334, 335
Williamsburg, 181, 191
Wilmington, 197
Wilson, James, 134
Winston, William, 334
Woedtke, Baron de, 29
Women, with Saint Clair's army, 238, 239, 240, 241
Wood, Colonel, 50
Woodford, at council of war, 98, 111, 112; at Monmouth, 120, 129
Wooster, General, 17
Wyandots, 240, 251, 269, 271, 272, 285, 306, 316, 322

York, Pa., 93, 187
Yorktown, 183, 185, 191–196

1 C E.H.&S. MAR '89

DATE DUE

GAYLORD

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

E207
.W35B78

3191

ST. OLAF COLLEGE
E207.W35 B78
Boy... Thomas Al - Mad Anthony Wayne, by Thomas Boy...
3 0111 00160 7265